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Alfred - J. - Parpoint.

RAMBLES IN AMERICA,

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY

ALFRED J. PAIRPOINT.

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SAM AND HIS COUNTRY."

With Illustrations by Miss A. M. Pairpoint.

"I prize the Past much, but the Present more!"

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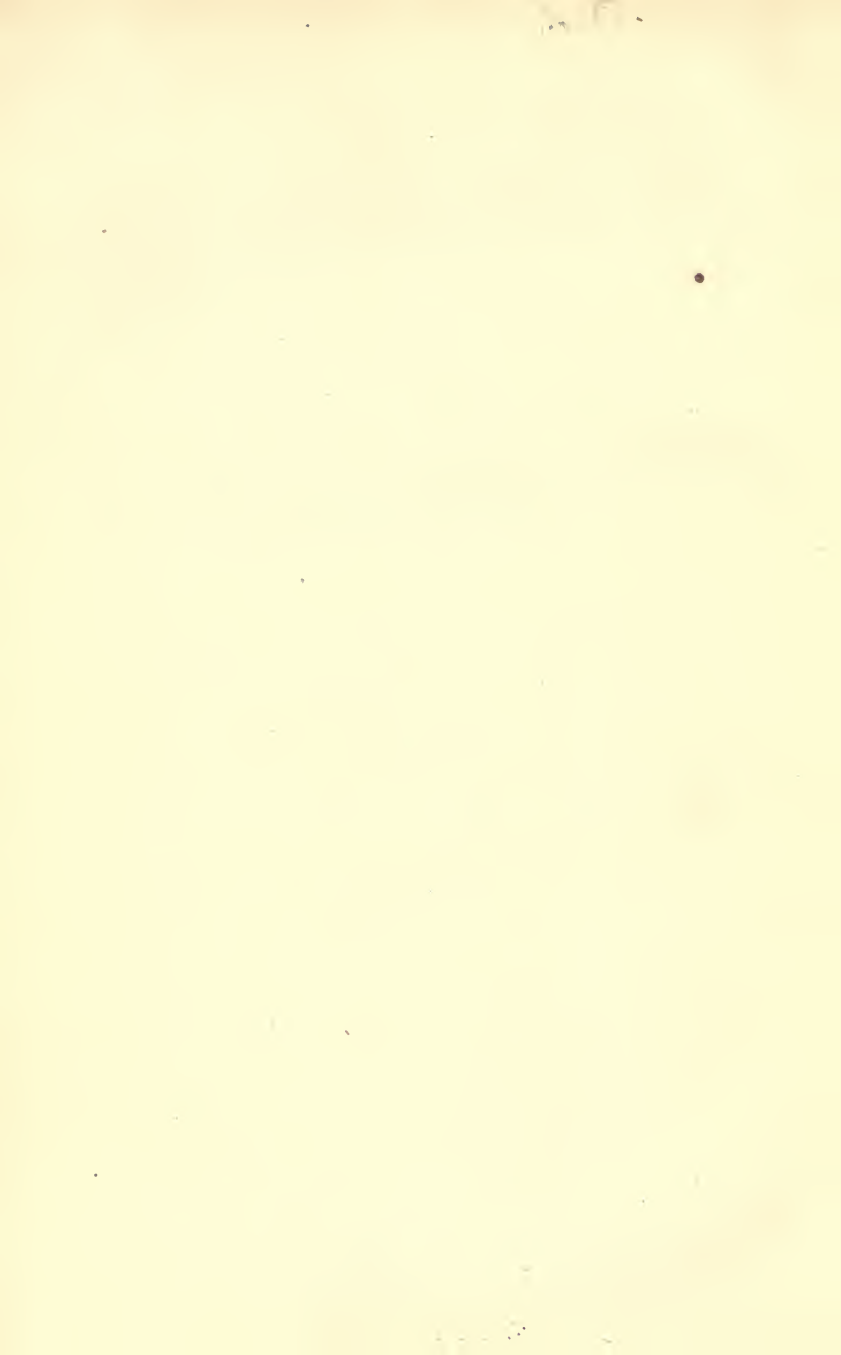
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THIS WORK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
By the Author
TO HIS BELOVED SISTERS,
ALL OF WHOM HAVE EVER ENCOURAGED HIM IN HIS
LITERARY EFFORTS,
OF PAST AND PRESENT MEMORIES.



THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS READER.

IN dotting down these rambles by the wayside of America, the writer had the twofold object in view, that of uniting amusement with instruction to his readers, and in a pleasant, conversational way has endeavored to describe sights and scenes, by river and land, of this wonderful continent, at which, during a course of years, he has been personally present; at the same time, to relieve the volume from monotony, has introduced into these sketches, anecdotes of place and character in many phases, whenever and wherever they were to be met with during the sojournings of the author.

In the concluding chapters of this book, a three-months' trip to England, Ireland, and Scotland is described in a cursory manner, which may prove interesting to people of all nationalities who love reading of past and present events.

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RAMBLES IN AMERICA.

PART I.

New Bedford, Mass.

HAVING been located some five years or more in Southern Massachusetts, gave the narrator many opportunities to study its people, and notice the various surroundings of town and country life. New Bedford, Mass., is situated on Buzzard's Bay, and noted for its picturesque inner and outer harbors. The city of New Bedford, and the town of Fairhaven on the opposite shore, some thirty years ago were the great emporium of whaling interests; vessels of all sizes and tonnage used to come and go all the year round. The homeward-bound ships, laden with whale oil and bone, returning after a successful cruise, was always a jolly time for the officers and crew, but the outward-bound vessels oftentimes left the port with sad-hearted sailors, just parted from their wives and little ones, for a separation of a three or four years' voyage, while the younger and more light-hearted seamen trusted in a good catch of whale, and their share of oil money, earned by the dangerous calling.

The Sunday previous to a whaling ship going on her mission, a religious service is generally held on board, by the chaplain of the Seamen's Bethel, praying for the mariners' safe return. To enumerate the numerous hair-breadth escapes of these hardy toilers of the sea would fill many a volume; suffice it to say, lucky owners of vessels, captains and mates, and some few seamen, have made large sums in their successful ventures of long cruises of whale-hunting. At the present time, whaling ships are somewhat scarce at the port of New Bedford, oil being found in large quantities

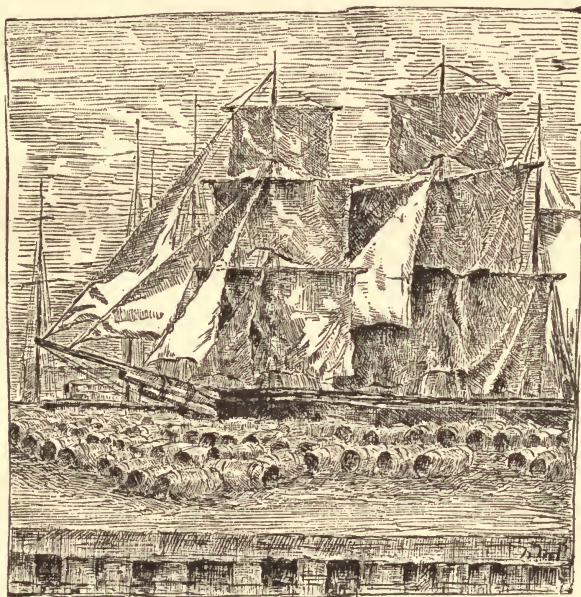
in other regions on land. The Pennsylvania oil-wells have taken the place, in most part, of whale-oil, and their product is unsurpassed in clearness and brilliancy, though the quality of good sperm-whale oil is much favored by some buyers, though of more expensive character. Quite a sight it is to see a weather-stained and battered whaling vessel arrive in the harbor (surrounded by sailing craft of all sizes), with flags and streamers flying from the mast-head down to the deck, the jolly Jack-tars nearly crazy with joy on nearing home and those they love, after their long absence on such dangerous business.

New Bedford Whalers.

When a whaling vessel is sighted, outside or in the inner harbor, the "sharkers," as they are termed, put off in sail-boats to meet the ship and board her, and, if possible, help the sailors to spend their hard-earned moneys, by the pretended solicitude for "poor Jack's" welfare, in advancing notes, etc., at enormous interest, till the seamen's pay is settled at the owner's or agent's office. Why the captains, owners, or local authorities do not protect these sailors from the "sharks" of their hard-won money, is a mystery difficult to solve, for many people in New Bedford and elsewhere have fattened on their victims' dangerously earned wages. And, while the system is a disgrace to the community where it exists, the corruptive influence over the poor deluded gulls of seamen makes them reckless and improvident, and oftentimes they spend their little all in riot and drunkenness, ending occasionally in suicide, or shipping again to sea for another long voyage, maybe with curses on their lips for those that helped them off again! But we are informed that within these last few months the Marine Board has taken more interest in the sailors' affairs, and protected them, in a manner, from the greed of the "sharkers," by an enactment made and provided, that, to a great extent, prohibits this usury of the Jack-tar's money. We trust that this humane protection will continue in the seamen's favor, on the return from their hazardous voyages of whale fishery.

In instancing the danger and suffering of seamen, in the risks of whale hunting, we may cite that of the whaler ship "Napoleon," which sailed from New Bedford in February,

1885, with thirty-six men and officers, for the polar seas. The following 5th of May they reached Cape Navarin, when the vessel was crushed between some icebergs, and the ill-fated mariners had to take to the boats, when most of the survivors were either drowned or died of exhaustion on landing among the humane tribes of friendly Indians. Mr. J. B. Vincent, a native of Martha's Vineyard, the only survivor



NEW BEDFORD WHALING WHARF.

(a young man of strong physique), in his narrative tells of his adventures among the native Esquimaux of those bitter regions of ice and snow, during the two long years of exile ; how kindly he was treated by the natives, until finally rescued by an American revenue cutter.

The sufferings and hardships of these unfortunate whale hunters in the arctic regions, when shipwrecked, are often-

times very severe and fatal ; in this instance of the crushing of the ship "Napoleon," they were unusually so. The first officer of this unfortunate vessel was a native of New Bedford, and a friend of the writer of this book, and for two anxious years his young wife and relatives were in ignorance of his fate, till the time of the rescue of Mr. Vincent.

The illustration of the whaling ship, just returned from a long cruise in the polar seas, whale hunting, back to the port of New Bedford, is a faithful representation by the artist ; and the unloading of the numerous barrels of sperm oil and cargo of bone is a scene often witnessed on the quays. The wharves at the foot of Union and William Streets, — in fact, all that section along the river's front is generally crowded with whale oil, awaiting sale and shipment. The effluvia arising from so much of the product of the whale is very powerful, and has somewhat of a sickening character.

The battered whaling vessel of many storms, after delivering its cargo, is subject to numerous repairs, necessitated by its three years' voyage, and the sails are drying in the brisk wind, previous to overhauling. Some years ago, a large fire took place on these wharves, of oil and bone, and great alarm was felt for the safety of the town, by the inflammable nature of the conflagration ; but the superior and well-equipped fire department has hitherto been able to cope with fires of all magnitude, by the prompt responding to calls and the zeal and activity of its officers and men.

'Tis a sight, in summer time, to see the big business of the Old Colony Railway, in their excursion season, bringing many thousands of visitors and tourists from all parts of the Union, to the steamboat piers of New Bedford, *en route* to Martha's Vineyard and other points along the coast. Boston and Providence send their quota of travellers to this favored locality of starting-place of the highway ocean travel.

New Bedford has some fine residences ; many sea captains and owners of vessels have built their houses and retired into quiet life here, and the elegant, commodious dwellings to be found in this old-fashioned town are not surpassed in the State ; while the wealth in the city is very large, many of the leading inhabitants being millionnaires. And though the natives and residents are a good deal wrapped up in themselves, and form a kind of clique in their society of one

another, yet there is occasional kindliness of manner, mixed with their reservedness towards new-comers.

The most commanding thoroughfare is County Street, where the yards and garden grounds are cultivated with great care and luxuriance by many of the proprietors of these fine residences; the avenue of sturdy shade trees make this locality popular in the hot season. A ramble along Hawthorn Street and its suburbs, leading into the woods and dells of the countryside, is delightful in the extreme, and, though the falling of the leaf is a somewhat saddened season, in its perennial decay of vegetation, it yet has a charm of its own in the myriads of beautiful, variegated leaves of every hue, shape, and color. County Street, within some few years, has added a noble sacred edifice to its number, that of "New Grace Church," an Episcopalian structure of architectural beauty: an excellent chime of bells was placed in position in the belfry tower, a generous gift of a New Bedford citizen.

The most prominent of recently built residences is that of Mr. John D. Mandells (Hawthorn Street); the many gables and tall chimneys of the quaint building remind one of the old English country mansions. The house is built of curious-shaped rock masonry, while the low wall that surrounds the grounds is constructed of peculiar cobble-stones. This modern-antique structure is said to have cost a large sum in the erection.

The Wamsutta Mill, at the north end of the city, is one of the largest in the United States; its chief staple article of manufacture is white cotton cloth, and is known all over the world for its superiority and durability of texture. In passing through the different sections of the building, the noise is most deafening, by the constant rattle of the machinery and whirr and noise of the myriads of running gear and spindles. A very noticeable feature is the comparatively small number of mill hands employed in a building of its size, and standing on several acres of land, while one beholds, apparently, so few men, women, and girls attending to the feeding of the machines; though, in reality, we were informed, some twelve hundred hands were engaged there in daily toil, before the new wing addition of buildings.

The same might be said of the companion mill, called "The Potomska," at the south end of the city; both are fine business emporiums, giving work to many—at small wages, it is true, but as high as Fall River and elsewhere. The close atmosphere of these mills has a sickening effect to a visitor; the extremely high temperature, made necessary for the cotton-working, must be very trying to the employees' health. In Fall River (the city of mills), when passing through the town, one fine, warm day, it was surprising to see thousands of mill hands, of both sexes, leaving their work at six o'clock (evening), for home, most of them shivering along, beshawled and bundled up, on leaving the heated rooms, as if it was midwinter, instead of summer time.

New Bedford, Mass., 1890.

Of the new business premises of retail store trade, erected of late years to the present date, many might be mentioned; from dilapidated shanties of old-fashioned stores and ancient dwellings, lofty, red brick blocks of buildings have taken their places. A stranger to New Bedford could scarcely credit that such fine, expensive structures would possibly pay for the erection, considering the size of the city. The suburbs of this city have also got the building fever, thanks to the extended line of horse-car travel to the outskirts. A magnificent Odd Fellows' Hall, with stores under, has just been completed, and in the same line of street a movement is on foot to extend the dimensions of the post-office. The commodious and well-patronized opera house, and variety theatre, Liberty Hall, amuse the citizens with all kinds of plays in the theatrical season. The new railway station, at the foot of Pearl Street, and facing the river front, is a substantial, roomy, well-built depot, of gabled roof, and is much appreciated by passengers, after the dingy, suffocating terminus of olden times. An enclosure of grass sward in front of the railway property gives a pleasant effect of beautiful green, as the travellers emerge to and from the depot. There are several hotels in New Bedford, the leading one of which is the Parker House, a comfortable, home-like hotel, conducted for some years by quite a popular caterer, Mr. Holder Brownell; and in the summer season, yachtsmen and visitors generally

are to be seen here, enjoying good fare, and having a good time, previous to starting to their destinations of Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket.

The streets of New Bedford are in most part very cleanly, being built on a hilly eminence. The constant rush of water from rains or snow carries away all refuse into the river, on low level below. As the business of the whaling interest is decreasing here, other commercial enterprises have sprung into existence, of various calibre, and where the jolly Jack-tar, with his well-tanned cheeks, once rolled along the wharf streets, now, to a great extent, the pale-faced mill worker or skilled mechanic plods his weary routine of factory life, backwards and forwards to his daily toil as a breadwinner for his wife and children; much has changed in a few years, and new organizations have sprung rapidly ahead and taken root, such as cotton, woollen, and yarn mills. Various iron foundries of anchor and smith's work and innumerable kinds of business have taken forward steps in this ancient city, and are long the home of the mariners by the sea will be one vast beehive of manufacturing industry.

New Bedford has a growing population, and at June census, 1890, enumerated 45,000 inhabitants, and has no less than thirty churches to look after the welfare of the souls of its people. The Sabbaths in the whaling city are calm, peaceful, and enjoyable; the meeting-house worshippers attend in all kinds of weather, and are generally a numerous congregation.

Yachting Season.

During the yachting season, New Bedford harbor is quite a rendezvous for yacht clubs. The New York, Brooklyn, New London, and Boston Yacht Clubs have in turn annually anchored in our waters, and have had several good-natured rivalry races for prizes, during the summer season, with our local club; the day's pleasant, breezy enjoyment generally ending with reception or dance at the commodious club-house on the bridge, and oftentimes all yachts in the harbor illuminate in the evening with Chinese lanterns, signal lamps, etc. On such occasions, numerous row-boats, with lady and gentleman occupants, diversify the scene by darting here and there (like will-o'-the-wisp) between the fleet,

with their tiny signal lights, making quite a weird and romantic effect. The visiting yachtsmen are invariably pleased with the clean and well-kept thoroughfares of New Bedford.

The annual review of the New Bedford Yacht Club is always an enjoyable sight, and the local well-trimmed craft invariably turn out in full force. The balcony of the clubhouse on these occasions is generally filled with visitors, the ladies predominating. The commodore's yacht anchors at a point between the bridge and Palmer's Island, vice and rear commodores' vessels taking their positions right and left of the flag-ship. The yachts then sail in review, saluting as they pass. The vessels then all sail down the bay, and the view of the fleet yachts, with their outspreading sails, is one of exceeding beauty as they dash through the frothy foam to the buoy station, and return homeward.

Portuguese Masquerade.

The annual custom in Fayal and the islands of Portugal is to hold, in every year, just before Lent, a masquerade or fandango, — a weird kind of native dance in costume. By the invitation of a Portuguese friend, the writer of these pages was invited to witness at his house the gay carnival gathering. On arriving at the Portuguese quarter, Water Street, New Bedford, quite a number of people of both sexes and all ages had assembled to await the arrival of the procession. While waiting, some fun was evinced by the lively young Portuguese ladies, who good-naturedly proposed an impromptu quadrille, to the music of a banjorette. The young men were bashful and hung back, so the writer was archly asked by a dark-eyed young lady, dressed in blue, to be her partner (it being leap-year), which was cheerfully responded to; the set was made up, and the primitive band began its melody, when a sudden stoppage took place. The maskers had arrived at the street door, to the number of thirty, and were demanding admittance in the name of the King of Portugal. The prince and princess led the way, then followed knights, officers, and their ladies (all men), according to their rank, and took their station on each side of the long rooms, and with ornamental trimmed hoops in

their hands began the weird native dance, peculiar to their country; the music accompaniment being three guitars or banjoettes, two triangles, and a flute whistle, its shrill chords being the same for fully half an hour. The fandango was kept briskly a-going, country-dance fashion, till the sweat ran down below the masked faces, and an old negress banjo-player's countenance shone like polished ebony, with the warmth of the rooms and exertion of playing, while the boy flutist declared to a friend, in confidence, that "his wind was nearly gone." At length the chief captain blew his signal whistle to cease the everlasting, monotonous dance, and after a little breathing time, a ceremony was gone through, of some sort of acting play, in Portuguese dialogue. The plot appeared to be in the person of a claimant, an officer, for the hand of the princess, and who brandished his sword fiercely, and offered to challenge to mortal combat any one who disputed his claim. A great clamor of tongues arose to annihilate this pretender, as the princess was already affianced to a prince, and their nuptials were about to be solemnized, when this madman of an officer put in his claim. He was, however, speedily overpowered, bound hand and foot, and incarcerated in one of the numerous castles close by. The marriage then took place, without further interruption, the tiresome fandango began again, then the presentation of guests to the newly wedded pair ended this somewhat curious masquerade dance. Comic characters of clowns, old women, and rag babies enlivened the grotesque and animated scene. Visitors of all ages lined the sides of the rooms, standing on chairs, others crowding in passages and staircases, to get a glimpse of the maskers, whose costumes were very fresh, new, and pretty, and the make-up of the young men into young women was truly wonderful. The kind host and hostess were very liberal in entertaining the dancers with wine and cake and other refreshments, before they left for home. We were informed that the maskers call at three or four houses, by arrangement, on the same evening, and go through the excessive fatigue till early hours in the morning.

"Taking the Crown" at a Portuguese Church.

On a Sunday in May, 1884, we witnessed a somewhat novel ceremony at a Portuguese church in the south part of New Bedford. The custom is, for seven consecutive Sabbaths after Easter to hold religious services on behalf of the serious-minded man or woman who may wish to become an aspirant for salvation, assuming a kind of penance by "taking the crown," as it is termed. On these seven Sundays special services and priestly exhortations are delivered, with much effect; extra choral singing and organ recitals, aided by a Portuguese band of music, assist to make the ceremonial one of very solemn interest. At the commencement of the service, a procession is formed of the officiating priests, choristers, and a committee of relatives and friends in great number, some carrying lighted candles, others bearing red canes of sacred office. They thus march to the chancel, near the altar of the church, the band and organ playing, and the singers chanting till all get to their places. In the case of a lady suppliant for the crown, a procession of girls, dressed in white, attend her as escort down the aisle. When the formal addresses are delivered, interspersed with some excellent singing by the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, a benediction is given by the priest, the sterling-silver crown is placed on the head of the religious aspirant, and the procession reforms, and countermarches along the aisle to the church door, amid much music and singing. We may add that a week of prayer and preparation is enjoined on the applicant, before having the crown ceremony. A sumptuous repast is invariably given at the devotee's house to his friends.

Fort Phoenix, Fairhaven.

Fort Phoenix is an old, dismantled fortress, situated in the town of Fairhaven, opposite to New Bedford; the place used to be in a very untidy and dirty condition, its chief inhabitants being dogs and cats, chickens and pigs, who made their home amongst the old cannon and neglected gun-carriages. From the summit of the battlement tower a fine view of the river Acushnet and Buzzard's Bay can be seen, and in sum-

mer time many picnics take place in the fragrant meadows adjacent to the ruins of the ancient citadel, where clam-bakes, baked beans, and other delicacies are eaten and enjoyed, with Nature's covering for a table-cloth, generally winding up with an impromptu dance, if a fiddler can be found to play a lively jig or polka; but since the extension of the pleasant ride of the horse-cars to this retreat, a dance-hall and refreshment restaurants have sprung up, with a band of music on occasional evenings during the warm season. Fort Phoenix and its neighborhood has become quite a noted place for artists, — in sketching their marine subjects, — and a great resort for the "lovers' ramble," when the soft nothings of the hour are repeated over and over again, mostly to willing ears. A stroll along the seashore, near the fort, is a very pleasant recreation, with the sounds of the soft murmurs of the ocean, the splashing of the tide as it ebbs and flows in its natural wont, and the watching of the white-winged sails of the distant yachts scudding before the wind. The Point road, on the other side of the river and commencement of bay (New Bedford district), is quite a popular drive for all classes, and this pleasant esplanade of some three miles around is much enjoyed in fine weather. About midway of the Point is a large fortress, in good condition, with numbers of cannon and a quantity of ammunition in the citadel's enclosure. A ride around the Point road to the head of the river, at Acushnet Avenue, is shown to most visitors to the whaling city.

Husking Party at Sconticut Neck.

"Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride."

A large New Bedford pleasure wagon, drawn by four gray horses, conveyed a very merry party of some sixteen couples of single and married folks to a New England husking, at a pleasant country homestead, situated at Sconticut Neck, a few miles from Fairhaven. Our well-appointed team soon rattled us to our destination, and we then beheld a most curious sight, of weird-like description: by the light of the moon we saw numbers of friends and acquaintances of our own, and numerous neighbors of the farmer's family, already hard at work, at the husking, in the spacious barns and yards.

The corn sheaves were piled quite high, and as the rows of young men and maidens were busily employed, some good-natured raillery was enjoyed whenever a red ear was found, and the excitement and confusion of the girl, as the finder tried to kiss the young lady nearest him as his reward, according to custom at these gatherings. When the husking was all completed, we were invited to the farmhouse, where we found a most sumptuous supper provided for us by our kind entertainers, consisting of the time-honored pots of beans, huge sides of corn beef, and pumpkin, apple, and other pies, by the score. Coffee, tea, and light refreshments in variety were there, all of which the visitors did ample justice to, after the arduous duties of husking and flirting. The music of four pieces, kindly furnished by a (New Bedford) friend of the writer's, added much to the enjoyment of the evening; the merry, lively jigs and country dances were footed with great earnestness to the time of the excellent band. Dancing was kept up till the small hours of the morning, when all returned, much gratified at such a pleasant gathering in the old family homestead, and made the countryside echo again with the gleesome song of "Wait for the Wagon, and We'll all Take a Ride."

Sconticut Neck and Horse-Neck Beach.

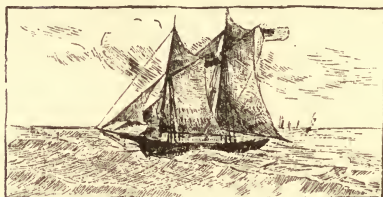
Sconticut is a good locality for catching such fish as scup, flat-fish, perch, etc.; and to try our luck at the piscatory sport, we borrowed a neighbor's boat, which proved to be a leaky one, and compelled us to take off our shoes and socks, — a great mistake. The lower limbs had better be incased in their hose, than run the risk of the feet being burnt up by a July sun while fishing in an old boat some four hours. If the reader is amphibious, and used to being in salt water very often, perhaps it does not matter about bare feet; but to a landsman, the exposure to the sun's rays and the briny deep is a painful ordeal, causing much pain and swelling for days afterwards. You had better be cautious, like the "Widow Bedott," who, when asked to be baptized, said, "No, indeed; she had not been immersed all over for twenty years, and she was sure she would not commence now." Horse-Neck Beach, situated about fifteen miles from New

Bedford, and one of those charming inlets of Buzzard's Bay, is much frequented in the warm season, for bathing and fishing. A gentleman friend kindly invited the narrator to a day's outing to Horsé-Neck, and the recollection of that pleasant recreation is very refreshing. Starting at early morning in my friend's well-appointed carriage, with a fast roadster, we rattled briskly along, reaching the beach in good time for a shore dinner, cooked to perfection, and presided over by our genial hostess; then a ramble on the smooth, beautiful sand shore of the famed beach, with the invigorating sea-breeze blowing in our faces, and in the company of friends whom we met there, gave quite a zest to our visit. Our rested horse took us quickly homeward, passing through the neighborhood of Nonquit and Dartmouth, in the evening's twilight, which added much to the charm of such a day's enjoyment, though of past memories.

Skating and Ice-Boats on Acushnet River.

During midwinter, the river Acushnet, stretching from New Bedford to Fairhaven (above the bridge), is generally one vast sheet of ice, and the season's carnival of skating is welcomed by thousands of young people of both sexes. The merry performers on the skate appear to great advantage; ample space on this frozen water is given for the free display of curves, twists, and fantastic evolutions of the swift skaters; the sharp, crisp air from off the bay fans the cheeks of the young ladies to a rosy hue, adding quite a charm and grace, in the exercise of this healthy enjoyment. When the wind is favorable, the ice-boats spread their sails to the breeze, and the primitive flying machine goes with great velocity over the icy plateau, to the amusement and excitement of young and old, who scream and laugh, in hilarious glee, on being carried at the speed of a locomotive. The coasting in America is a great pastime for boys and girls, and others of larger growth; day and night this somewhat dangerous pastime is practised. The double-rippers, or large sleds (when the snow is well hardened), filled with riders, dash down the hills and declivities at a tremendous pace, the impetus being so great that the misfortune of a collision with an obstruction sometimes is attended with serious results, of broken limbs and occasional fatal hurts.

A Cruise from New Bedford to Philadelphia, in Schooner
"Julien Nelson."



Life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!

Old Song.

At early dawn, on Friday, June 12, 1885, we heaved up anchor, on board the "Julien Nelson," at the foot of Union Street, New Bedford, Mass., bound for the Quaker City. By the kind courtesy of captain and mate, the writer of these pages was invited for the cruise. Nothing could exceed the beauty of that glorious June morning, as the vessel left her moorings to drift in the stream, preparatory to getting into the bay. The early sun's rays darted in vivid and playful slanting lines across the waters of the harbor, and the hush and quiet of the yet unawakened day lent a serenity of repose to the surroundings on shore. With the freshening of the wind, the foresail and mainsail were set to the breeze, and, as we sailed quickly along the channel course, the order for jibs to be unfurled was promptly obeyed, and we speedily made for the bay, the sparkling waves parting, as our gallant vessel dashed through the seethy foam. As we ploughed the limpid waters of Buzzard's Bay, quite a fleet of vessels was our company for miles, with their white, outstretched wings fully set, beating out for the ocean.

The first night at sea, to a landsman, is generally an uncomfortable one, though, through the captain's kindness, I was provided with the best state-room on board the snug craft, yet the unpleasant motion made one crave for the morning's light. At daybreak we sighted Block Island, the large rolling waves, as usual in that locality, being very wild and tur-

bulent; the same evening we brushed by Fire Island, the wind still ahead. On Sunday morning, a bright and lovely day, we skirted the Jersey shore, and had a magnificent view of Long Branch, with its pretty cottages and superb hotels. It was quite refreshing to watch the shore, and all the moving vehicles and animated nature thereon, giving a sense of security, as it were, of being in vicinity of the land. As the wind changed, we had to make for the open sea again, with its long, measured, heaving swell, until we reached Barnegat lighthouse, a warning beacon to mariners, on account of the shoals in its neighborhood. The remains of the ill-fated steamer "Guadaloupe," wrecked on this dangerous sand bar, December, 1884, were still there, in the fastness of the reef, when we sailed by, — another sad lesson, like the "City of Columbus" calamity, only happily without loss of life, the sixty passengers and crew being saved. Monday, still out at sea, steering for Five Fathom Bank lightship, twenty miles from Cape May; the wind light, causing a violent slapping of sails, and a very unpleasant rolling of the vessel, and the sun's intense rays pouring down their fiery heat on our devoted heads. The only escape from this was to find relief in the well-appointed cabin, and try to enjoy a read, or attack a meal prepared for us by the excellent steward, — the healthy sea-breeze making all hands do full justice to the generous table of viands. The wind freshening, we got into sight of Cape May.

On that evening, while in the bay, the atmosphere became almost stifling, and the sky cloudy to total blackness, and as night closed in, one of those fearful summer squalls took place. The constant, vivid, bewildering flashes of lightning in a manner enveloped us (as it were) in its electric embrace. The whole firmament, right down to the horizon, appeared to be alive with the electric fluid, appearing as sheets of flame, interspersed with loud, booming claps of thunder, echoing along sea and shore with growling murmurs of solemn awe and grandeur. The rain lent its aid of discomfort to this scene of wildness on the ocean, and the numbers of vessels surrounding us caused the captain to promptly order the crew to drop anchor and furl sails, to prevent a probable collision amongst the fleet in the darkness, except when the lightning showed us our dangerous proximity. In a few

hours the storm ceased, and the somewhat alarmed passenger and weary crew went below and enjoyed a partial night's rest. The sail up the bay, and skirting Delaware Breakwater into the river for nearly one hundred miles, was very enjoyable all day Tuesday; on each side of us were the Jersey and Delaware shores, and the beautiful marine residences and farm-houses, surrounded by charming gardens, were very refreshing to the beholder, after so much sky and water.

As we closed our journey up the Delaware River, the amount of business in lumber and coal seemed to be immense; all kinds of craft, outward and homeward bound, appeared always on the move, from the well-appointed steamer to the humblest vessel afloat.

To attempt to describe Philadelphia would almost fill a volume; the city is teeming with historic interest (and will be spoken of in the section devoted to the Quaker City). Girard College and grounds; Fairmount Park and its magnificent conservatory; the Zoölogical Garden near the flowing Schuylkill River; the colossal public buildings of massive granite and white marble, then in process of erection, bidding fair to rival in superb architecture and execution of fine masonry any other city in the Union; the handsome and commodious railway station of the Pennsylvania company, close by, is another of the great improvements of Philadelphia; the spacious and well-appointed new post-office is still another of the marvels of progress in the City of Brotherly Love; the mint, for the manufacture of Uncle Sam's coin, was also taken in for inspection, with the above places, as sights full of interest, by the New Bedford voyager, and he closed his week on shore by a visit to Independence Hall, in company with a New Orleans excursion party.

On our homeward journey down the Delaware River once more, we espied numerous vessels laying inside the breakwater, waiting for the tide or tug-boats to propel the crafts to their destination. The return sail to New Bedford was very enjoyable; sunny days and fair winds prevailed nearly all the way, glorious sunsets of eventide, winding up with the bright moon's rays at night. The only thing wanting to make the two weeks' cruise complete, was the charming society of some lady passengers.

Camp-Meetings at Martha's Vineyard.

The well-known Martha's Vineyard, or its more modern title, "Cottage City," is perhaps the best regulated and most patronized of all the revivalists' meetings in America. The Methodists and Baptists carry the sway hereabouts, in their large tabernacles of worship, so that the old custom of tented meetings and tented homes is scarcely ever beheld now. But, as an observer of religious observances, we think the camp-meetings, as a real benefit to sincere conversion, quite questionable, as the mode of converted fervor is too spasmodic, and not lasting in its zeal. Yachting, boating, fishing, and flirting form one part of the amusement of the hour to some attenders; while bathing at all times, and reading seaside novels help to pass the remainder of the livelong day to others, seated in comfortable rocking-chairs. Thus do the genuine camp-followers get through their religious vacation, interspersed with occasional attendance at meeting, when a noted preacher or evangelist singer comes from Boston or elsewhere.

During the season an amateur fox hunt sometimes takes place; that is to say, a bag with anise-seed is dragged along the ground, to entice the fox-hounds to follow the trail. It oftentimes happens, however, that some dogs, exasperated at not finding a fox, set to work on a flock of sheep, worrying or killing some fifteen or more, and maiming many others, causing much hard feeling amongst the farmers, who sally out on their land, armed with shot-guns, clubs, and pitchforks, to protect their animals; and one old lady, it is recorded, lately saved her pet lamb from destruction by using a large broom freely and forcibly on the heads and bodies of the murderous hounds.

The monotony of the life at Martha's Vineyard, unless some lively society is kept up, must be very undesirable for any length of time. Miniature lodging-houses are built along lonely avenues, where the doors of the sleeping chambers are generally left open, and the beds visible in the best room, or anywhere else to secure an honest penny, in full view of the passers-by. The sandy soil here causes intense heat during the day, but cool breezes oftentimes blow over

the island at eventide; and the quiet gloom of these cottage hives is somewhat curious. The sojourners suffer all sorts of inconveniences in their temporary homes, because it is called "camp life," and considered fashionable, and the right thing to do. The only life in the whole affair appears to be upon the arrival of a New Bedford or Nantucket steamer; 'tis then the "campers" and hotel visitors turn out *en masse*, either to welcome their friends or ridicule the seasick voyagers.

The grand wind-up of the season, in the latter part of August, is the great event of the summer vacation. An extensive illumination of most of the cottages all over the bluffs is certainly an impressive sight, particularly in some of the avenues where the Chinese lanterns have full sway; and the liberal supply of fireworks for two hours, and some bands of music playing, make this evening quite a gala night, the more so if the weather is propitious. Visitors come in thousands from all parts to see this outside show, and the confusion and extortionate demands for lodgings at hotels and cottages could be told with much fun. Suffice it to say, one night at this gala time is experience enough in the makeshift cottage life, sleeping in rooms not so large as a closet. Inconvenient as that may be, it is preferable to walking the island, as some have had to do, on illumination night. Before closing this subject, allow the writer to speak of the bathing of this place. It is no unusual sight to see a man emerge from a cottage in some avenue, in full bathing costume of short drawers, and walk in a stately manner to the shore, with umbrella over head and cigar in mouth, as proudly as the South Sea Islander did who stole the top boots and cocked hat of a naval officer, and then strutted with them on, as if full dressed for a dandy. The lady bathers generally have water-proof cloaks over their bathing costumes when leaving their cottages, and look a little more becoming in their costumes than their lords and masters.

A fine outlook can be seen from the Sea View House, of the ocean, on a clear day, which is very refreshing, particularly if it is breezy; and as the eye wanders on the distant line of the horizon it is then, with placid calmness, that the busy man can settle down on the hotel piazza with a fragrant

havana, and seem to forget, for a while, common business life, and its many attendant anxieties.

Martha's Vineyard is the largest of the islands of New England, being twenty miles long, and at its widest point ten miles across. Distant from Boston by rail and boat, seventy-eight miles. The western extreme of the island, terminating in Gay Head, is wild and precipitous, but fashion liking the eastern end best, has set the seal of its approval upon the bluff that looks out towards Nantucket. It is no uncommon thing for from fifty to sixty thousand persons to be congregated here in the height of the season. Across a deeply indenting bayou, or inlet, is the village of Vineyard Haven, where tourists find rest and repose in its quiet locality.

Gay Head.

Gay Head is situated on the western point of Martha's Vineyard, about twenty-five miles' pleasant sail from New Bedford. The place is noted for its lighthouse, and the powerful lenses of thick cut-glass of the lantern or apparatus for lighting; they are among the finest in the United States, and were on view at the International Exhibition, London, England, 1862. This magnificent luminary can be seen on clear nights as far distant as the Point road, New Bedford.

Gay Head has for its inhabitants a tribe of civilized Indians, settled there some two generations ago; these people appear to be very industrious, and civil to strangers, gaining their livelihood by tilling the rugged farming land on the island, but their best means of existence is by fishing on the coast; lobsters abounding there in great numbers.

When the summer excursion steamers from New Bedford, or elsewhere, made visits to Gay Head, the Indian fishermen used to be notified beforehand to be in readiness with their large whale-boats, — the steamboat company formerly employing these men to convey the passengers ashore in their strong nondescript whale or surf boats, as there was no pier or landing place for large craft then. There was much amusement amongst the ladies, particularly the elder ones, they being afraid the dusky fishermen might upset them in the water, or run away with their fair selves to the adjacent

wigwams or huts; the more prudish of the excursionists positively declined to land, perhaps on account of decorum or timidity; but the young ladies made no demurs, but rather liked the excitement of being rowed a few hundred yards by the "dear civilized Indians," and the fun of being handed in and out of the boat by a handsome young savage added a good deal of zest to the little romance of adventure. These peaceful half-breeds and their squaws and children sell specimens of the beautiful-colored clays to be found on the overhanging bluffs. The view from the peaks and various highest points looking down on the ravines of the magnificent-colored clays of the cliffs is really grand, and alone worthy of a trip to these shores.

The captain of the steamer "Monohanset" was always very kind on these and similar excursions, and invariably took us a wide circuit around the Bluffs in sailing homeward, so that a good view from all points of interest was obtainable, and oftentimes the sight was one of great beauty. As the channel between the Vineyard and the main land is the highway of all steamer traffic between New York and the South and eastern parts of New England, the scene at all times is animated, and when a storm threatens, Vineyard Haven is alive with ocean craft of all sorts and sizes. Since writing the above, a very nice, commodious pier has been erected by the steamboat company at Gay Head, thus doing away with the services of our Indian friends and their emoluments; but true to their nature, they remain perfectly stoical in the matter, and with folded arms and solemn mien witness the landing and embarkation of passengers with perfect indifference.

"City of Columbus" Shipwreck.

Though the summer season of 1883 was very enjoyable in the vicinity of Gay Head, the reverse was the case in the winter time of January, 1884, when the lamentable shipwreck of the ill-fated steamship "City of Columbus" took place on the reef of rocks called Devil's Bridge, a dangerous locality, supposed to be well known to mariners generally; yet at 3.45 A. M., Friday, Jan. 18. the doomed steamer, on her voyage from Boston to Savannah, was steered to her destruction on the reef, in sight of the lighthouse off Gay

Head, and one hundred and nineteen human beings lost, out of a number of one hundred and forty-two passengers and crew. The heart-rending and harrowing details of the disaster are no doubt in the memories of my readers, as an event which shook the community of Eastern New England and elsewhere with feelings of dismay, sorrow, and bereavement. To analyze this shocking calamity would be too painful to reiterate in all its melancholy bearings; but the wailing cries of "Help! Help!" on that wintry January morning, from the unfortunate passengers and seamen, were unheeded, except by the sobbing of the waves and the hoarse cry of the storm-dashed breakers, as they again and again fed their fury on the devoted bodies of the lost and the living that clung so many weary hours to the masts of the ill-fated steamer. In the Lord's name, let us draw a veil over this picture of dreadful desolation and wholesale slaughter of over one hundred souls, and in pity's sake try to believe that those in responsible authority must have been dazed, bewitched, bewildered, or something worse, when they deliberately, on a moonlight night, steered the doomed vessel and its living, human freight to instant destruction, as if those in command of the ill-fated steamer were lured on to the rocks by some wicked sirens of the deep, in thus crushing out the lives of so many souls in so culpable a manner. *Not one woman or child saved*, out of the number of thirty-four on board, does not speak very favorably for the bravery or humanity of the male survivors, in this age of chivalry towards the weak and helpless, though it may be some allowance must be made for the powerless state of the frantic men in their lamentable lack of discipline, the suddenness of the calamity paralyzing all efforts towards duty or order; and the motto, "Every one for himself," was truly exemplified here, when nearly twoscore of poor women and children were ruthlessly swept away into a watery grave. The cold, pitiful, steely moon's rays must have looked on a sad and sickening scene, when mothers were dashed from their offspring by the cruel waves, amid hurried leave-takings of husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, each clinging in their last earthly embrace of death agony; and as the rushing waters closed around them, a wild, piercing cry echoed

far and wide, almost, as it were, cursing those whose wilful negligence had brought about this tragedy of the sea.

The writer of these pages had an interview with Capt. Gabrielson and his officers, of the revenue cutter "Dexter," while she was in New Bedford harbor. It may be remembered by the reader that the steamer "Dexter" was cruising around Newport station when the captain and his men, at early dawn, espied the wreck of the "Columbus," and the half-frozen men clinging to the masts. Steaming quickly as far as they dared go near the rocks, brave Lieut. Rhodes and other officers and men plunged into the seething waters several times, and rescued all the lives they could; in which humane work they were ably assisted by the Gay Head Indians in their staunch whale-boats, on that bitter, disastrous morning.

In concluding this sad episode of Gay Head, the finishing stanza of Mrs. E. E. Brown's admirable poem of the "Columbus" disaster may be read with interest by my readers: —

"For ages to come will our seamen dread
The terrible rocks around Gay Head.
In low, hushed voice, and with hearts of fear,
They will speak of the wreck that was buried here.
In the midnight watch they will sit and tell
The tale that all of us know so well:
Of the many who sank 'neath the waters blue;
Of heroes who rescued the struggling few."

Nantucket and Siasconset.

Nantucket rests, lonely and remote, far out upon the ocean, and is a pleasant sail of some twenty miles from Martha's Vineyard, — a charming island to spend a summer vacation in. Some good hotels and boarding-houses abound here. The townspeople are of a primitive, kindly race, and pleased to make acquaintance with strangers. Captains and owners of whaling ships and other vessels have located in this place, to spend the remainder of their days, and the hardy, healthy-looking toilers of the sea may be found every day at the wharf-side. Amongst the sail-boats, telling yarns to old cronies of their experiences many years ago, and prophesying fair or foul weather on the morrow.

Nearly all the business done in Nantucket is connected

with the sea, or with summer boarders, who come here every season in great numbers. Some of the old captains' stories of the severe winters on this island are of a pitiful nature. Oftentimes six weeks have elapsed before a steamer could enter the harbor, on account of the ice. With the mails, etc., cut off from the mainland, these isolated people have to content themselves as best they can.

A lighthouse is erected on the part nearest the dangerous shoal water of the harbor, to warn the mariner of his peril; for in stirring business times, years ago, wrecks were of common occurrence. There was a time when Nantucket was a rendezvous for a vast fleet of whalers. Those were busy days, before the discovery of coal oil, when the whale-ships would be home after a four years' cruise, riding at anchor outside, waiting to be lightered by the "camels" over the sand-bar into port. In these later years Nantucket has taken a new lease of prosperity, for visitors have found its worth in the invigorating breezes; handsome villas are being erected on its bluffs, and success seems once more to pervade the island. The bluefish in these waters are very prolific in the season, being caught both by sail-boat and from the surf. The sport in July and the following months is quite exciting. From the south shore, or Surfside, may be seen daily a long line of men and boys, old hands and amateur fishermen, throwing their lengthy trolling lines beyond the breakers. Of course, the natives can throw the furthest (lasso fashion), and consequently catch most and largest of the bluefish. It is no uncommon afternoon's catch to take as many as one hundred fish per man, if he is an experienced sportsman. A scene of some excitement to the novice is to see the fine, struggling twelve-pounders dragged through the surfy water to the beach in such quick succession; it is enough to bewilder a non-fisherman or landsman.

Nantucket is famed for its fish of delicious flavor, and we can fairly testify to the epicurean treat they were to us in quality and freshness; the size and numbers of which would have amazed our old angler friend, "Isaak Walton." of years ago, in his gentle but slow piscatory rambles in the quiet nooks of the English rivers.

Such a glut of bluefish are captured in the season in and about Nantucket, that one cent a pound is all that is offered in the town, but more is gained by sending them to the mainland, and each steamer carries out a good cargo every trip. The late Mr. O'Connor, of the jurisprudence, law reputation, from New York, had a fine mansion built on the cliffs. The outlook from the summit of the residence is one of the best views on the island. The beneficial sea breeze is here felt in all its healthy intensity, and one is not surprised at the choice of the invalided and aged proprietor of the handsome dwelling preferring his home on the bluffs to any other. The breezes from the ocean bestow such life-giving, health-restoring, and invigorating aspirations of strength, that the sojourner at Nantucket cannot be a long time in precarious health when that splendid natural tonic, the breath of the ocean, is so soothing, pure, and strengthening, in its foamy beauty, to the invalid and others in want of rest, quiet, and bracing sea air. The surf at South Shore, when the wind is favorable for it, is a sight of surpassing grandeur. In the thousands of miles one has travelled, this magnificent scene, in its peculiar style, surpasses all (Niagara excepted). For many leagues, the grand, unbroken line of surf-breakers roll proudly and defiantly on the beautiful sandy beach, each succeeding one of the incoming huge waves trying, as it were, to outdo the other, in their superb velocity of forming, breaking, and receding, leaving the fine, sandy promenade immediately dry. Many hundreds of visitors in summer time take the little railway ride from Nantucket to Surfside, to view this famed, oceanic, natural sight. Once a year an agricultural fair is held, adjacent to the town. The selection of the site for the fair-grounds was charming, but the poor, thin-looking cattle were pitiful to behold; and so few in number, any one, to look at the dejected animals munching corn-stalks ravenously, would have imagined a famine to have happened on the island. To call this gathering of a few lean cows a cattle fair, is about as consistent as calling a good-sized farm the universe; but as the drouth of the past season (1882), some farmers explained, was the cause of the poor exhibition, we trust the next summer's will be more bountiful. Some few good-sized yokes of oxen

were here, and they, like the other animals, were devouring corn-cobs with avidity.

Returning from the fair-grounds, we ascended the tower of the highest church in the city, and most unfortunately arrived on the staircase of the belfry just as the great bell of the clock began to strike the hours; it sounded so loud and struck so suddenly that we nearly lost our balance, and were almost precipitated down the steep stairs. On the summit of the tower is a lookout room, guarded by two old men, whose duty it is to take turns in watching over the island, night and day; in case of fire, to give the alarm; for a splendid view is here of the island and ocean. On descending, we met the town crier (a noted character) peering through the crevices of the slats of the belfry tower, on the lookout for any passing events, such as an overdue steamer or a strange sail,—in fact, anything of an interesting or sensational kind,—which is duly chronicled in due time, making the town resound with the echo of his tin horn and unintelligible, cracked voice, telling of wonderful news. A few days after our leaving Nantucket, President Arthur and suite landed here for a brief visit of a few hours' duration, the government steamer "Dispatch" lying at anchor outside the bar meanwhile. What the eccentric town crier could have said then, would be difficult to state in these pages; one can only imagine he must have almost choked himself with excitement and importance during the stay of the chief magistrate of this vast continent on the breezy island. The presidential party was taken, by prominent citizens, to Surfside and other points of interest in Nantucket, all of which they were well pleased with, and enjoyed very much.

Since writing the above, various improvements and extensions have taken place around and about Nantucket. The narrow-gauge railway line has been extended from the steamboat wharf to Siasconset via Surfside. The quaint old town of 'Sconset, of sandy-soil reminiscences, is brought within easy access to visitors and others. The breakwater, when completed, will be a valuable aid to mariners.

And ere we close of breezy Nantucket, let us remark the strong feeling of Sabbath observance and reverence that was very noticeable amongst many of the sailing masters of this

island. Very few owners of sailing craft unfurl their sails on Sunday; the bronzed, weather-beaten, and rigid-looking sailor countenances shake their heads, "No," in answer to Sunday trips. A deep respect is evinced by some of these mariners for a reverence of the Sabbath Day, — a grateful feeling of thanks for another week of safety and preservation from the perils of the deep, and they thus wish to keep holy the sacred day by quietude and restful behavior. Rough and somewhat uncouth as these Nantucket seamen are, yet they have hearts within them that recognize the Divine power; and no class of men have better opportunities of judging, when on the ocean, of the might and strength of the Almighty's will, than they have, when brought into contact with a stormy sea, and the wonderful contrast of sunshine and a still water, thus having ever vividly before their minds the beneficent power of the great Ruler of elements.

Nantucket Jail.

An obscure-looking building — once a farmhouse, of small dimensions — is termed, in fancy parlance, "the jail of the island." The building must have been made near one hundred years ago, of rough-hewn logs, and then modernized from its antiquity by being sheathed or shingled. On our entering the yard, a young woman approached us, key in hand, for us to inspect the Nantucket prison. She explained that her father was away that morning, and no prisoners were confined there at present, and that the place was simple, whitewashed rooms, with barred windows and very low-studded ceilings, all of which we found quite true in its veracity.

Since our visit to Nantucket, quite a noted prisoner is incarcerated there, a William H. Chadwick, who was the trusted cashier of the Pacific Bank of that town. The embezzlement of sixty thousand dollars has caused his detention in the county jail. Though the imprisonment is almost a sinecure, the food of the prisoner coming from the keeper's table, he can go out in the yard in the daytime, — that means there is no confinement, — or go further in the town, if he chooses, as he is trusted by the keeper, but, of course, must be in by nightfall, and not go off the island.

The saddest part of this narrative is the fall of a once honest man ; and the anguish of an invalid wife and the slur of the world on the man's innocent children are not pleasant mementos to the embezzler's mind, even though his island captivity is not a very severe affair ; yet the stain is there, of the *once trusted official*.

'Sconset.

Not all the transient life of the island is visible at Nantucket village, by any means ; there is a quantity of it at 'Sconset. 'Sconset is seven miles distant from the landing wharf, and when first discovered by the tourist who ventured so far, was a village inhabited by fishermen, a hamlet that was of little one-story boxes of houses, all shingled down the sides, and centring upon a town pump, where it was so sandy that the carts were furnished with barrels for wheels. Apropos of this, the writer and an artist friend lately drove over from Nantucket through a sort of scrub, or miniature pine, forest, without a vesture of team road to 'Sconset, with the express intention to see the old place, and sketch the barrel team. After some research, one of the antiques was unearthed, and drawn out into daylight, when the artist was in the seventh heaven of delight at finding such a prize for a sketch in his coming picture ; while he worked, the narrator walked along the fine sandy beach, and explored. The bathing-ground appeared very precipitous, and somewhat dangerous, running steeply down into the sea, but it did not deter young men and maidens from venturing in the delightful surf. Ropes, fastened to stout stakes, are provided for the venturesome bathers to lay hold of, and prevent themselves from being carried away by the undertow.

Our artist friend sketched the large lighthouse on the cliffs, and finished the sand cart, also drawing some groups of figures on the sands, winding up by strolling amongst the fishermen's homes, now chiefly tenanted by city folks in the season ; we then took our leave of old-fashioned 'Sconset, got into the carriage, lighted another cigar, and drove homeward to the hotel at Nantucket, with good appetites to enjoy a portion of broiled bluefish and other condiments.

During our afternoon visit to 'Sconset, one of those fitful,

unpleasant, vapory fogs at intervals enveloped the place with its shadowy embrace, so much so that the artist could not thoroughly see his views necessary for what he wanted; the fog cleared off somewhat, then came on again, more violent than ever, making our ride home a chilly one. In the fall of the year the island is occasionally visited with this misty pest, in the same way as at New Bedford, New York, and other localities; being situated near the water, the fog at times continues for days without intermission.

The river Thames, London, England, in the autumn of the year, has the same misery to put up with, as in America; though it is oftentimes remarked in the United States that fogs are only to be found in the Old Country, any one who has travelled some on this continent will find that the *New Country* is blessed with the unpleasant infliction, as well as the other side of the Atlantic.

A continuation of the Nantucket & Surfside Railway at Sconset now gives the visitor a quicker and less expensive route, though the ride by team is preferable to a lover of Nature; in every case where convenient, in the rambles of the author, he ever preferred the primitive coach, stage, buggy, or even sleigh riding, as a diversified change from speedy locomotive car travelling. Of course, we are speaking now of short journeys.

Wauwinet.

Wauwinet is a delightful sail of one hour's duration across the harbor from Nantucket's landing place. A pleasant, safe, well-managed little craft sails morning and afternoon (Sundays excepted) to this seaside resort. Wauwinet is noted for its shore dinners, and the comfortable, cosy, primitive hotel is generally crowded with boarders in the season, — regular and transient. The little cruise across, being generally a smooth pleasure ride, is patronized a good deal, — particularly by the ladies and children; but sometimes, by adverse winds, the return is delayed to some three hours, by tacking; and if it blows somewhat fresh, the sea becomes rough and unpleasant; generally speaking, however, the sail is delightfully smooth. Two fishing-lines were lent by the captain to the passengers, and a few bluefish were caught on the journey, the voracious

fish snapping at a large piece of bright metal, the hook being attached to it, and in the velocity of the trolling has the appearance of a bait — the delusion unhappily often ends fatally for Mr. Bluefish. While strolling along the beach at Wauwinet, we saw a sand shark of large size lying there, rotting in the noonday sun; these monsters abound here in these waters, but are not the species of man-eating sharks; some fishermen in Nantucket occasionally catch them, as the livers are considered good for different medical purposes.

Woods Holl and Quisset.

The channel steamer's route from New Bedford to Oak Bluffs and Nantucket has to be made through a somewhat narrow, dangerous, rocky highway called "Woods Holl"; this portion of Buzzard's Bay is noted for its deep, stony beds of rock; and only experienced pilots or captains that know the tides and currents care to cross this chasm of water and granite. With such velocity does the water dash through and around these rocky beds that the rudders of vessels are scarcely manageable, and no steamer or sailing vessel scarcely ever ventures through Woods Holl at night, but go round by way of Quick's Hole, some nine miles farther, to avoid the miniature "Hell Gate." We trust, however, as millions of dollars have been granted by Senate and Congress for the improvement of rivers and harbors of the United States, that a small portion may be used to clear a free passage in this most needed place as soon as possible. About three miles farther on from Woods Holl landing is a very pretty isolated little inlet or small bay — Quisset, forming a snug harbor for yachtsmen on a short cruise to run in and spend the evening. previous to the morning's sail. Good hotel accommodation is here, where some nice dinners are served, as the writer and his friends can testify; also some excellent fishing is to be had in these waters; and for quiet-minded individuals and invalids, we would recommend Quisset as just the place to go to for a pleasant short vacation, to rest the mind and invigorate the body by the healthy sea breeze blowing across the land, where the visitor can ruminate at will, with little or no interruption from the outside world.

Cod-Fishing at No-Man's Land.

A party of friends invited the writer of these pages to a cod-fishing trip in a sloop yacht of moderate size, "The Starling," to the fishing-ground at the eastern point of Martha's Vineyard, called "No-Man's Land." It was somewhat early in the season, the commencement of May, and uncertain weather for amateur fishermen to venture on the briny deep all night; we never thought of that, but started at nine o'clock in the evening from the dock at New Bedford, all hands in good spirits at the supposed fun we were to have; and the wives and children of the married men came to the wharf with tearful eyes to bid us good-by, as if we were going off for a journey to the North Pole, instead of a two days' cruise to the fishing banks. All being in readiness, the captain and his mate hoisted sail, and away we scudded before the wind, and speedily got outside the harbor to anchor at Naushon for the night. The first mistake we made was, for most of us, to begin smoking briar-root pipes and cigars in the close little cabin below, scarcely large enough to hold six persons, but which double that number managed to crowd into; and in the mean while, as we were spinning yarns, singing songs, etc., the weather had suddenly changed bitterly cold, and the sea became very rough and unpleasant, with the sharp, breezy wind blowing squally, necessitating closing down the hatchway and making things "taut" in general for the coming gale; but, unfortunately, in making secure from wind and weather, the captain forgot that he thus prevented the only means of egress of the stale smoke from escaping. Never in one's lifetime can be forgotten the miseries of that night; inhaling the cigar and tobacco smoke and each other's breaths, brought on most excruciating headaches and tortures of seasickness of the very worst kind; added to which, there were but few bunks or sleeping places, so each fisherman did the best he could, under the circumstances, — some lying down with another man's feet for his pillow; others sitting about, half bewildered and stupefied; others again, so restless with the close confinement of the miniature cabin, had to go on deck, to be speedily driven back by the cold, icy wind. The nar-

rator was so unwell with seasickness and smoke fumes that he fervently prayed for daylight, to breath some pure, fresh air once again. At length a movement was made by the skipper and his mate from off the cabin floor, where they had passed their night's repose, to cast anchor and away to the fishing-ground, as it was now just break of day. The wind had greatly freshened during the night, and the cold was most intense, so much so that the kindness of the stronger of our party was called into play to the weaker ones; one in particular seemed to have an ague fit; a blanket and the captain's oilskin coat was found for this unfortunate, who looked more like the "ghost of Hamlet's father" than a brave fisherman at No-Man's Land, suffering, as he was, from the painful effect of the vomiting and faintness. Never in the experience of some of us did a day appear so long and tedious, or cod-fishing so disgusting. After a good many efforts of fishing, and changing the yacht's course, the sport was abandoned for a time, and a chowder was cooked and discussed by those whose stomachs could retain the mess, — the smell alone being enough for most of us.

At length (to the writer's great relief), after trying one spot and then another all day, and the fishing-ground having proved mostly a failure, the word was given, "About ship" for home — New Bedford! No words sounded dearer to the sick man lying on his back in the little cabin, racked as he was with suffering and nausea. The sloop "Starling" was a stanch, good boat to have withstood the strain of that gale on her home stretch; the waves continually dashed over the deck of the little craft every moment, and the wind getting stronger as evening closed in, made it dangerous for those who were able to remain on deck. The skipper was an experienced mariner, and remained at the tiller almost motionless, steering with a firm hand, and his eagle eyes sharply looking aloft at the sails, and giving occasional orders to his mate and others able to assist. Great praise is due to the captain of that little vessel and his assistant for bringing us back safe and sound from injury. Out of the eleven of us that went this miserable journey, some nine were suffering more or less with cold or seasickness, and one young man was heard to exclaim (when at his worst extrem-

ity) that he would willingly pay a thousand dollars to be placed at that moment on *terra firma*. For days afterwards some of our party still suffered from the effects of the cold and exposure, and one or two of them had to pay visits to the dentist for tooth-pulling, to allay the gnawing pain of face-ache. No permanent injury remained; while the majority of the fishermen hesitate now, when a cod-fishing trip is spoken of early in May, off No-Man's Land.

The American War Ship "Kearsarge."

The celebrated war steamer "Kearsarge" anchored in New Bedford Roads in the summer of 1882. As is pretty well known, this renowned vessel destroyed the steamship "Alabama" in the late Civil War between North and South. It may be remembered by some of the older of my readers that this steamer "Alabama" preyed upon all small merchantmen of the North, invariably avoiding one of its own calibre and tonnage; thus many lives and much treasure was lost to the North by the privateering acts of this fleet-sailing Southerner. At length a day of reckoning came. The "Kearsarge," after many fruitless wanderings, came and anchored opposite a French port, where the "Alabama" had taken refuge. Seeing no alternative, Capt. Semmes, of the Southern vessel, sailed out and gave fight to his enemy. A short, sharp, decisive battle of cannonading destroyed the terror of small craft. Amidst the confusion and cries of the wounded and dying, Capt. Semmes escaped in a yacht cruising in sight of the naval engagement, thus avoiding being taken prisoner, most of his officers also escaping in the same way.

When, on driving around by the Point road, New Bedford (a fine esplanade near the city), one could get a good view of the noble vessel, the "Kearsarge," as she lay idly at anchor in our harbor, on some peaceful government mission, one could but ruminate what a grand service this brave old ship had done, some eighteen years ago, when party feeling and party strife ran very bitter. Capt. Winslow, of the "Kearsarge," might well be complimented on his seamanship and bravery, in conjunction with his officers and men, by conquering the swift "Alabama," and with one dread blow stop the marauding vessel from doing further

mischief. The stars and stripes waved gently at the peak of the man-of-war of such renown, as we passed her, an emblem of stability of the preservation of the Union for which so many fought and bled, — sad enough to remember, even at this length of time, — yet with results so lasting, and blest, we trust, with much good, in the keeping together of a great people under one flag, and in the abolition of that plague spot, the slavery curse of the South, which once so blighted this wide domain and fair land of America. A dearly purchased freedom, one would say, in the tragic ending of the Civil War by the death of the nation's idol, Abraham Lincoln, and his brave army of heroic citizen soldiers!

Block Island.

During the summer season, a number of pleasant excursions take place from New Bedford, by the steamer "Monohanset," one of which is the sail to Block Island and return the same day; the distance is about fifty miles from New Bedford, and twelve miles from Newport. If the weather is favorable and the sea smooth, much enjoyment is got out of the trip; but if the bay is boisterous, good-by for comfort to the sufferer. The day our party went proved to be an exceptionally fine one; the water was as smooth as a lake, and the sun's rays played in and out of the saloon, as if also pleased with the occasion; music on board chanted its strains merrily, as we sailed along at good speed in the invigorating sea breeze. Arriving at our destination, we found a large excursion steamer, from Newport, had just come in, full of merry faces, — young and old, — all charmed with the beauty and pleasures of the day. With some friends we visited the lighthouse, — one of the many fine apparatuses this country so humanely possesses, to warn the benighted mariner of his peril on this coast. Let me tell the reader, however, when paying a visit to Block Island, to avoid walking through fields and jumping over stone walls, on a scorching hot day, to visit the lighthouse; the distance is too far to walk; better to ride by team than run the risk of sunstroke, for it seemed as if one could never get cool again after that sultry stroll across lots. The visitors picnicked on the green sward, near

a fine spring of pure mineral water, while others went to the various hotels for dinner, and the three hours allotted us by the genial captain of the steamer "Monohanset," before returning homeward, were much enjoyed on that breezy evening sail across Buzzard's Bay to New Bedford.

Let us add, however, a second journey, in August, 1883, to Block Island, proved very unfavorable to the travellers; the fine day at starting and the treacherous, calm look of the bay lured us sufferers to our doom of terrible seasickness. Of the number of five hundred passengers, two thirds were sick, with a vengeance, going and returning; the undertow, or ground swell, caused the steamer to roll with a sideward movement that upset our stomachs to a painful degree, every white-faced voyager vowing vengeance against the journey on a rolling day. The surf, however, was a grand sight to behold, in its fierce magnitude. Some friends — amongst them two or three young ladies — tried to appear brave, but finally collapsed, and paid their respects to old Father Ocean, like the rest of us.

In September, 1889, occurred one of the fiercest gales on the Atlantic seaboard, which will long be remembered. Coney Island was submerged, the hotels in part destroyed; Long Branch and Rockaway Beach had tidal waves that swept all before them. Innumerable were the wrecks and loss of life of this week's terrible gale, and the brave deeds of the life-saving men, who did heroic and noble acts of daring to save poor struggling souls clinging to masts of doomed vessels. Block Island, of course, with its wild, tempestuous sea, came in for its share of storm tide. The steamer "Mount Hope," which left Providence for Block Island, Saturday, Sept. 8, with passengers, could not return for them till about a week, and the benighted and bewildered people had to remain on the island and live on fish at the hotels till the gale abated. Some friends of the writer, who were detained on the island, describe the sight of the rolling sea and the immense raising of the surf as a spectacle almost beyond description in its fierce grandeur.

President Harrison at Newport, R. I., July 5, 1889.

Newport has had the honor of welcoming many Presidents of the United States to its shores, and to-day extends the hand of friendship to Gen. Benjamin Harrison and the distinguished gentlemen accompanying him. The government steamer "Despatch" brought the presidential party from New London, who were received by Gov. Ladd and Senator Aldrich and dockyard officials. The President and Secretary Tracy, of the navy, and a large party of notable guests inspected the torpedo station, where several experiments were made of that wonderful invention. A salute of twenty-one torpedoes was fired from the island with fine effect, the volume of water thrown being immense. A brief visit to the training-ship for boys was much enjoyed by the presidential party, but the short stay was not long enough to please the youngsters and their officers, who wanted to show at some length their marine evolutions to the Washington guests. The party, on returning in the captain's gig, from the bow of which floated the President's flag, found carriages in waiting at the Navy Yard wharf, to convey the visitors to the State House of Newport, to be present at an informal reception of the public generally between five and six o'clock P. M. Promptly on time the party drove up to the building, when the President alighted and wearily ascended the steps of the State House, in company with Secretary Tracy, Senators Aldrich and Dixon of Rhode Island, Gov. Ladd, Mayor Coggeshall, and other gentlemen, who stood in a semicircle and received a motley crowd of men, women, and children, white and colored, who eagerly streamed into the building, and shook hands with most of the presidential party. A cordon of policemen had to prevent curiosity mongers from halting in the passageway, as many of the "presented" would linger, and ask ridiculous questions. The President appeared a very tired man; pale and ashen his complexion looked, partly, no doubt, from the fatigue and heat of the July day, though his good-nature showed itself by his quiet, amused smile and a bow, as he greeted us as we advanced and passed along out by the west exit of the State House. At 6.40 it was found necessary to close the

doors, on account, we suppose, of the fatigue of shaking hands with some fifteen hundred people. Among those presented was an infant of a Mrs. Burdick, who, with its mother, was a survivor of the Johnstown flood. The baby was taken in the arms of each of the receiving party in turn, and kissed. The child, when grown up, will be proud of the honor, no doubt, of being caressed by such a renowned company. A grand dinner in the evening was given at Gov. Ladd's cottage, on Bellevue Avenue, to the President and his party, augmented by a number of select Newport guests of distinguished character. At 12 P. M. the party embarked on board the steamer "Despatch" for New York, and when opposite the island, the great marine search-light flashed out from the torpedo station, and a huge column of water shot up in the wake of the illuminator. It was the parting salute to the "Despatch" and its notable passengers, who had had such a brief but such a thoroughly enjoyable time in the capital of little Rhode Island.

Newport in the Season of July and August, 1889.

Newport, as a resort of wealth and fashion, is perhaps unrivalled during the summer months, and a fair share of the plebeian classes also enjoy its many attractions of beach, bathing, and pleasant avenue drives. To a weary city man, a visit to Newport means renewed health and restored vigor. A friend of mine, who has a penchant for strolling on the beautiful beach of velvet sand at almost sunrise, had convinced the writer of its healthy effects, and often together we have rambled for a couple of hours, the ocean breeze fanning our cheeks with life-giving fervor. A hearty breakfast at our hotel and another visit to the crowded beach for a bathe are among the delights of Newport. The ocean drive, as it is termed, or a ride to Bailey's Beach, gives a fine opportunity along Bellevue Avenue to view the many magnificent cottages and villas for the wealthy. The numerous stylish carriages and dog-carts, or perhaps village carts, with clean-groomed horses, dash along the avenues, often driven by well-dressed ladies and young girls, the grooms sitting on the back seat complacently, with folded arms. A nice trip from New-

port to Block Island or Narraganset Pier is very enjoyable, or to Brenton Reef lightship, and sail around the harbor, passing Fort Adams and the mouth of Seconnet River. The last evening of our stay a band concert was given in the park, and fireworks; also the old tower was lighted up with red-fire, which gave quite a weird effect to the hundreds of faces looking on. My Providence friend and his daughters tired the narrator out with the weariness of promenading on a hot July evening, and we all with one mind returned to the hotel, glad of rest on the garden seats of the cool green sward.

To drive along the Cliff road and the avenues of Newport on a sunny afternoon is a great delight, particularly in conjunction with the natural adornments of the surrounding neighborhood and the salt freshness of the sea-lined coast; around you are such palatial residences as only millionnaires are supposed to live in; a pageant of equipages and a fleeting vision of fair faces, their beauty all aglow with the splendid fresh sea breeze and the excitement of driving fast horses in every species of fashionable cart. Of course Newport society of upper-ten is an exclusive one to the class in which it belongs, which causes a sort of hauteur and reservedness within its own circle, and which makes the remark of dulness by numerous visitors. Excitement and amusements there surely are beneath that placid front, but the eyes of the multitude are forbidden to view the same. Then again, the Newport society belle, calm as she appears, if her parents grant permission, at least once a week sails across the bay to Narraganset Pier, where the men are said to be so awfully nice, and flirting, dancing, bathing, and ice-cream eating are the order of the day there. Naturally, there is a difference in the gayeties of Newport and Narraganset; the former rigidly exclusive, the latter free and easy, where all well-dressed-appearing people unbend to each other with slight introductions. To see the enjoyment of the day's excursionist to Newport is quite a feature; riding in the wagonette or stage from steamboat wharf to the various beaches for a dip in the sea; and on the road, to watch the superciliousness of the dainty miss or madame, as she reclines in regal state amongst the cushions of her carriage, lazily and sometimes

haughtily gazing with increased wonderment at the continual encroachment of the masses of common, every-day people, who have dared to evade fair Newport during the season, is a sight to behold. The prim visitor of a Newport maiden, as she is seen daintily tiptoeing down from her bath-house, clad in a stylish bathing suit and silk stockings, and the undulating curves of her agile body, makes a fascinating bather. Instead of splashing in, however, as the sturdy excursionist or her friends at Narraganset do, she toys for some time in getting out as far as her knees, then at last makes a decision of a little dive in about two feet of water from a gentle wave. In contrast with this young lady's primness in the surf, others of her less-favored sisters enjoy the ocean rollers as they should be enjoyed in this glorious ocean bath.

Sept. 8th to the 14th, of 1889, was fraught with disastrous results to the bathing-beach restaurant; the cyclone of wind and surf carried all before them, the dash of the sea reaching across the promenades, and the surf at Spouting Rock was a sight to behold. This memorable time will long be remembered as a week's turbulence of Old Ocean, stretching along the Atlantic coast in its violent agitation of upheavings. The gale was so severe that not any passenger steamer could venture in or out of the harbor during this severe September equinoctial storm.

In June of each year the Quaker Society have a reunion of friends from all parts of the States to Newport, and hold a conference for some days, to transact their business, religious and secular, for the ensuing twelve months.

The British North American Squadron at Newport Harbor.

The "Bellerophon," flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Watson, the "Canada" and "Partridge," war vessels, came into Newport harbor for a few days, on Aug. 1, 1890, and the advent of these war cruisers was the signal of a general jubilee at the fashionable watering-place, notwithstanding that Prince George of Wales omitted to call here, for thousands of excursionists came from all parts of the Union, by rail and boat. The excitement and anxiety to get on board the

“Bellerophon” were quite amusing. A fleet of yachts, sail-boats, and small steamers, crowded with people, were seen hurrying across the bay from ten to five, daily, and for a novice to visit the large war-ship was quite interesting, particularly to see the huge gun equipments. We were informed that there were twenty large cannons, twenty-four smaller calibre, and several quick-firing guns, added to which armament about six hundred and fifty Jack-tars and marines, all fully armed, would make the flag-ship a formidable enemy in case of need, though, of course, the latest mode of warfare is of more deadly character, with its torpedo boats, etc. During our stay on board, an informal reception was given by Admiral Watson on the quarter-deck, to American officers and their ladies, also to Newport’s notables and upper-ten cottagers. A sentry-guard was stationed at the foot of the staircase, approaching the sacred precincts of the quarter-deck, to keep the excursionists off, but an old lady made the attempt to gain a footing on the companion-ladder, when the young English soldier warned her away. “But,” she exclaimed, “I understood this ship was free to everybody to-day.” Visitors were courteously shown above and below decks; everything looking bright and neat, — man-of-war fashion. An episode happened during our visit: a boat-load of deserters had put off to one of the adjacent islands, but most of the runaways were speedily recaptured, two being wounded, after some resistance to the armed force sent after them; some few of the men escaped into Newport, thence to Boston; but altogether, it was said, when the squadron left the harbor two days afterwards, some sixteen sailors and marines were missing. When the excitement of capture was over, and the men put in irons below, the Marine Band continued its music gayly, the admiral’s reception went on again, and the wine toasts, no doubt, were repeated. By the healthy-looking condition of the men of the war-ships, one is apt to be surprised at their desertion from duty, as they all signed for a three years’ cruise, and sixteen months had already elapsed; but golden America (as some suppose) being close at hand, was no doubt the temptation to these young rovers. During the squadron’s stay, the New York Yacht Club came into Newport waters, and the gala time at the seashore city

was something worth seeing. Every evening the fleet of yachts illuminated, and Commodore Gerry's fine vessel, the "Electra," was arched over by a mass of electric lights, causing a fine appearance. On Sunday all of the yachts in the harbor were decorated with bunting, and the New York Club-house was in constant requisition by the steady flow of well-dressed and handsome ladies and their escort of bronzed yachtsmen, coming over to view the town and pay calls. On Wednesday, Aug. 6, the English war-ships weighed anchor, and sailed in company for Halifax, much to the sorrow of the Newport merchants, who supplied large quantities of stores to those vessels while riding at anchor.

Before leaving this favored spot of Nature, — Newport, — a few words respecting the visit, which is remembered with much pleasure. A kindly invitation to spend a few days at a charming cottage on the Bluffs, surrounded by its own grounds, and overlooking the ocean highway, was enjoyed with much zest; and a horse and carriage placed at the writer's disposal, and driven around to points of interest by my hospitable entertainer and his worthy family, are remembered very pleasantly those sunny August days. The electric cars on the Newport roads are a source of danger to carriage occupants, by frightening the horses to an alarming degree, in some instances, though the boon to the general public is great, in the rapid transit around and about the city.

Dorchester, Mass., Revisited.

Like "Rip Van Winkle," after his twenty years' sleep, the writer of these pages stepped into the good old town of Dorchester, a place where the author spent two happy years of his early life. Naturally one finds, after many seasons' absence, a great many changes of localities and individuals and old landmarks. Numbers of my friends had passed away to rest; while others, who were little children years ago, had become men and women grown, most of them married and have families of their own. The aged postmaster remained in life at our visit, and greeted us with much warmth of feeling, but his feeble frame was fast losing its hold of things on this earth, and the dear old man has since

been gathered to his kindred. Others remain yet that one remembered long ago; their locks are now whitened with age, yet their ever kindly welcome to the traveller of other lands was a renewal of the pleasant reminiscences of the past, with still the same old zest of hearty good-will as in former days. Outside of these recollections of days gone by, one sees many innovations in the famed old town, which is now annexed to Boston: new streets, new dwellings, new thoroughfares, and new surroundings, with graded, finely cut roads diverging to the four points of the compass. Horse-car travel and electric cars from Boston's busy city have taken the place of the time-honored stage of years ago; in fact, everything has grown fast and furious in its progress from the old plodding ways of many winters since. The ancient landmarks are nearly all obliterated, except where it is an impossibility; and one sometimes feels, in inquiring about certain localities and inhabitants, as if in the asking, it was as a stranger and not as a former resident. Everything seemed changed, in many respects. The old fire department quarters (of which the writer was once a member) were swept away years since, and a more commodious and stylish building erected in its stead, with the jaunty steam fire-engine of modern times, glistening with polished brass and painted in bright colors, thus taking the place of the old "Torrent, No. 3," a manual engine that used to be worked by willing hands and stout hearts of the then young amateur firemen of that period. The recollections of the Dorchester fire companies of years ago have some very pleasant reminiscences in them; visions of pretty daughters of kind parents, bringing the firemen hot coffee and cakes during the hard work of the hour of fiery blaze; and after the danger was over (all honor to the brave fellows who risked so much to save their neighbors' property and fellow-creatures' lives), these same American ladies, by their charming *naïveté* of manner in thanking us for our efforts, added a great stimulus of encouragement by thus cheering us on to further good.

The smart firemen of to-day, in the pay of the local government, dressed in uniform of blue, are no smarter than the dashing young volunteer firemen of twenty years ago, who so ably assisted to propel the manual engine along by the

long, stout rope to the scene of conflagration, with all the ardor and rivalry of gallant men, "ever ready" to save life and property, at any risk.

The fire system of to-day is necessarily much improved in discipline, and has become quite a business science, in its methodical exactness and promptitude; even the very horses in the department are disciplined into the excitement of being on the alert and ever ready; the really gifted animals on the alarm of fire-bell trot into their places in the shafts or pole of the engine, and, being in part always harnessed, night and day, the cavalcade of humanity and mercy is on its humane and courageous mission within a few moments of its summons.

Then farewell, dear old Dorchester! Thy memories of retrospection have become a mixed enjoyment of pleasure and sadness to the wanderer in many lands. Go on with thy changes for better or worse, and, like other towns and cities, those within thy precincts will play their part in life's history and pass away; others will take their places, and so the world moves around, to the joy and prosperity of some, and to the failure and disappointment of many. Go on, kind old town, in thy whirl of changes and in the evolution of the turnings of Fate's progress. Be merciful, kind Destiny, to the unfortunate and weary in the race of life's pilgrimage.

Before taking our final leave of Dorchester, permit the writer to relate an incident which happened on his first visit to this town, many years ago. Being out of health, he was advised by a physician to try horseback riding before breakfast, to get up an appetite. Accompanied by an American friend we started off one fine morning, well mounted on good-looking chargers; my companion bestrode a dark-bay horse, mine being (unfortunately) a cream-colored animal. All went well for a time, we feeling exhilarated with our riding exercise on the fresh spring morningtide, when, lo and behold, two large, powerful mastiff dogs bounded from an open gateway, and barked and jumped at our horses' faces in a most terrific manner. My steed being of light color caused the most attention from the half-mad curs, both of whom continued to snarl, bark, and jump in the most vicious manner, till my horse became entirely unmanageable and

took fright, shying from one side of the road to the other, finally throwing me heavily to the ground and leaving one foot caught in the iron stirrup, the frightened animal dragging the unfortunate horseman straight along a country corduroy road, noted for its roughness of macadamizing; away went the maddened steed and dethroned rider, who was dragged, bumped, jolted, and bruised for some distance.



My thoughts for a few seconds, on looking upward at the horse's fleeting hoofs, ran thuswise: life is not worth much just now, and the visions of dear ones at home passed rapidly, like a disordered dream, before me, as consciousness was fast ebbing away. but, providentially, my foot got released at last from the stirrup, the startled horse dashing off with renewed vigor as he felt lightened and free from his burden. The cowardly dogs carried on the pursuit for a mile or two, then slunk away; while the poor seeker after health was assisted to rise by the alarmed bystanders, bruised and bleeding, with garments torn and tattered, looking quite a forlorn equestrian spectacle after taking such violent early morning exercise, with appetite *not* improved. My friend

escaped injury, partly, perhaps, being a better rider than myself, or his horse not being so objectionable in color to the currish mastiffs. Acquaintances advised me to prosecute by law the owners of the vicious dogs, but as no bones were broken, and the writer was more frightened than hurt, he declined to go into litigation. Looking back, after a long vista of years, on this accident, one is almost apt to shudder at the danger of the incident and of the marvellous escape from a most violent death. In more recent years, the narrator, when thinking of saddleback riding, invariably picks out an animal dark in color, and keeps his eye and tightened rein at the sight of bounding, vicious brutes of dogs.

We may add that between the districts of Jamaica Plain and Dorchester is Franklin Park, a fine tract of land of some seven hundred acres in extent.

Lynn, Mass.

Lynn is a busy, industrial, seaboard city, situated eleven miles northeast of Boston by the Eastern Railroad, bounded on the southeast by Massachusetts Bay and Nahant. It has a harbor opening towards the south, formed by Nahant on the east and Pines Point on the west, with water sufficient for sloop navigation. The principal rock is sienite, which in some localities has been profitably quarried, and excellent clay for the manufacture of bricks is found. From the elevations in the vicinity of the city a most enchanting prospect is presented, comprehending the harbor of Boston, with its hundred islands, the spires and domes of the city, with the heights of Norfolk in the background. A chain of beautiful sheets of water, called "The Lynn Lakes," extend along the northeastern section of the city, imparting life and variety to the landscape. Lynn has between thirty and forty farms and many well-cultivated gardens and fine orchards, which indicate careful management. Her population is about forty-two thousand, with a floating, transient number of extras of about eight thousand, — mostly young farmers and others who come to Lynn during winter to work at shoemaking, — that trade paying them better in the wintry season than tilling the earth. There are many fine streets and thoroughfares in the city, with some excellent public and

private buildings, and also some large factories for the manufacture of ladies' boots and shoes, which useful articles seem to be the people's chief business. Steam and horse cars convey passengers from Boston, Chelsea, and many other places at frequent intervals, and in summer time, being adjacent to the "Point of Pines" and Nahant, the pleasure traffic must be very good.

Lynn's Awful Fire, Nov. 26, 1889.

Since writing the above account of Lynn's industrial city, we regret to add that a lamentable conflagration took place here, similar to the burnt district of Boston's great fire in 1872. On Tuesday, Nov. 26, the "City of Shoes" was visited by the greatest fire in its history, and, with but two exceptions, the most disastrous which has ever visited New England, causing a loss estimated at five millions of dollars, loss falling heavily on English insurance offices. A square mile of business premises were destroyed, including several banks and churches, and nearly all the shoe factories, rendering some hundreds of people homeless and destitute. Flames raged for hours, only stopped at the margin of the ocean. A hopeful feeling amongst the merchants prevails, that they will soon rally from their terrible catastrophe, and rebuild the city of brick and stone in lieu of so many wooden structures and fire-traps.

On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28, 1889, only two days after the great Lynn fire, and where the Boston firemen assisted so nobly, the city of Boston was visited also with a serious conflagration, similar to the one in 1872, and nearly in the same locality of Bedford and Chauncy Streets. About five millions of dollars succumbed to the flames, — chiefly insured in English companies. Unfortunately, several brave firemen were lost, in their heroic efforts of duty. Surrounding towns promptly responded to the call for help, — Providence being among the number. The writer of these pages was in Boston, Jan. 7, 1890, and inspected the ruins of this fire; the débris was mostly cleared away, and the work of reconstruction commenced in this unlucky quarter of Boston's fine granite and brick buildings. The insurance report of Feb. 18, 1890, and adjusters' returns of the great

Lynn fire, show that the total value of buildings destroyed was near five millions of dollars, and of the contents near four millions of dollars.

Pirate's Dungeon Cave, near Lynn.

About two miles from Lynn's city proper, and up a steep hill, is a large mass of rock, known far and wide as "The Pirate's Dungeon Cave." The writer and two friends, by paying the person in charge of the rocky estate twenty-five cents each, were permitted to enter the dark abyss, though our guide speedily lighted lanterns affixed on the rocky, damp walls, and carrying one in his hand, he introduced us to the explorations; and after the legend is given, the reader may form his own opinion of the veracity of the story.

This is the "legend" which the narrator found in the little office near the cave, printed at the bottom of a large photograph of the rocky eminence:—

"According to traditional accounts, there formerly existed a cave in this place, which was frequented by pirates. Since the great earthquake in 1658, which closed the original entrance, no vestige of the cave is discernible, and at that time a pirate, known as Thomas Veal, was imprisoned alive; hence the place is called 'Pirate's dungeon.' It is believed by many that treasures are secured here, and various attempts have been made to force an entrance to the cave. Some years ago renewed attempts were made to blow up the place, but succeeded only in displacing a mass of rocks. Subsequently Jesse Hutchinson (one of the singing brothers), under the direction of a clairvoyant, tried to reach the cave, but he abandoned a labor so very expensive and laborious. Afterwards, Mr. Hiram Marble, under the guidance of clairvoyants and spiritual mediums, commenced the present excavations (about eight years since Mr. Hutchinson's venture); he has penetrated into the solid rock to the distance of more than one hundred feet, making a passageway eight feet in diameter; he professed to be guided in his operations by the spirits of the pirates who occupied the cave, communicating through spiritual mediums. Should he verify the predictions of the spirits in finding the cave and treas-

ures, it will certainly be an irresistible evidence of the truth of Spiritualism ; but should he fail so to do, it will prove the wonderful faith, patience, and perseverance on the part of the excavators."

So much for the legend. But the writer was informed that it was as far back as 1851 when Mr. Hiram Marble, Sen., undertook this arduous work for years, failed in his purpose, after spending thousands of dollars, and died, perhaps, broken-hearted. His son took up where his father left off ; excavated at great expense some feet further in the rock, found no treasure, and died comparatively a young man. The rocky estate, we were informed, was mortgaged to its supposed full value. Like Captain Kidd, the once buccaneer of the seas, who was supposed to have buried his treasures in a little inlet near "Stony Creek," Conn., called "Pot Island," but it was supposition only, as may be the case of the dungeon pirates near Lynn ; and it seems sad and foolish to venture a fortune in hunting after a myth, and ruin two worthy men in vain efforts to gain riches by digging and delving bare rocks.

Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.

Cambridge, the seat of Harvard University, and the semi-capital of Middlesex County, is an opulent and elegant city, about three miles northwest of Boston. Aside from its celebrated University, Cambridge has many buildings and other objects of interest to the visitor ; on one side of the Common stands the famous "Washington Elm," under which it is said that the "Father of his Country" took command of the Continental army on the third day of July, 1775 ; and on Brattle Street is the fine old mansion where he held his headquarters, while at Cambridge, till late occupied by the lamented poet, Henry W. Longfellow.

Cambridge University was founded in September, 1636. It is not only the oldest, but also the best endowed and most extensive institution of the kind in America. The college grounds embrace an area of twenty-two acres of land, and are almost entirely covered with buildings pertaining to the University. In close proximity to each other stand

the substantial structures used for dormitories, recitations, Museum, Library, Law School, public worship, Memorial Hall, dining-hall, Gymnasium, and other buildings, bearing the well-known names: Holworthy Hall, Stoughton Hall, Holden Chapel, Hollis Hall, Harvard Hall, Massachusetts Hall, Matthias Hall, and many others.

This University is worthy of its name; in addition to the usual collegiate course, provision is made not only for the study for what is called the learned professions, — divinity, law, and medicine, — but also for that of dentistry, mining, agriculture, and other arts and sciences.

The Memorial Hall is a magnificent structure, with its fine, lofty proportions and really elegant stained-glass windows, and its tessellated pavements, giving a very imposing effect as one enters from the approach entrance. Leading out or from the Memorial Hall is the dining-hall, a noble, spacious building, with the elegance, comfort, and convenience of a large, first-class hotel; it accommodates as many as six hundred students; by the number of chairs, no doubt all could be seated and served with their meals at one and the same time. Around the walls of this dining-hall are some very fine paintings, mostly portraits of eminent professors, teachers, and benefactors to the college; also several figures, sculptured in marble, of personages connected with the University.

The Museum is perhaps the most interesting to the visitor. A number of rooms contain glass cases from ceiling to floor, filled with all kinds of Indian relics, pottery vessels of the antique, skulls, poisoned arrows, mummies, Indian bows, josses, etc. The polite curator kindly showed the writer around the collection, which must number many thousand specimens of rarities. The Indian relics of spear-heads and other implements seemed to be very perfect, and each article is classified, with its record of history.

The Gymnasium is the best, one would imagine, in the country; a network of ropes extend from top and across the building, having the appearance of an old-fashioned "man-of-war," with its cordage and all kinds of apparatus, of spring-boards, swinging trapeze, beds to fall on, etc.; in fact, the athlete here can enjoy himself to his heart's con-

tent, and exercise the body, after the mind has sometimes been overtaxed. The population of Cambridge is over 40,000; while the census returns of June, 1890, of *Boston's* population amount to 417,720, showing a gain in the *Hub City* of 55,000 souls since the census of 1880.

Nantasket Beach — on Boston Bay.

The above beach is a favorite resort of the Bostonians during the summer months. A pleasant ride of some eighteen miles brings the traveller to a very pretty seashore place, where a fine bathing-ground is at the service of the many thousands of persons who every season pay tribute to "Father Neptune" by swimming and refreshing themselves by a salt-water bath. At each end of the beachy parade a magnificent hotel is situated, with first-class fare for the hungry or thirsty visitors; an excellent band of music plays at intervals, afternoons and evenings; dancing and fireworks at night add to the hilarity of the scene, and combine to make this, Boston's "Coney Island," a most cool sojourn from the heated city. One of the hotels, called Hotel Pemberton, has a finely arranged and well-appointed café or restaurant, where the colored waiters are in full discipline, and obsequious to visitors, and a really excellent dinner is to be had here; the bill of fare was so numerous in items of good things that a description would be tedious to the reader; and if the solids were good and ample, the liquids were also, in all varieties of plain and fancy drinks, lemonade, apple toddy, punch, etc. A steam railway carries the passengers all around the beach (if they are too lazy to walk), making a very pleasant ride for those who wish to see all over the place. A few miles further inland is another attractive resort, called "Downer's Landing," located by Nature in an inlet of the bay, where good clam dinners are served twice a day, intermingled with dancing in the afternoon and evening, to an excellent band of music, with numerous other attractions of boating, fishing, swinging, tight-rope feats, winding up with fireworks. Excursion steamers in the summer make frequent trips daily from Boston to this place.

Early Settlement at Plymouth, Mass.

The early history of British enterprise in America was from one's earliest recollection ever a subject fraught with the greatest interest to us, and it was in order to satisfy our thirst for information on this subject that we paid a visit to the ancient town of Plymouth, about thirty-seven miles south-east of Boston, remarkable in history as the landing-place, in 1620, of the Pilgrim Fathers, who emigrated in the good ship "Mayflower." The actual rock on which the adventurers landed has had erected over it a massive granite canopy. This structure cost \$32,000, beneath which lies the original rock, and also the portion which was formerly in the enclosure in front of Pilgrim Hall, but which was removed to its present position when the canopy was built, years ago. In a commanding position, on a hill in rear of the town, has also been erected, of later years, a magnificent granite monument, "Faith," to the memory of the Pilgrims, which is of national fame, and is considered one of the finest granite structures in the world. In the ancient churchyard (or "Burial Hill," as it has long been called), the oldest tombstone therein of the adventurers is dated 1683 (that of William Crowe), though tradition says some of the settlers were buried there as early as 1662. The Pilgrims had to be very particular, in burying their brethren, not to leave any records of the deceased, as the Indians were much exasperated at the great mortality among them, and obstinately held that the invaders had introduced a scourge to afflict the natives. This churchyard stands on a hill about one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and commands a noble prospect of the ocean and surrounding country. The Pilgrim Hall is a sort of antiquarian museum, comprising an interesting collection of papers and curiosities, presented to the town of Plymouth by the descendants of these early settlers. We noticed many curious articles brought over in the "Mayflower," such as a small cabinet of very peculiar workmanship, a part of a sea chest, a large, antique sofa, wearing apparel, two Bibles, a couple of old-fashioned wooden chairs (much disfigured by the

knives of antiquity-hunting visitors), and other items. We saw likewise an admirable painting, executed by W. S. Sargent, which represents the brave little band of adventurers landing with their wives and children; nor could one gaze without pity at the forlorn condition of the Pilgrims, stepping on to the bleak shore, amid ice and snow, accompanied by their beloved partners, whose delicate forms, in many instances, sank beneath the severity of the trials to which they were exposed. The picture is of large dimensions, and we were especially struck by the commanding attitude of Samoset, the friendly Indian chief. Another curiosity that we inspected was a parchment deed, sent by the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, to Gov. Winslow, dated 1654, investing the latter with power to act as arbitrator between the English nation and the States-general, with several other letters of an almost equally early date, that can be read with a little patience. Fronting the hall is an iron enclosure, on the railing of which are inscribed the names of those forty-eight illustrious fathers of the Anglo-American Republic, who, driven from their English homes by religious persecution, sallied forth across the ocean to plant the standard of the cross in an almost unknown and savage land, thus inaugurating a new era in the history of the world. In truth, looking back through the annals of the last two centuries, one cannot contemplate without admiration the vast amount of agricultural enterprise and commercial greatness, that has been achieved in so short a time; and could the Pilgrim Fathers rise from their graves to see the rich harvest that has since arisen from the humble seed sown by themselves, they would be fairly astonished that the continent which in their time was tenanted only by the red Indian and the beasts of the forest, is now endowed with all the inestimable blessings of a free government, and offering every incentive of activity and enterprise, not only to her own sons, but to strangers from other lands.

The Grand Army of Veterans in Boston, Aug. 12, 1890.

The great National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in Boston at the above date, was one to be

long remembered. This reunion of veterans from all parts of the Union, to the number of forty thousand, marched through the principal thoroughfares of Boston's city, on the cloudy summer's day, amidst much enthusiasm by the myriads of people who welcomed them. The procession took five and a half hours to pass a given point, and it was computed there were one hundred and fifty thousand visitors in the city. Boston was one mass of decoration, of flags, banners, and bunting of all kinds, extending for miles. President Harrison and some members of his Cabinet, assisted by Gov. Brackett, of Massachusetts, Gen. Alger, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, Gen. Butler, and other officers reviewed the aged veterans as they marched past to the music of many scores of bands. On Aug. 14, 1890, Col. Veasie, of Vermont, was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army. The next Encampment was voted to be held in Detroit

Provincetown, Cape Cod.

On one of the hottest days of July, 1883, when the thermometer stood among the 90's in the shade, a large party of excursionists embarked on board the palace steamer "Empire State," from Battery Wharf, Boston, *en route* across the bay to Provincetown. For this excursion, our course lies down the harbor, as far as "Nix's Mate," when we diverge, in order to pass Lovell's and Gallop's islands. We are now approaching George's Island, on which stands a noble fortress. Any hostile fleet entering the port must first force its way through the narrow channel, commanded by the heaviest ordnance in use. On our right is Pettick's Island, and then the high promontory of Hull, which is joined to the mainland by the magnificent Nantasket Beach, back of which rise several green eminences, as Strawberry Hill, Sagamore Hill, etc., crowned by hotels and cottages. Nantasket is connected with the mainland in the town of Cohasset. The extreme seaward point of Hull is a high headland of drift, called Point Allerton. It is the outermost land of Boston Bay, which embraces between this land's end and Point Shirley about seventy-five square miles, and

nearly one hundred islands and rocks having names. Near Fort Warren we left the Narrows or Bug Light. Then comes Boston Light, on a rock, connected at low tide with "Great Brewster." On the southernmost part of "Great Brewster" is Beacon Island. It was near here that the "Shannon" backed her topsails, and hoisted her challenge to the "Chesapeake," then lying in President's Road, to come and fight her. Capt. Lawrence, too chivalric a spirit to decline the invitation to combat, sailed, with a drunken and mutinous crew, to defeat and death, bequeathing in his last moments that memorable watchword to his gallant tars (those who remained true to him), "Don't give up the ship!"

Having steamed out through lighthouse channel, past Point Allerton, the open sea is before us, and on this intensely hot day, when several deaths from sun-stroke in Boston occurred, the delightful breeze off the broad bosom of the Atlantic Ocean was most refreshing to the jaded people from the heated city, and appreciated accordingly. The steamer now heads southeast, coasting the shores of the historic Old Colony. Numerous rocky ledges and lighthouses meet us on our way, as we approach Provincetown, and the large party of voyagers are on the alert to catch a glimpse of the picturesque old town. The "Empire State" steamed gayly up to the commodious landing pier, with her flags waving, and the magnificent band of twenty-four pieces discoursing martial music, much to the delight of the natives assembled on the wharf. Apropos of the music, a fine programme of excellent instrumental and soloist performances were given on board, enhanced by quite a young and charming lady singer, named Miss Bessy. Much disappointment was evinced by the great bulk of the passengers, who were not allowed to land, except those who wished to remain over in Provincetown. The writer of these sketches was one of the stop-overs, and intended to explore Cape Cod on *terra firma*. He nimbly leaped ashore as soon as possible, and went along the immense pier, with the burning sun pouring its scorching rays on our devoted head, till we were safely shaded in one of the pleasant, quaint, cosy hotels, which Provincetown is so famed for.

In the mean while the band struck up the tune of the

"Girl I left behind me," causing some of the ladies on the pier to smile and blush, then the huge craft with its two funnels slowly swung around, straining at its ponderous hawser, and turning her bow homeward, for the sixty miles of ocean travel back to Boston.

Cape Cod Harbor is a world-renowned haven of refuge for the storm-tossed mariner. Provincetown lies on the slopes and along the foot of the range of highland hills before us, on the highest of which the old Town Hall formerly stood conspicuous, till burned, some years ago. A new Town Hall has been erected among the residences near the foot of the hill. A tablet is placed in the walls, commemorating the first landing of Pilgrims on American soil. The harbor is shallow, but is often crowded with shipping, waiting for a favorable wind to get around the Cape. The view from Town Hill is splendid; the broad, majestic ocean and Massachusetts Bay are visible from its summit. At sunset the sight is very beautiful, and at night the scene is one of grandeur. Overlooking the bay, with its numerous lighthouses, and the calm sea, the stillness around causes one to thank his fortune that he is far removed from the large city's busy turmoil.

On descending the hill-side to the Pilgrim House, a quaint old hostel, with a kind old landlord, we find that good quarters are here, with nice, comfortable bedrooms and a very generous table, fish at almost every meal, if the visitor so wishes, freshly caught from the bay, and cooked as only shore cooks can cook them. All kinds of travellers are around here: the fat, burly, saucy drummer from Boston or elsewhere, who imagines that Provincetown, or, in fact, every town was made specially for him or his tribe; his ideas are so very large, and his noisy voice is heard everywhere, inside and outside of the hotel, the conversation constantly of *self*, being uppermost. The old, stale anecdotes of experiences, on the road and off of it, jar on the ears of the listeners, by being retold with all the impudence and effrontery appertaining to his class. Then again, we had another drummer boarder here, "a gentleman *corn doctor*," whom we found assorting from his satchel some of the wonderful square-shaped compounds of his vaunted remedy for the cure of all kinds of

corns, warts, and bunions. Unlike the fat drummer, the corn doctor was lean and genteel-looking, wearing eye-glasses, and with plenty to say for himself, in the recommendation of the mysterious corn salve. This gentleman had travelled the country over, according to his own glib statement, as an itinerant vender of the healing plasters. He told us, his plan of operations used to be, on opening his stock in trade at a convenient street corner of a town of an evening, he would commence the preliminaries of business by singing a song to the accompaniment of an accordion, at which he was an adept. "But now," the "doctor" said, "I do trade different from that, by calling on most of the well-to-do residents of a town, and in a respectful and respectable manner solicit orders for the wonderful corn cure"; and he informed us that at times he made a good deal of money. The fat drummer insinuated that the salve only burned the sufferer's toes, which caused a belief in the minds of the patients of a riddance of the excrescence. The doctor merely laughed, and said, "No such thing; it cures in time, if they will only take enough of it." The quack doctor's experiences of years ago were very humorous. One day, after selling all his stock at a country town, a farmer offered to carry him and a party of young men and girls around the district, in a village tip-cart, if the vender would play his accordion the while; accordingly, off they started, the musical instrument in full force, and the company singing to the strength of their lungs; when, lo and behold, some rustic wag had slyly removed the pin which held the body of the tip-cart together, and in the jolting of the rude vehicle, it fell over backwards, corn doctor, accordion, and all the company falling pell-mell together on the roadway.

The town is built upon a narrow strip of level land, lying between a range of high sand-hills and the shore. The principal street is a narrow thoroughfare, between two and three miles long, skirting the shore, with a raised plank sidewalk running the whole distance, and a smooth, tolerably firm roadway, made of shells and loam. Upon one side are the dwellings, facing the harbor; upon the other are the stores, which we noticed kept open till past nine o'clock for

the transaction of business. There is one other street running parallel to this, a hundred feet or so back, and immediately in the rear of the houses, fronting upon which are the sand-hills. The town was originally built upon the loose sand, in which vegetation would not grow, but soil was brought from other parts and mixed with it, and now tall willow, cottonwood, and maple trees and vegetable gardens thrive very fairly in this somewhat artificial mother-earth. The village is built mainly upon one street, which commences some three miles from Race Point, the termination of Cape Cod, and follows for several miles the curving lines of the harbor. The township consists mainly of loose, white sand, which the wind has driven into fantastic knolls, and which are subject to incessant changes. There is not a single farm in the whole township; the streets and, in fact, all this part of the Cape, are one mass of loose, white sand, and the visitors, on taking their walk around, in a few moments generally get covered with dust and sand. To obviate this little discomfort, brushes are kept handy at the hotels for the use of the tourists; though one may brush fifty times a day, the clinging, sticky, sandy particles still adhere to the boots and clothing of the pedestrians, so that rough, blue sailor suits are much in vogue here as elsewhere on the Cape. It is a well-known historical fact that the "Mayflower" first entered Provincetown harbor, and there the first child (Peregrine White) was born. The vessel remained at anchor there, while a portion of the crew and passengers made explorations in a shallop, looking for a suitable place for a *permanent* residence. It was this party in the shallop who made the famous "landing" at Plymouth. The associations of the brave little band of men and women who landed here are full of interest, when we remember their trials and sufferings from the time the ship "Mayflower" first anchored at Cape Cod until the following spring found them emerging from the dark valley of the shadow of death, with only half their original number; so that every foot of the ground is historic and dear to Americans.

Aside from its importance as a harbor of refuge, Provincetown owes its rise, in some measure, to the George's fishery, for which it is admirably adapted and situated, giving employ-

ment to a large number of men. The population consists of almost every nationality, and numbers some six thousand inhabitants; the Portuguese appear to be the predominating race. Some of the streets are named after the brave pioneers of years ago. Standish, Bradford, and Winslow being easily recognized. The town, having few trees and no gardens to speak of, has a curious effect on the beholder, who walks around in a dazed, bewildered way at the strange appearance of everything he sees. It realizes the idea of a desert more vividly than any other spot of ground in New England. Great trade is done here in the mackerel fishery. We saw thousands of barrels of these and other fish packed in the sheds at the pier head, awaiting shipment to the big markets. The freight-car tracks are laid all along the fine, long steamboat pier, and the promenade is quite an enjoyable breezy walk of an evening. The codfish, once so abundant here, has now to be sought on George's or Grand Banks; and the whale, oncet aken so close to the shore, is seldom seen in these waters, though occasionally a capture is made, two whales having been seen lately and shot by a sea captain; one leviathan being lost, the other towed ashore. The reason for the whales being sometimes found in close proximity to the coast is, the small fishes they feed on are located hereabouts in great quantities.

Hyannis.

The journey from one end of the Cape to the other is full of interest. After a very early breakfast at the Hotel Pilgrim, we started from the Provincetown depot at a quarter past five o'clock in the morning, there being but two through trains daily: early morn and mid-day. It was very refreshing, as we breathed the delicious, cool morning air, blowing breezy and fresh from the bay, and the few friends who had got out early enough to see their relatives off tearfully bid their adieus to the departing train that carried their kinsfolks away from kind, quaint old Provincetown, *en route* to Hyannis.

Rapidly we passed through scenery so strange looking and so sandy in appearance, and by villages and dwellings so peculiarly antique in shape and in weather-beaten colors as

to give one the impression of a migration to some foreign shore, though the ride was far from being tiresome or wearisome. High hills of sand, gray, sombre, and desolate, covered in some places with a stunted growth of pines or tall beach grass, and in others entirely bare, stretch away on either hand, with now and then a far-off glimpse of the ocean or bay through some sandy ravine. These are succeeded by stretches of attempts in cultivated land, showing evidences of toiling tillage, and these in turn by vast, level plains of sand, destitute of vegetation, or by low marshes, caused by some dyke or embankment that has cut off the ebb and flow of the tide. The road winds in and out among these hills and marshes, with many curves between the termini, — almost a complete circle. On the way we espied many thriving and pretty villages, and at the various stopping places at the way-stations numerous were the passengers taken in and set down in these quaint hamlets, appearing to the traveller as if most of the “Cape Cod folks” were bent on making the best of their holiday vacation in this glorious, sunny, July month.

After a run of about two hours, Yarmouth is reached, — a pretty little hamlet, noted for its yearly religious camping attractions early in August. A junction is here for passengers to take diverging roads; some keeping the main-line route, which carries them to Boston and Fairhaven; and others, the writer included, take the short branch line to the pretty district of Hyannis. A pleasant ride of some four miles, mostly through groves and camping grounds, brings us to our destination. Stages and carriages meet every incoming train to carry the wayfarers who wish to see the “Port,” as it is termed; a nice ride of some five miles to the shore, where the *élite* of the summer visitors congregate, and where there is a commodious hotel and some good cottages on the bluffs, a miniature Cottage City. Strolling to the end of the pier, one finds sail-boats and row-boats at hand for fishing or pleasure-sailing; the invigorating and healthy sea breeze is very noticeable on the tanned cheeks of the sojourners staying here.

On taking a sail across the bay, we had a fine view of some pretty little islands and a sturdy-looking breakwater, which seemed to defy the action of the waves against its

solid masonry. Like Nantucket in a less degree, the salubriousness of the sea air is very observable here, and it is accounted a very healthy place for the invalid, or those overworked city men and their wives and families who require rest and change of air and scene. It was somewhat alarmingly noticeable with what freedom quite young boys and girls went out in row-boats and sailing craft, unattended by competent sailing-masters, the rough, throbbing, turbulent sea causing one to think of some likely danger of a sudden squall to these young novices, in the upsetting of their frail little barks. We watched with surprise these adventurous young mariners, going right out into the bay; and surmising their parents and guardians must have been a queer, careless set, to have allowed such peril to those most dear to them.

Hyannis is made up of very genteel residences, with good-sized gardens, in a fair way of cultivation; a large hotel is located here, and several livery stables for carriage letting; the whole surroundings of this charming vicinity are very agreeable to the beholder, particularly at the first time of seeing the place, and leave quite a favorable impression of its many pleasant walks and drives. As in most townships along the Cape, innumerable fine views are to be seen of Father Ocean in all its purity and grandeur. Returning back to Yarmouth Junction, we once more took cars on the main line *en route* to Sandwich, a distance of some twenty miles.

Sandwich.

Some friends of the writer were in waiting at the Sandwich (proper) depot to receive him; there are three Sandwiches named on the railway time schedule, but two out of them seem to be way-stations. The chief business and main stay of the town formerly was the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company, since closed (another glass corporation was in formation), and the Tack Works; in fact, very little life would be observable in this somewhat stagnant township, without the aid of the factory operatives.

The principal topic of conversation of all the towns-people

in the summer of 1883 was the projected scheme of canal-cutting through the outlying lowlands and marshes of Sandwich, from Buzzard's Bay to Massachusetts Bay; a connecting link of, we believe, seven miles of arduous deep delving and cutting; but the benefits arising therefrom will be of incalculable value, and thus saving some hundred miles of tedious navigation on this coast of storms; and if the expensive project is carried out as proposed, land around and about Sandwich will rise greatly in value, by the great undertaking of the Cape Cod Canal, not only just here, but all along the Cape; real estate will become more valuable by the impetus given to the shipping interest and all connected therewith.

Cape Cod Canal.

Jan. 1, 1885. In a notice of one of the reports, Mr. Fessenden, treasurer of the Cape Cod Canal Company, estimates the cost of cutting the canal at \$7,500,000, and that it will take three years to complete the work. The machine now working, removes three hundred square feet of earth per day, to a depth that will float a contemplated machine to follow after the first, digging it much deeper. It is estimated the annual saving on transportation of coal to Boston by this route over the old will go far toward paying good dividends on the cost. It is understood that Congress will be applied to, for an appropriation to aid in finishing the work. The present population is about two thousand five hundred inhabitants.

Sandwich, considering its sandy soil, has some nice large yards and gardens attached to the better class of residences, and also some pleasant cultivated lots, in rear of the artisans' dwellings, few of whom, instead of drinking their hard-earned wages away, have saved money enough to purchase little homesteads of their own, and can hold their heads up with dignity, as being owners of some real estate; instead of having the mien and downcast, poverty-stricken look of the miserable drinking-man, who fritters away substance and health, also ruining the happiness and future prospects of his wife and family, and all those connected with him. A friend of mine has purchased, out of his savings, a small

homestead, and added to it a chicken farm ; he and his wife are proud of their little property, and their success in the venture of poultry raising has endeared them to the place, and built up quite a business in the sale of eggs and plump chickens. While staying in Sandwich, from Saturday till Monday, one of those sudden changes in the barometer occurred, so peculiar to New England ; the thermometer fell thirty degrees in the night of Saturday and Sunday morning.

From the stifling, choking heat of a few hours before, the Sabbath morn ushered in one of the coldest snaps on record for July ; and by the newspaper accounts, this Sunday cold wave partly ruined the Nantasket and other hotel keepers of popular shore places, as the owners had provided largely for a big hot Sunday and Monday ; the result being, tons of provisions had to be thrown away. As the wind was almost blowing a gale, interspersed with fitful rain-squalls, we ventured to the beach to see the surf in its grandeur, and witnessed a somewhat sad sight of the ravages of the sea. A few hundred yards from the shore was a poor man's sail-boat, rolling in the heavy surf, fast becoming a total wreck. The change in the night's temperature had caused the sea to do its work of fury on the little craft, and as the timbers of the vessel parted, and were washed ashore, piecemeal, the owner of the unfortunate craft sorrowfully picked them up, and then laid the pieces out of reach of the boiling, seething surf ; but the loss of his property was too much for him, and the sympathy of the little knot of lookers on nearly overpowered him ; he wandered away from the sight and sound of the angry element that had devoured up his little all. One amusing incident out of the misery was that of a good-natured Irishman,—a sort of nondescript fisherman, who generously endeavored to save the boat, or part of it. Stripping his clothes off, and in the cold, piercing, bleak wind, brave Pat, alone and unaided, dashed into the boiling surf, knife in hand, to cut the cordage and drift the wreck on shore, where plenty of willing idlers would have assisted him, but the brave-hearted son of Erin's efforts were useless. The hull, or what remained of it, was too firmly embedded in the sand to move for one man's strength. Returning from the almost icy water, and his body blue with cold, our

Irish friend, with all the *sang-froid* imaginable, redressed, singing and smiling as he put on his garments, just as if it was a warm bath he had emerged from, instead of a very cold one.

There are many lakes and ponds around Sandwich, and my friends told me in one of these waters some tame fish are located. The finny tribe come to a lady's call, and receive their daily allowance of food from her fair hands. The lady's residence is in close proximity to the lake, and the towns-people often see her feeding her pets.

Buzzard's Bay.

Still on the Cape, we dashed onward from Sandwich to Buzzard's Bay, a busy railway junction of the Old Colony Company. Trains from Boston, Fairhaven, and other places are continually going and coming here, particularly in the summer season, when the city relative visits the country cousin for a week or two's fishing.

In staying over here an hour, for a change of cars for Falmouth, what one could see of the place appeared as if the station was settled in the middle of a field, near the inlet of a pretty little bay, emerging from the ocean. Some few genteel residences are seen here, situated in the midst of cultivated gardens, laid out with much taste and great expense; no doubt a more extended view would lead to many natural beauties of brake and glen, babbling brooks and flowing cascades, emanating and branching out of the ever coming and going tide of the Great Lake.

Falmouth.

Leaving Buzzard's Bay, and its many trains of incoming and outgoing passengers, some seeking for health, and returning with bronzed faces and bright eyes, we turn towards Falmouth, passing on our transit many very pretty seashore resorts, such as Monument, Pocasset, and some others, all coming quietly into notice every year. Young collegians, home for their vacations, accompanied by sisters, cousins, and aunts, assemble here, and enjoy their freedom

from study ; drinking in fresh stocks of health and vigor with every breath they draw of the pure and unadulterated salt air of breezy ocean, close by. Arriving at Falmouth station, we were speedily ensconced in a carriage and driven to the "Hotel Falmouth." This commodious and large hotel deserves a word of commendation ; the obliging proprietor, Col. Dimick, and his office clerks, are very pleasant folks, and all the arrangements here are very good ; excellent bill of fare and well-furnished bedrooms, and the hotel is situated quite central, and near the water for fishing, boating, bathing, etc. On the following morning of our arrival we inspected the "Heights," another edition of Martha's Vineyard, of the Bluffs district. About sixty cottages dot its surface around Falmouth, and the view from their windows must be very charming ; a large, well-appointed hotel is one of the prominent buildings of the "Heights." A kindly old gentleman, a cottage owner from Worcester, Mass., took the writer in hand, and generously showed him through, explaining everything worth knowing ; how the circle of cottage life is managed. Two strong, able men have charge of all the cottages during the winter season, at three dollars per year each dwelling ; their duties being to look after the houses in cold season, cleaning away snow-drifts, and air the buildings occasionally ; the same men cut the grass in summer, and fetch and carry pails of water at two cents per pail (this being extra), and attend to the sanitary arrangements at nightfall, by burying the soil from the cottages, there being no cesspools on the place. The view from Falmouth Heights, overlooking the Bay and Vineyard Sound, is extremely beautiful, and it was no surprise to find my kind guide so pleased and contented with his cottage location, far away from the heated city of Worcester. Fishing and boating parties are every day made up from the hotels and residences, when the weather and wind is considered suitable for the outing. Bathing is much in vogue here, and the young people (and old ones, too) paddle and swim in the briny, with all the zest of pent-up city folks, and to their hearts' delight enjoy the delicious freedom of a vacation holiday. A few days after we left Falmouth, a serious accident occurred somewhere near the Heights ; a four-in-hand "Tally

ho " coach, on ascending the eminence, packed with a merry party of gentlemen, was suddenly overturned by the horses becoming unmanageable; amongst the most injured, Col. Dimick was mentioned as one of the number; we trust, however, that he and the other unfortunate gentlemen have long ago recovered from their tumble and shock down the bluffs.

A short ride of about four miles brings us to Woods Holl, where we take the New Bedford steamer for home.

Onset Bay.

One of the pleasantest and prettiest sails out of New Bedford is the trip to Onset Bay. The journey is quite a smooth river ride, and the varied scenery along the Cape shore makes it a very enlivening excursion. As the traveller nears Onset Bay, a little cluster of islands dot its entrance, with fresh verdure and foliage charming to behold; the shallow water at low tide oftentimes causes some delay and inconvenience to passengers and to the steamer's landing at the wharf, though through the skilful pilot's good steering and knowledge of the shoals — which here abound — an effective disembarkation generally takes place. Onset Bay, of a Sunday in the camping season, is quite a lively affair, and will bear good comparison with the camping at Martha's Vineyard. In the summers of 1882 and 1883, on some Sabbath days fully six thousand persons were present, the visitors coming by boat, rail, and teams, from all parts, the majority of the company being Spiritualists, who congregate here for a few weeks' vacation and spiritual intercourse with evident enjoyment. A very fine band from Middleboro discoursed some excellent music, followed by singing of the society's choir. The speakers on the theme of Spiritualism were invariably ladies and gentlemen of eloquence and ability, and were listened to by the large audience in the grove with much attention. A commodious hotel restaurant has just been built, where visitors can get a decent dinner, and a little further in the bay, across a small inlet, navigable by boats, is a clam-bake dinner, every Sunday while the Spiritualists are in session, and which repast in its rough way is very excellent, and seemed to be well patronized. Onset

Bay is a very growing place ; the land is being bought up in lots, and will no doubt give a good return to the cottage builders and investors. Some avenues and roads have been constructed, and great progress every year is being made, and a marked improvement enacted in its surroundings. To a lover of retirement (on week-days) this charming bay could be strongly recommended. There are good sailing and fishing in the bay, pleasant reunions on land, with the sociable friends along its hospitable shore. The forest fires along Cape Cod, particularly in and about Sandwich, were very destructive the summer of 1882, and every night during August the fires illuminated the horizon on the Cape shore, and the sight at times was exceedingly grand and imposing. Occasionally the flames could be seen as they wrapped the tallest pines ; and the swiftness with which they were consumed gave some idea of the hurrying march of the fiery element. The largest fires were in West Sandwich, another place called Spring Hill, where the flames were at least one mile wide, and burning fiercely, traversing good woodland. The wind was so strong, one day, that the conflagration leaped across one of the widest thoroughfares in Sandwich. It was understood that when the fire was at its height, the men had withdrawn all efforts of stopping the flames, their attempts being useless.

President Cleveland's Wife. — Marion, Mass.

About fifteen miles from New Bedford, Mass., is a pleasant little township on the Cape, called Marion, — a noted place for summer visitors to pass a few weeks of the hot season in, partly on account of the advantages of the pretty, natural inlet of the waters of Buzzard's Bay, and for yachting, fishing, and bathing purposes. Mrs. Grover Cleveland paid this quaint little hamlet a visit of some five weeks' duration in August and September, 1887, and caused by her presence to popularize Marion from its natural seclusion of a quiet watering resort to a well-known town, far and wide. The writer, having an invitation from a gentleman friend at Marion for a day's sail in his yacht, welcomed the invite, inasmuch as the narrator wished to see the lady of the White House in

her pastoral garb of unassuming mien. To see Mrs. Cleveland on the lawn of Gen. Greely's house, watching her host's children sportively playing, she seemed as if eager to join in the youngsters' sports, and to shake off, for the time, at least, the stately dignity of receiving foreign diplomats at Washington and other receptions of her own people. The president's wife entered her carriage, accompanied by other ladies, and escorted by Gen. Greely, bent on a mission to a garden party in Marion. Nothing could exceed the graceful bow and smile with which Mrs. Cleveland greeted the obeisance of the scribe, as he stood uncovered while the equipage passed him on the country road. The first lady in the land of America, as she is termed, appeared very young-looking, of the medium height, dressed quietly in black silk attire, and with a very pleasant, charming, expressive countenance, and it is no great surprise that this apparently amiable lady has won the hearts of Marion folks by her simple, unaffected manner, and raised the once quiet town into a well-known summer resort for Americans and others.

Taunton, Mass., Revisited.

After an absence of many years, in revisiting a locality one naturally expects to find many alterations. This was not the case here, for most of the old landmarks around about the Four Corners had remained, with a few more newly erected dwellings of the villa and cottage size, the most visible difference being the extension of Messrs. Reed & Barton's works, the celebrated silver ware manufacturers, whose somewhat small business premises of twenty years ago are now replaced by a square of blocks of brick-built workshops of the most commodious kind. Some of the old hands were found still working for this excellent firm in the same routine way as when the writer first visited Taunton, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Another long range of buildings, called the Whittenton Mills, for making cotton cloth, employing some hundreds of men and women in their extensive work-rooms, also made an impression on the traveller of many lands, who beheld the comfortable-looking mills and the employees' dwelling-houses for the first time. Around and

about the "Green," in the centre of the city, there has necessarily been many changes, improvements, and alterations, such as new buildings and stores, a theatre, and a very handsome water fountain adorns the green sward opposite the City Hotel, and several new churches have been erected within a few years, including a Catholic granite edifice. A line of horse-cars from the Weir to the Whittenton is one of the conveniences which assist to complete the transformation scene now being enacted of life's changes in the forward march of this age of progress.

Quite a pleasant place is the "Green," particularly on busy days and Saturday morning's auction sales near the enclosure, where the farmers buy and sell all sorts of agricultural implements, and try to trade off horses and cows, pigs and chickens; but the great event of the week is Saturday evenings, when the store-keepers dress their windows to meet the eye of the numerous strollers from all parts of Taunton and the suburbs; the industrious workers from the adjacent mills and various factories find a rest and relief by a visit to the cheerful "Green," where animation reigns supreme, and where the promenade (amidst the well-lighted stores) of young men and maidens passing to and fro causes much amusement of recognition. Within a short time a new depot has been erected at Whittenton by the Old Colony Railway Company, and an enlargement of the main depot (Wales Street) has been effected, on account of the increasing traffic through to Boston, Providence, and elsewhere. Near this railroad station are the very extensive works of Messrs. Mason & Co., who are known over the wide world for the manufacture of their celebrated locomotives. In April, 1883, Ex-President Diaz of Mexico and suite inspected these works. while on a visit to the United States, and were much pleased at what they saw in the various processes of machine working power. The illustrious guests also visited Messrs. Reed & Barton's silver-ware establishment, and though this manufactory is of a totally different nature from locomotive construction, yet the Ex-President party were quite interested in the unique designs of the ornamental articles submitted to their notice. The Episcopal Church, Saint Thomas's, is a very nice edifice; the archi-

tectural arrangement of the interior is of good church building, and in character with the sacredness of the structure. More up town, near the Four Corners, on Bay Street, is a somewhat plain little church, Saint John's, Episcopal. The writer, on a recent visit to Taunton, was much pleased and impressed with the discourse of the resident officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Mansfield (since resigned), a gentleman well qualified for his vocation in his endeavor to save souls; the earnestness and forcible speaking of the minister were irresistible to the listener, and the sacred edifice deserved to have had a more numerous congregation to hear so able a preacher of the Lord's Holy Word. Both St. Thomas's and St. John's churches some time since had a bequest of five thousand dollars each, kindly bequeathed to them by the late Mr. Crocker, of Taunton.

Perch Fishing, near Taunton.

Many enjoyable rides and drives on the outskirts of the city are to be had, and nothing can be more pleasant of a breezy spring morning than to take a dash along the countryside as far as Lakeville and surrounding places, where there are some good cultivated farms, with their busy life of husbandry, in the midst of refreshing sights, sounds, and perfumes of Nature's sweet fragrance; a good antidote to a worn, weary business man, just released from artificial city life. In fact, the neighborhood of Taunton comprises some of the most beautiful cultivated lake scenery in Massachusetts; and there are several streams, abounding with trout, perch, and others of the finny tribe, which often induce the formation of picnic parties among ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of angling for golden perch, a species of fish very common in the American lakes and rivers, and extremely beautiful from the golden splendor of their bright and shining scales. The narrator was invited to a party of this description, and the place of our destination was a stream running through a romantic glen some miles from town. The ladies of our party were, after some little hesitation, prevailed upon to wield their fishing-poles, and decoy some of the wary perches from their watery haunts, vividly reminding one of those lines of Izaak Walton:—

“The ladies angling in the crystal lake
Feast on the waters with the prey they take ;
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize.”

And surely some of my male acquaintances must have been somewhat smitten with the fair anglers' charms, for while the former unhooked the captive fish and furnished fresh bait, they, with true American flattery, stated it as their strong conviction, that the finny victims of these piscatorial charms must have felt more pleasure than pain at being ensnared by such fascinating anglers. We would fancy the poor fish, if they thought at all, came to a very different conclusion. When the day's sport was over, our party returned home, delighted with their trip, and laden with piscatorial spoils, which were afterwards cooked and laid before us, and duly discussed with other delicacies at the supper given by our kind entertainer. The company assembled on that evening was composed partly of English and American friends, the reunion being perfectly in harmony of sentiment, with a strong disposition on the part of all present to contribute to the cheerfulness and merriment of the gathering. A long vista of years has passed since this episode just described, and many of the gleeful company have gone to their long rest; yet the pleasing remembrance of old friends is ever fresh and green in the mind of the narrator, as a cheerful item of past memories.

Squabetty, and its Myriads of Fish.

As historian of the present as well as the past of this great continent, kindly accompany the biographer in his roving to another fishing excursion of quite recent date (May, 1890), and of a totally different character in the habits and mode of catching fish. Before describing the herring fishery, permit the writer and the young friend who accompanied him to say a few words of the road on which we passed. A very pleasant carriage drive of some five miles from Taunton Centre brings the tourist to a village called Squabetty (once a thriving iron-works), in the East Taunton district. On the road thither, either walking

or riding, particularly along Dean Street, it is simply delightful to watch the pretty flowing river, with its well-cultivated grassy banks and gardens on either side; and the old homes of the Dean family are here marked out, with reminiscences of the early transfer of the surrounding lands. A new, substantial bridge at this point crosses the Taunton River towards a fine modern-built water-works, a visit to which is of very interesting character. Farther along to a junction of roads we come to a large peach orchard, of very superior kind, and the early bloom of pink blossoms gave a beautifying aspect to the well-kept grounds. On descending the hill-side to the valley approaching Squabetty village is a magnificent avenue of elm-trees, bending over and clinging in their umbrageous embrace, as it were, which must be, when in full verdure of leafy foliage, a shady retreat of great enjoyment.

About the middle of April is the usual swarming time for the herrings to leave their sea haunts for the spawning grounds on the Taunton River, in the neighborhood of Middleboro, and that place is the chief station for seining or netting what fish are wanted; two other fishing-pounds are at Dighton and Somerset. A small dam, or miniature waterfall, is just by the bridge at Squabetty, and in their frantic endeavors to reach the smooth waters of the Taunton River, the unfortunate herrings have an insurmountable obstacle — that of the turbulent weir — to pass; thousands, tens of thousands, perhaps millions of these sturdy, plucky fish attempt to swim against the avalanche, to get over to the glassy stream beyond; a few pass over, but the majority are thrown back by the dam's current, some injured fatally, while others are thrown bodily on to the shore. In their eagerness to get through, their shining, scaly bodies are oftentimes hurled from five to seven feet high, falling back in the rapid current, or cast on to the banks. With amazement the visitor beholds this humble and sometimes despised fish show such strength and indomitable will to pass the rapids to its propagating home, and in the bright sunlight, the coruscation of the flying myriads of fish almost dazzles the on-lookers by this curious phenomenon of natural wonder.

To assist the herring tribe, the renters of the waters have invented what is called "The Boxes"; a sort of plank divis-

ion, of strong woodwork, is built and fixed securely in a kind of canal rapid, the other side of the waterfall, thus forming a breakwater in sections, and the velocity of the rushing stream hurls the fish into these safety boxes, where the finny creatures rest, preparatory to another venture into the next division of the boxes, where the fish pant and recover their strength for other attempts to go on for a few yards more, when the brave fellows get into the smooth water of Taunton River.



The writer of these pages was much amused at witnessing the tenacity of purpose of these fish in preparing to generate their young; in the same way, small birds will work with their little bodies, with such untiring zeal, in the building of their nests; and the common herring has a greater value in one's eyes, when we behold their almost savage fight with the watery elements, in trying to get to their yearly abode to propagate, and an observer can feel great

respect for this humble fish species. in their heroic efforts to reach the river home of their infancy.

Taunton Insane Asylum.

This institution, said to be one of the finest and best conducted in the country, is situated in the suburbs of Taunton. We were courteously received by the chief medical superintendent, and shown through the various wards by his assistant surgeon, who seemed to have great influence over the unfortunate patients. To attempt to describe the different phases of madness of the miserable beings incarcerated here would be too harrowing in detail; suffice it to say, that religious mania of various grades, excessive rum drinking results, and inherent insanity, running through families for generations, by marriages which are worse than wicked, make up the sum total of nearly all insane asylums.

The Taunton asylum is pleasantly situated on elevated ground, a little out of the city; the buildings, which are large and spacious, command a noble view of the surrounding country. In short, the splendid accommodations for the patients, the admirable arrangements throughout, and the apparently humane, kind treatment of the suffering inmates, all claim for this hospital the character of being one of the noblest institutions in America for suffering humanity; and vies with the mother country, England, in kindred and good emulation, by endeavoring to alleviate the poor, stricken, reason-bereft souls. in their pitiful infirmity. In visiting this asylum, some years ago, the most affecting case in the women's department was that of a young lady, about nineteen years old; but though so young, at the point of death. When we entered her little bed-chamber. she partly turned round on her cot, and her countenance bore, as is not unusual in such cases, the impress of returning reason, prior to dissolution. The doctor felt her pulse, and whispered in my ear that she was sinking fast; nor could one help thinking how this bud of fair promise had been blighted, how the joy of her family and friends had been turned by her infirmity into poignant sorrow. It was gratifying to observe what kind and affectionate attentions she received from her

afflicted companions in confinement, and what care they took to bring her, daily, fresh bouquets of wild flowers, to adorn her death-bed; a plain proof that even though the lamp of reason burn dim, the affections and sympathies still continue, undiminished in warmth and power. "The anxiety of those around her," said my guide, "has hourly been more intense, nor scarcely can I enter the ward, without being led to the poor girl's bedside; for these unfortunates imagine, like some sane persons, that our art can accomplish miracles. However," added he, "her sufferings will soon be over, for the pulse already is nearly imperceptible, and the unerring sign of returning reason leaves but little doubt of her speedy death." This affecting scene is touchingly portrayed in the following sonnet, written impromptu by a kinsman of mine, to whom I had mentioned the circumstance: —

"Upon a couch she lay — young, sick, and pale,
 Bereft of reason's soul-inspiring beam,
 She who had trod the hill and flowery dale —
 A village Flora, wandering by the stream.
 The roses from her peachy cheek had fled,
 The lustre from her bright blue eyes was fading;
 Those lips now pale, though once so warm and red,
 As though ripe cherries were them shading;
 Yet not alone, — for she had dreaming been,
 And so dream'd of those then gone forever;
 But with those dreams came reason's potent queen
 Yet once again, but soon, too soon, to sever,
 For quick her bruised and weary spirit flew
 Up to the stars which shine in cloudless blue."

Since our long absence from Taunton, we found a new wing had been added to the asylum, thus showing the increase of insanity. Gloom, however, does not always rest at this hospital. Festivities are provided by the thoughtful managers occasionally, such as theatrical performances by amateurs. Dancing, music, and games are indulged in by the attendants and convalescent patients, the other invalids looking stolidly on, sometimes with a gleam of reason and sunshine on their blank faces.

The population of Taunton, in the census returns of 1885, was 23,674. The recent census of 1890, when completed, will in all probability enumerate the city about 27,000.

The Floods at Taunton.

The month of February, 1889, will be long remembered as an eventful episode to the inhabitants of Taunton and its vicinity, by the disastrous flooding of the district, caused by the freshets of copious rains, and ice and snow suddenly melting, thus pouring down on every available low land, like a gigantic avalanche pushed on by rapid, turbid streams; breaking through dams, tearing bridges from their supports, causing dwellings to totter and fall, factories to sap their foundations, creating consternation and dismay on young and old during the water-king's reign of terror of those days in the sad awakening of the mighty power of rushing waters and ravages of inundations.

Though the destruction of many thousands of dollars was the result of this direful visitation, yet happily we record no loss of life, though the calamity was felt very severely by small property holders and tenants, who lost nearly all they possessed, insurance on water damage being of no avail in this instance. The fine brick-built factory of Messrs. Reed & Barton's silver-ware works was injured some \$10,000, while Messrs. Lovering's cotton mills at Whittenton suffered to a still larger amount, and many others at the "Green" and "Weir" were financial losers by the sudden loosening of the surging element.

The mayor and City Council of Taunton were equal to the occasion, and promptly, by its action, voted large sums of money to quickly as possible repair the sad havoc made by the floods, which caused immediate work for many men out of employment. The fire department, police, and citizen volunteers of the city worked with a will, night and day, till high exhausted, in their valiant efforts to save life and property, calling forth much commendation for their energy and bravery towards suffering humanity.

Hon. Henry M. Lovering, of Whittenton.

Mr. Lovering, a gentleman well known in Taunton, has, we understand, generously given seven hundred square feet of land in the suburbs of the city, near Scadding's Pond, for the use of young men to play ball, or any other game of

manly out-door sports. The ground will be graded and levelled into proper form by the giver, and we may say such a gift is a great boon in a growing neighborhood, where young people can enjoy themselves untrammelled, in a judicious manner, either on Saturday afternoons or summer evenings, besides being on a healthy recreation grassy land, after the confinement of the business occupation of the day. The donor deserves the thanks of the numerous recipients of this favor, who, no doubt, will appreciate the offering by many a well-contested game of base-ball in the future.

The anniversary of the cattle-show and fair of Sept. 25, and two following days, held on the outskirts of Taunton, Bristol County, is a yearly event of much interest to the farmer, mill-worker, and artisan, all of whom don their holiday attire during the three gala days' amusement and excitement. Factories and workshops generally shut down on one of the days, when crowds of people inspect the fat cattle, and criticise the trotting races around the well-graded track. The hall for the exhibition of fruits and vegetables, specimens of fine art-work, and choice ladies' needle-work, is always well patronized by sight-seers.

Taunton's Great Celebration of June 4, 1889.

Never, perhaps, in the annals of celebration did the citizens of any town or city work with such a will as the Tauntonites did in preparing and organizing the vast event of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town's formation. From the year 1639 to 1889 — almost from the day of the Pilgrims' landing at Plymouth Rock — does Taunton trace her two and a half centuries pedigree. And during the day of June 4, 1889, the event was celebrated by story and song; interesting speeches of old reminiscences, till present time, were delivered by scholarly gentlemen of Massachusetts and other States. The historical review by Judge Edmund H. Bennett, at Music Hall, was an interesting and masterly address, and, followed by the meritorious poem, by Henry W. Colby, of historical events of the town's rise and progress, impressed its hearers with the many vicissitudes of a two and a half centuries pedigree. Banquets, balls, ad-

dressess, receptions, and Beethoven Society vocal singing, followed by a grand dance in Armory Hall, with Reeves's full band in attendance, completed the first day's celebration; and great credit is due to the various joint committees, by their many months' efforts of preparation in thus carrying out the wishes of the community of the district. The banquet at Agricultural Hall was attended by Vice-President Levi P. Morton, Gov. Oliver Ames, and a number of distinguished guests.

The second day's festivities consisted of trades procession, historical tableaux, singing by children of public schools, etc., concluding by an elaborate display of fireworks in the evening. At eleven o'clock A. M. the procession started on its line of march, passing through some of the leading thoroughfares and a few side streets. The multitude of people on the sidewalks and roadways, with the influx of visitors from adjacent towns, numbered up in the thousands. Every foot of ground and every vantage place of window, piazza, or balcony were crowded with human faces to catch a sight of Taunton's pageant. It is computed that not less than twenty thousand sight-seers came from neighboring cities, thus augmenting Taunton's own townspeople by a large gathering of humanity.

It would tire the reader to enumerate all that was to be seen on that ever-to-be-remembered Wednesday, June 5, 1889; but suffice it to say, the historical tableaux, the smart-looking fire companies, the mounted Indians, and the trades procession generally, were a great success of the grand muster of business men and their employees, many of whom worked at their trades in their movable temporary workshops.

Every conceivable business was here represented, and in many instances the costly teams of fine horses and equipment must have taken much time and care in the preparation for this notable day. A striking feature of one of the many teams of the trades procession was an artistic store on wheels, fitted out for the occasion by Messrs. Reed & Barton, the eminent silver-ware firm, established in Taunton over half a century. Securely fixed on this novel and graceful vehicle were displayed silver ice pitchers, tea and

coffee services, cake baskets and other numerous works of art, placed on a velvet platform, interspersed with flowers, the whole combined giving a very novel and unique effect; and the shaking of this curious carriage, drawn by richly caparisoned horses, managed by a jaunty driver, over the jolting road, never displaced the numerous pretty and choice goods of artistic skill on this movable store of glitter, in the mid-day sunlight.

The numerous exhibits, from one end of the procession to the other, were almost inexhaustive, from the raw, crude material to the finished work of skilled labor, thus forcibly showing what individual effort could do in assisting to make their two centuries and a half formation a success in the way of a great demonstration.

It scarcely need be stated that every factory, mill, workshop, and store, also offices of all kinds, were closed to do homage to the ancient town's Jubilee of 1889. Hon. Henry M. Lovering officiated as chief marshal of the day, acquitting himself nobly of his many duties, in which he was ably assisted by the deputy marshal and a number of efficient aids. Carriages containing his Excellency Oliver Ames, Governor of Massachusetts, accompanied by staff officers; his Honor R. Henry Hall, mayor of Taunton (president of the day), judges and notable dignitaries, members of the city government and other officials, gave a dignity by their presence to the time-honored celebration.

The trades procession, military and civil, with fire companies and numerous historical tableaux, took nearly two hours in passing a given point, and though somewhat lengthy in some of its duplicate teams of business, it did not seem to tire one, but, on the contrary, all seemed pleased at the efforts made to celebrate this great day. Special mention can be made of the first-rate and excellent bands of music, which greatly added to the full enjoyment of the scene; and the committee of arrangements were not niggardly in their engaging such a goodly number of bands from in and out of town. And another feature, on this beautiful, balmy, June day, was the singing of the boys and girls from the various public schools; the fresh, young voices of the songsters sang with a zest of health and vigor, and the waving of their

miniature flags, as the procession passed their stand (opposite the City Hall), gave quite a picturesque effect. The large triumphal arch, formed with some trouble and expense, looked quite imposing from "The Green's" enclosure of grassy verdure; the myriads of flags and bunting ably added to the brightness of the pleasant surroundings. The police arrangements were excellent, but the good-natured multitude never required police surveillance, for the masses swayed good-humoredly on the crowded streets. Many women and children, and men also, were foot-sore and tired on that beautiful day, but all classes seemed happy and contented, and all classes seemed to be represented by old and young: the rich manufacturers and their families, the robust, well-dressed mechanics and mill workers and their wives and children, the burly farmers and their spouses and pretty daughters.

The wish of the writer is this: that good old Taunton may progress in her future prosperity as successfully as the city has done in the past two hundred and fifty years formation of her being.

As a sequel to the recent anniversary celebration in this city, we may add a very pleasing feature in connection with the festival: that of Taunton, England, sending a very elaborate, engrossed, complimentary address to the citizens of American Taunton. The City Council have instructed the anniversary committee to prepare and send an appropriate reply, of suitable character, and emblematical of the time of early formation of the town. The document will comprise a printed parchment, with hand-painted border of mayflowers and leaves, having at the top a water-color sketch of the landing of the ship "Mayflower," and at the bottom a view on Taunton River, while in the centre is a very pretty sketch of Taunton Green, looking north; on either side is a monogram of the respective dates of 1639 and 1889.

The writer of these pages, on taking leave of Taunton and its very hospitable people, must make a grateful confession; for in all the towns, villages, and cities he has visited, and the thousands of miles he has traversed, in no section of the United States has more considerate kindness been given any one than has been showered on this traveller. At all times,

in all seasons, whether expected or not, a kindly welcome ever awaited the visitor, and many days have been spent in the generous homes of these Taunton folks with well-remembered pleasure and gratitude.

Providence, R. I.

Providence, the capital of Rhode Island State, and the second city of the six New England States in population, wealth, and commerce, is situated at the head of Narraganset Bay, and is built on elevated ground on both sides of Providence River, over which there are several bridges, uniting the two divisions of the city. The city is irregularly built, but has many good houses, especially in the upper parts, which, being deemed more healthy, are chiefly inhabited by the "upper ten" of the Rhode Island moneyocracy. Providence is a place of great trading and manufacturing activity, having flour, sawing, marble-polishing, cotton and woollen mills, screw factories, iron foundries, shops for making india-rubber boots and shoes, extensive jewelry and silver manufactories, and other metallic works, etc., carried on and aided by powerful steam-power; besides which, there is a large coasting and oyster-fishing trade, and great pleasure traffic in summer.

The early history of Providence is full of interest. It was originally settled in 1636 by a body of emigrants under Roger Williams, who had the honor of establishing the first political community founded on the principle of perfect religious toleration. It suffered much during the Indian War of 1765, when many of the inhabitants removed to Rhode Island for shelter; but in the War of Independence the favor was reciprocated, as great numbers of the rural population sought refuge in Providence. In 1801 the town was almost laid in ashes by a conflagration; and in 1815 a savage gale occurred, raising the tide many feet above its usual height, and causing a destruction of property to the amount of nearly two millions of dollars. The census of 1890 enumerates Providence at 131,558 inhabitants, an increase in five years of 13,500 persons.

Hotels and Theatres, Providence.

There are several good hotels in this city, the foremost in size being the Narraganset House, erected but a few years ago ; this building, for completeness, space, and loftiness, can compete with most hotels in larger towns. The rotunda of the hotel is very comfortably arranged with easy-chairs and lounges, for the tired traveller to rest and smoke a fragrant cigar in ; and hanging on its wall is a magnificent painting of the death of Lord Nelson on board the ship "Victory." The Narraganset is a red brick structure, and of great height, also of commanding frontage ; it stands in bold relief as an imposing dwelling-place for the comforts of man or woman either. We can speak well of its interior accommodations, its elegance of apartments, and valuable picture gallery, and the urbanity of its genial manager and officials generally. There is an excellent luncheon bar, in connection with the hotel proper, and where some slices of roast beef, with fixings, are very enjoyable to hurried business men. The City Hotel, the Dorrance, and many others of smaller calibre, have all in their way merits as cosy stopping-over places for residents and visitors. The Aldrich House (lately burnt) was an exceptionally homelike, comfortable hostel.

The theatres are the Providence Opera House, of fair-sized auditorium and spacious stage, and where we have seen Edwin Booth and several English stars act during the season. Various travelling troupes in the play months visit Providence, and some of their starring abilities are more on paper, in picture form, than in artistic reality. Keith's Gaiety Theatre is a compact, prettily decorated place of amusement, and during the theatrical season has its share of patronage. The Infantry and music halls, for lectures, concerts, and balls, and some minor variety museums, complete the leading attractions of this city.

Brown University College, Providence.

The above-named college, situated on Prospect Terrace, is known far and wide as a great seat of learning, and many talented students emerge from these walls to become master-

minds in Law, Physics, or Divinity, on this continent. The College Carnival is a peculiar institution, held annually, at the end of term time, when every conceivable grotesque dress of masquerade character is brought into requisition; every species of the "antique and horrible" are burlesqued by these merry student maskers. It was a curious, weird sight to see the long line of procession troop up Westminster Street to its destination, to "burn or bury their books," as it is termed. Clowns, demons, knights, officers of army and navy, skeletons, flower girls, countesses, sheperdesses, and many other individualities are copied by these wild young men, in their vagaries before vacation. Several bands of music enliven this ghastly carnival of torchlight array, for to bury the books, a coffin is carried on men's shoulders, with the supposed offending books in it. Many of the revelling maskers are mounted on horseback.

Also during the season, a grand lawn party, on the Brown University grounds, is held. We, having an invitation, were much pleased with the animated scene of promenaders; the elegant toilets of the well-dressed ladies looked very cool and becoming that warm summer evening, and the young students, in their dress suits, and gentlemanly collegian manner, behaved towards their guests in such a very polite manner, that one would not have known them as the same young men of the torchlight carnival parade. The strains of the excellent music, conducted by Reeves, of the American Band, lent additional charm to this picturesque gathering on the lawn.

Churches in Providence.

Providence has many church denominations, the principal of which is "All Saints Memorial," of High Church ritual service. The singing by the choristers is of very excellent character. The sacred structure is of lofty architectural proportions, and reminds one of the abbeys in Europe. Adjacent to this Episcopal church, in the same thoroughfare (High Street), is the magnificent pile of buildings which has taken some years to construct, — the large Catholic cathedral, now completed. The exterior architecture is of the

usual fine character that pervades most cathedrals, whether Protestant or Catholic, and the interior is quite in keeping in its decorative beauty with the outside. Valuable paintings adorn the cathedral walls, and the stained-glass windows of sacred subjects are superb in their manipulation. It is said millions of dollars have been expended on the erection and decoration of this edifice. Grace Church is a fine old structure of much sanctity in appearance, while the Union Congregational Church, on Broad Street, with its fine quartet of singers, has had many eminent divines in past years, but to individualize the several talented clergymen of this city is not the intention of the writer. We might mention Saint Stephen's Episcopal High Church, in George Street. During the Lenten season of 1889 monthly oratorios were performed by a choir of voices of remarkable talent, the leading singer being a boy, with a pure, sweet voice, of great power.

Providence is oftentimes blessed with a flying visit from popular evangelists. Rev. Fay Mills stayed here some weeks, about a year ago, and converted many souls by his pathos of story-telling of benighted people brought to God. In February, 1890, Rev. Sam Small preached twice in the Music Hall. The magnetism of voice and manner was very telling when the lecturer spoke of his early life and vicissitudes of a drunkard's downward career. The vivid pictures of heart-broken wives and parents were told with much emotion to a large audience of attentive men, as a warning example to shun alcoholic liquors, and turn to the great and good Master. Rev. Mr. Harrison (the boy preacher) has done much good here by his exhortations.

The Gorham Manufacturing Company, Providence.

No doubt the visitor to Providence has oftentimes, on leaving the depot, seen the name on a large block of buildings, situated on Steeple Street and Market Square, "Gorham Silver Plate Company."

To enter the inside of this famed factory, or emporium of fine art, silver and gold work, is a rich treat to the uninitiated. The firm's sterling-silver goods are known all over the American continent; in fact, all over the known world. For

more than half a century, the reputation of these manufacturers in fine art-work of precious metals has always kept well to the fore, in their laudable endeavors to make first-class articles of the best and choicest designs, and no expense or trouble are spared in the excellence of all details of the utmost minutiae. From the chief designers, down to the youngest apprentice boy, a strict attention to discipline is ever manifested by the extensive experience of the general managers and assistants, who for many years have so ably carried the business on to success. The writer of these pages, being well acquainted with the inside workings of this celebrated art workshop, can safely guarantee it being the leading manufacturing silversmiths in America. When trade is good, the firm employs about one thousand hands; and most of these are skilled workers of the precious metals, and invariably command good wages, which the company has always had the reputation of paying to its men, who are worthy of it.

A magnificent store and show-rooms, in New York, contain many fine specimens of repoussé chasing, ornamental engraving, superb die-cutting, damascene, and other styles of skilled artistic work, from the candelabra of many branches to the choice tea and coffee, also dinner, services, of every conceivable pattern and variety of design, chased, engraved, plain, hammered and etched. From the crude and rough ingots of silver from the mines, thence melted into form of skellets, to be rolled into sheets of certain thickness, — of such beginnings are these elegant goods manufactured in the numerous departments of the Gorham Company.

Mention may be made of the magnificent display of choice articles exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, in 1876, for which gold medals were awarded the firm; and foremost among the splendid specimens of the artists' cunning was the renowned "Century Vase," designed and modelled with consummate skill, chased and executed with great finish and taste. This masterpiece of work in sterling silver represented arts, commerce, civilization, and progress. Each of these were shown in panels of figure work, highly wrought in the modelling and chasing.

The plaques of tropical fruits and flowers were very fine in the manipulation; in fact, the whole conception was of rare artistic merit, a credit to the firm who had courage enough to invest some thousands of dollars on one article, and a lasting credit to the artists who created such an elaborate design, so emblematical in its treatment of the rise and progress of the American Continent. This Century Vase was exhibited at the Paris Exposition in the season of 1889, and, with other choice works of art of the firm's manufacture, commanded much attention and admiration from the myriads of sight-seers in the French capital. A gold medal was awarded the Gorham Company by the committee of judges of the Paris exhibition.

Apropos of the increasing business of the Messrs. Gorham, the firm began operations, in August, 1888, to erect a colossal factory at Elmwood, just outside Providence, on the road to Roger Williams Park. Report says that this range of buildings, with elegant show-rooms and offices attached, will take two years to construct, and fix the factories with machinery and other plant; and that the expense involved will count up into many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The old factory on Steeple Street had done its work bravely and well; it was formerly a hotel, with low-studded rooms on some of the floors. The more modern building improvements at Elmwood, of greatly increased light and loftiness, will add very much to the comfort and health of the army of men employed. The author of these rambles and reminiscences wishes the Gorham Company every success in their new building enterprise as their prosperity is the well-being and happiness of many firesides of employees, their wives and children. Since writing the above, the new factory in Elmwood was completed, July, 1890, and the works assume now one vast beehive of art industry, and no doubt will be visited with great interest.

Providence, R. I., Fire, at corner of Washington Street.

On Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1888, at about midnight, the fire-alarm bells rang out their dread summons of peril. The writer of these pages, living in the city of Providence, was awak-

ened from his sleep by the fire-bells ringing ominously, and the lurid glare of a great conflagration close by. Hurriedly dressing and hastily arriving at the scene, we found Chace's, and Billing's blocks, also the Aldrich House, one mass of flame. For hours the doomed district burned with unremitting fury, the high wind and freezing atmosphere almost paralyzing the efforts of the brave firemen in their arduous duty of that terrible night. Assistance came from Pawtucket, Olneyville, and adjacent towns, rendering much aid. The well-appointed fire department of Providence did all that heroic men could do in trying to stop the spreading of the conflagration, for it looked, at one time, as if part of Westminster Street would fall a prey to the devouring element; but Chief Engineer Steere, with his usual promptness and energy, was around everywhere, directing his able assistants, so that danger was over by Thursday morn; and as the tired-out firemen wended their way homeward, a sorry spectacle they looked, in their rubber coats, being one mass of coated ice, the water having frozen on these dauntless men as they worked the hose on the burning pile. The fantastic appearance of the frozen spray adhering to the ruins of that once famed hostel, the Aldrich House, brought many visitors from far and near. Loss estimated at nearly half a million, and might have reached much more, except by the gallant labors of the firemen in limiting the disaster.

The burnt district has been rebuilt in 1890 in a very substantial manner.

Firemen's Relief Association, Providence.

The second annual concert and ball, held in Infantry Hall, on Thursday evening, Jan. 23, 1890, was apparently a financial success, as well as socially, by the great demonstration at this brilliant gathering of some two thousand five hundred persons in the hall and galleries, all of whom were willing to recognize the brave firemen's protection to their city in the hour of need, and by the visitors' presence to aid their organization of the Firemen's Relief Association. The hall was profusely decorated with flags, bunting, and mottoes, and the chief event of the evening's

festivities consisted of a concert by the famed Reeves's American Band, a prominent feature of the programme being a realistic scene of a winter's night alarm, with scenic effect and apparatus. showing the process as it actually exists in the fire stations, from the men sliding down the pole from their bedrooms to the start with engines and excited, well-trained, valuable horses. The drop-scenes on the stage, painted for this occasion, represented the Aldrich House on fire, near midnight. Feb. 15, 1888, and the last scene of the doomed building, with its festoons of icicles, created much applause from the immense audience, in conjunction with Reeves's Band playing the composition of "The Night Alarm." The centre row of the east balcony, which had been reserved for invited guests, was occupied by Gov. W. H. Ladd and his military staff; Mayor Henry R. Barker and aldermen and councilmen also being present.

The costumes of many ladies in the grand march were of fine character, intermixed with others of more sedate type, while the full evening dress of the gentlemen dancers blended well with the charming toilets of the lady waltzers.

The writer (accompanied with friends) was much pleased with his visit, and danced several times with fairy-like forms till the small hours of morning. The supper in the drill hall was a centre of attraction from ten to one o'clock.

Citizens of Providence wish Chief Steere and his noble firemen every success in the future.

Alfredians at Rocky Point, Aug. 7, 1889.

The sixteenth annual excursion of the Order of "Alfredians" in Rhode Island took place Aug. 7, 1889, at Rocky Point, where it had been held for some years previous. The National Band, forty pieces, headed a very unique parade through the principal streets of Providence. The procession consisted of Alfredians in uniform of the Order, and about one hundred boys and girls in most bewitching costumes. Some of the little tots of girls seemed too young to parade far, but they bore the fatigue bravely, and were watched over by kind, burly policemen; the day, at starting, was very bright and beautiful, and the young folks' youthful flow of spirits

was up to zenith point, in exuberance of the anticipation of the day's frolic. The steamer "City of Newport" carried a very joyous crowd, as the procession trooped on board; the band giving a popular concert during the sail down the river, and the numerous craft saluting the merry party made things lively on the trip. After a good shore dinner, the old English games began, in the enclosure devoted to races and dances, and it was computed about five thousand persons passed through the gates. In the afternoon sports, there were high jumps, low jumps, running races, jumping in sacks, etc.; but the chief attraction of all was the little damsels, dressed as milkmaids, with their miniature three-legged stools and milk-pails, attended by their zouave boy escorts. The costumes of these young people were very bright and pretty, the girls being dressed alike, in white dresses, with jaunty little blue-and-red aprons, and colored turban hats; the dairymaids' song and dance, the butterfly dance, and the ever-popular maypole dance, gave a very good programme of nimble feet, to the inspiring strains of the music, not forgetting a sailor's hornpipe of two couples, danced with much nautical action. Prof. and Mrs. Greene are to be complimented on the drilling of their young pupils; and also to the committees for a pleasant outing to about ten thousand people.

Medical Aid Society, of Providence, 1889.

For some twelve months past, a movement has been on foot to organize a self-helping Medical Aid Society among the wage-workers of factories, mills, and other places of business in Rhode Island. Its object, as its humane originator, Mr. Andrew McCue, explained, at a large meeting, held at Keith's Opera House a short while since, is to secure competent medical aid, by co-operation, to working-men, their wives and children. No family desires to evade the payment of an honorable account within their means, but the burden of doctors' bills, after a long sickness, is frequently very heavy. Medical men should not be expected to take care of patients who are unable to pay for attendance. The scheme of the proposed Medical Aid Society

includes the issue of free tickets to the Rhode Island and Homœopathic hospitals. Rev. Mr. Slicer — who has given much valuable time in furtherance of this proposed society, by his kindly advice and presence at the various meetings — stated the plans of the organization at some length, and explained that the Aid Society was to be of strictly business principles, managed through factory committees elected by the members, each man paying twenty-five cents per month; and the sick will be cared for in the hospital and by private physicians, most of whom in Providence have willingly volunteered to assist in this good work. Other speakers followed in explaining the object of this humane idea, particularly the chairman of the evening, his Honor Mayor Barker, Rev. Mr. Woodbury, etc.

This scheme of aiding the working-men and their families — similar to the facilities given to the wage-workers in Birmingham, England — will, no doubt, in time, when thoroughly organized, work well; and as self-help is mostly the best of help, a good chance is here presented for artisans to assist themselves to medical care for a very small payment, which they would never miss; and it devolves on all right-minded men, who have any pride in themselves and affection for their wives and families, to put their shoulders to the wheel, and help the good work along; for when this humane scheme has once been launched, there is no telling of the magnitude and the good results that will soon follow such a movement in the *aid of suffering humanity*.

Narraganset State Fair.

Narraganset Trotting Park is situated a car ride of some six miles from the city proper of Providence, and the annual fair held here is usually a time of great attraction to Rhode Islanders and many others. The exhibition of stock in the season of 1884 was very fine; the cattle were large in number, and in good condition, — some splendid specimens of milch cows, enormous draught oxen, and bulls with ancestral pedigree. The track for trotting horses was a well-graded one, and from the commodious grand stand a long-range view could be had of the trotters. The horses appeared of

the average kind which are seen in most cattle-fairs. A number of the choice cattle got prizes, and looked weary enough on the last day of the exhibition. A full band of music enlivened the proceedings of the day, and but few intoxicated people were seen anywhere about, as is the usual case at these gatherings. The season of September, 1888, was the advent of a marriage ceremony (from this park) in the car of a balloon, which ascended as soon as the nuptials were completed. Some forty thousand sight-seers gazed at the young couple as they ascended to the sky in Prof. Allen's big balloon. Marriage of itself has enough risks, one would imagine, without tempting more by a public exhibition and hazardous ride in an aerial machine. Publicity of the sacred tie of matrimony should, we think, be confined to the home or the church, and not to the gaze of an excited crowd of morbid curiosity mongers. The young married couple descended into a swamp near North Easton, Mass., and were dragged about two miles before a safe landing was effected.

Buttonwoods Beach, and its Neighborhood.

A pleasant railway ride from Providence of some three quarters of an hour takes the visitor to Buttonwoods. It is charmingly situated on the banks of the Narraganset, a sort of tributary or inlet thereof, and its waters are safe sailing for amateur yachtsmen and others venturesome in small craft. Some kind friends of the writer have oftentimes invited him to the hospitalities of their pretty gabled cottage, and to varied sails around and about the river and bay in their sail-boat, and many hours of pleasure we have had, cruising on the glassy waters of the inlet. Excellent bathing can be had from the beach, its smooth, sandy shores sloping down the shallow depths making a healthy retreat for ladies and children, unattended with danger.

To the jaded business man of Providence or elsewhere, Buttonwoods offers many attractions. The convenient access by rail, night and morning, to and from its pleasant surroundings, and the calm and quiet of the locality, add to its charm, and cause a longing for the summer season to

come around. The resort has a commodious hotel, and quite a number of handsome cottages. A good concreted walk forms an esplanade to the beach's front, and is a fine, breezy promenade or drive around the avenues.

River Dell, on the Providence River, is a sheltered inlet opposite to Green's Island, and almost facing the shores of Barrington and Nayet. It is a pretty little hamlet, composed chiefly of farms and apple orchards, and overlooking the channel waters is a cosy country boarding-house, called "Cliff Cottage," presided over by a worthy Scotch lady, and where, in the season, clams and other kinds of fish are always on hand, cooked to perfection. Bathing, boating, and fishing are much in vogue here during the summer months.

Roger Williams Park, Providence.

Roger Williams Park is a pleasant cultivated enclosure of many acres of mostly cultivated land, and in the summer season a great resort for the inhabitants of surrounding districts, and visitors generally, it being a favorite and popular horse-car ride over several routes from the city; and there is also a railway depot in the park. The chief and most patronized ride is through picturesque Elmwood, with its many pretty, gabled villas, and cottages of well-to-do people; and from various avenues of South Providence, great numbers of Sunday and holiday folks stream into the park. A miniature menagerie, which delights the children, is on the grounds, and the pleasant lake furnishes recreation and amusement in the row-boats to young and old. A new lake, converted out of swamp ground, has just been completed this season, 1889, and with the new granite stone bridge and freshly graded, grassy lawns, will add much to the ornamentation of the park, and give increased facilities for boating exercise. We believe a deer park of large dimensions is to be made from the waste lands shortly, and it is much needed by the animals in their cooped-up enclosure. In the winter time, skating (when there is ice) and tobogganing on the smooth rivulet are much enjoyed by the young ladies and boys of the various schools, most of the skaters being adepts in the healthy exercise, giving quite a roseate hue to the

peachy cheeks of the fair young damsels. During a part of the summer season, a band of music plays afternoons and evenings on alternative days, and generally draws a big crowd of people.

Pawtuxet River, a short distance from Roger Williams Park, is much in request during fine weather for rowing and bathing. Its picturesque shores are thronged with visitors during the warm weather, for the invigorating bath and health-giving exercise to the muscles of the body, and Rhode's noted clam-bakes are much in vogue here during the season by holiday makers.

The Cotton Centennial, Pawtucket, 1890.

If it had been possible for the venerable Samuel Slater to have risen from his grave and beheld the six days' jubilee held in his honor at Pawtucket, the good man might have blushed with amazement. For nearly a week the celebration of pageants of no ordinary kind were kept up, and the various committees must have had enough to do, when we remember the labor of organizing entertainments, such as large Sunday-school gatherings, military and civic parades, trades processions, secret society parades, veteran firemen's contests with manual engines, the hall exhibit, boat-races on the Seekonk River; and to crown all, King Cotton's carnival parade of grotesques and carnival ball were to wind up the festivities of the programme. The Englishman, Samuel Slater, the Father of American manufacturers, began his work one hundred years ago. Patient and unwearying, his efforts grew as the first cotton-spinning machine came to birth from the brain of this extraordinary man, and gave Rhode Island the palm of his untiring zeal in the culmination of his efforts of machine inventing. Pawtucket's old town may well be proud of Samuel Slater; in fact, all America has benefitted by the inventor of the shuttle and spindle, giving employment to so many thousands of people over this vast continent. And while the multitudes congregated at Pawtucket to revere the memory of the *worker*, and participate in the festivities of the week, few, perhaps, would remember the inventor's early struggles and disappointments.

in later life, as it so often happens to those whom others benefit by. The cotton industry of to-day, carried on by energetic, wealthy men, has made rapid strides since Slater's time. And we say, in closing, that not only the first cotton-spinning machine industry was founded by him in this country, but he established in Pawtucket one of the earliest, if not the first, Sunday school in America. Mr. Samuel Slater's thoughtful care of those employed by him, and the welfare of the masses generally, has contributed very largely to the fame of the man who has just been appreciated and honored by the recent centennial celebration.

The Cove, Providence

For some time a movement has been on foot to utilize the Cove, adjoining the Providence railway terminus. For years the disagreeable smell of this unpleasant, muddy water has been a source of trouble and annoyance to the city by its impurities in hot weather. A remedy is now proposed by the railroad company purchasing the site, and with scows empty the refuse, and then fill in the large area for an immense central depot. As many men are now at the work, it looks as if the project would be carried out some time in the future.

Near by the railway station in Exchange Place is a fine granite monument, with a well-chiselled figure of a Union soldier on its summit; at the base are numerous cannon-balls, and around the paved square are four very excellent clusters of gas lamps, modelled and executed in accordance with the military trophy in the centre. Almost facing the memorial obelisk is the magnificent City Hall, not long since finished; it is of excellent design, and built of granite; the interior is very spacious, and well adapted for the city government's seat of offices, in the administration of its laws.

At the corner of College Hill and Benefit Street is a noble-looking, brown-stone building, of fine proportions, — the Court House, erected within recent years.

Within a few years an equestrian statue of Gen. Burnside has been placed on the east side of Exchange Place, near the headquarters of the fire-department building.

Champion Boat Race, on Seekonk River, Providence.

Many of my Providence readers may remember the time when Edward Hanlan was in his prime of strength and muscle, and as champion of the world as a sculler, took precedence over all comers. A race took place on the Seekonk River, June 17, 1880, for the championship of America and five thousand dollars. Many thousands of spectators were on every vantage ground, to view the aquatic contest. When the word "go" was given, with pistol shot, off the competitors started, and with wonderful precision did Hanlan's stroke tell over the other oarsmen, and he soon drew way ahead, though closely followed by Wallace Ross (his cousin) and some others of the scullers. As far as the eye could reach, Hanlan appeared to have it his own way, and the rounding of the stake buoy was effected without accident or fouling, when the home stretch was began in good earnest, and it was then that we observed Hanlan relax his energies, bend over as if in pain, and stop rowing altogether. Colic in the stomach, it was said, had seized the supposed winner, and thus spoilt one of the finest races on record. Wallace Ross came in first, and was declared champion and winner of the stake money, but great dissatisfaction was heard everywhere.

Between that time and the present season of 1889 several changes of champion have taken place. Edward Hanlan for many years did good work, but younger oarsmen have come to the fore; such names as Gaudaur, Teemer, Beach, O'Connor, Mattison, and Kemp now take the lead in all prominent rowing matches of the globe. Kemp is the present champion sculler.

The Doyle Monument, at Providence.

The unveiling of the statue of the late Mayor Doyle, on June 3, 1889, was a tribute of well-remembered reverence and affection towards a good man of this Providence city. For a number of years, Thomas Arthur Doyle was rechosen as its chief magistrate, in consequence of his clear record as a capable business man and official gentleman. The

statue of bronze, resting on a marble plinth, occupying a position in the higher part of the city, opposite the cathedral, was unveiled with all due solemnity by a procession of dignitaries, religious and civic — also military and masonic organizations. But the most pleasing of all the ceremonies were those hundreds of school children located on a temporary platform, who lifted their young voices in tuneful accord in sweet remembrance of the late Mayor, who ever loved to hear the young singers in times gone by.

The modelling of the Doyle statue was entrusted to Mr. Henry Hudson Kitson, a young artist of rising reputation, — of English birth, — and his home, when in America, being Boston; but in his studio at Paris the artistic work was begun in clay modelling, and in the same city the casting of the figure in bronze was completed. As a work of merit, various opinions are entertained; but as we are not all educated as art judges, it would be difficult for the majority to tell a well-modelled figure from an indifferent one.

Nearly opposite the Doyle monument is a fine building, just erected, that of the "Young Men's Christian Association," a noble institute for the promotion of the welfare of young men. The kind deeds done by these institutions all over the world is a well-known theme, and brought forth good fruit by the humane instigator and originator in far-away London town, England. God grant these efforts to do good to young men may flourish in our midst, and that the magnificent and commodious new Young Men's Christian Association building may become the home of a religious and pure life to the young men of Providence. It is said to have cost \$170,000.

State Prison of Rhode Island.

About six miles from Providence city, in the Cranston district, is situated, on a high, breezy elevation, the State Prison of Rhode Island. The jail is chiefly built of brown-stone masonry, the windows heavily barred with iron, and the whole is surrounded by spacious court-yards; the outlying farming land, comprising about twenty-five acres, is tilled principally by short-term prisoners, some forty men,

in gang, watched over by an armed officer. The interior of the prison is commenced by a spacious reception room, where friends of the offenders are allowed to see and converse with, through a division of wire-work grating, the unfortunates in durance vile, on stated days. In company with a courteous official, the writer was shown every nook and corner of the stronghold,—commencing with the view of the two dark cells, where the refractory are placed for punishment; and to judge from a moment's incarceration therein, when the strong blank iron door is closed, it must be a terrible ordeal for any length of time, and a fearful retribution to remain in those dungeon cells of inky darkness. Passing onward with my guide, the chair-caning shops were inspected; also the large boot and shoe factory and wire-screen shops were visited in turn. The busy prisoners have to work in silence (no talking allowed), the only sound being the hum and whirr of machines for shoemaking. Each room has instructors to teach the novices the various trades, and on a small raised platform sits an officer the day long, who constantly watches the men at work; the monotony of the life to the overseer official must be very tiresome in ceaselessly overlooking the apathetic unfortunate culprits, and one would think the prisoners have the best time of it while at work, their minds being occupied by labor.

Several life-sentence men were amongst the number of shorter term criminals; one life convict having been in the jail as far back as 1867. Of the present inmates of convicted murderers, in the year 1889, was one "Spike Murphy," for the cowardly murder of an old citizen, Waterman Irons, of Providence. Murphy was doing his allotted task of shoemaking. A tall, healthy-looking young man, with an intelligent countenance, and far from a desperate look about him, though very sinewy in form.

In the hospital ward, of southern aspect, the bright sun was streaming in, as if to cheer the convalescent patients with its rays, and numerous plants and shrubs in the corridor lent their aid to alleviate, if possible, the gloomy surroundings. Pacing the floor was one of the sick men, with bandages swathed around his neck, whose throat some months ago had been severely cut by a fellow-prisoner, in

a desperate quarrel ; the assailant hanging himself a few days afterwards in his cell.

Three tiers of cells, oblong in dimension, of twenty-six cells each side, give accommodation for three hundred and forty men, that being the number during my visit in February, 1890.

In consequence of the increase of crime in Rhode Island, a proposed new wing is to be added in one of the court-yards, as the prison is overcrowded at present, which fact does not speak very well for our boasted civilization of the nineteenth century, though the kind-hearted resident chaplain tries his best efforts of good counsel to the misguided criminals. As far as possible, comfort and cleanliness are everywhere visible ; fortnightly every prisoner has a warm bath, in one of the twelve bath-tubs, taking the entire day for the three hundred men to get through the ablution.

The system of drying the prisoners' underwear, socks, etc., by steam, when the weather is too inclement outside, is quite a novel affair, as well as their patent washing and wringing machines. The food, which we inspected and tasted, appeared good and well cooked. On the parapet of the high wall surrounding the jail-yard are stationed two armed officers, who constantly patrol and overlook all the prison yards, and any prisoner attempting to escape runs the chance of being shot. Cows, pigs, and horses, well housed in their barns, are ready for their needful services on the farm when required.

Not far distant from Cranston Jail is the State Farm, chiefly for inmates for small offences and habitual drunkards of both sexes ; and the Reform School, well known for refractory boys and girls, during their minority. We were informed some seven hundred acres of available arable land for farming purposes is connected with these institutions.

Gen. Viall is the chief warden of the State Prison, who, together with a deputy warden, clerk, and chaplain, and seventeen officers, complete the official staff of this abode of durance vile.

Methought, on looking down from the upper prison windows into the peaceful ravine below, along the Pawtuxet

Valley, and viewing the windings of the Providence River on that sunny, breezy day, what a strange anomaly is man, with his fierce, ungovernable passions, immured as some are for their natural life; and the contrast of beautiful, animated Nature of the outside world going on, within sight of the grim stone jail, makes one ruminare on men and women's wrong-doing, enough to blast their lives here and hereafter.

The Cable-Car Road, Providence.

For many months of the year 1889, gangs of workmen have been busy, excavating, digging, and delving, to construct a cable-car road from Market Square to the Red Bridge district: and early this year, 1890, after many delays of complicated work, the company's cars carry passengers from Olneyville by the horse-car conveyance to Market Square; the horses are then unhitched and the car and passengers attached to the grip car, and at the sound of the gong, dart up College Hill at a pace that would have surprised our forefathers, passing along College, Angel, and Prospect streets at a fairly rapid rate of locomotion. The system seems to work well; the powerful brakes on down grade, having to be managed by a man in each car, stop without much oscillation. On reaching the termini, near the Red Bridge, the commodious red brick building and works are inspected; the immense fly-wheel, which is the main power to propel the cars, has ten cables on its drum. and the steam engine that works the machinery must be very powerful. The return journey is made with a little deviation, through Waterman Street to Market Square. The cost of the mile and a half of road is said to be two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This popular, cheap ride, through some of the best localities to the Seekonk River, is much patronized, and thoroughly enjoyed by the thousands of passengers during the fine weather as a breezy, pleasant outing from the city.

Railway String Teams of Horses, Providence.

Visitors and townspeople of Providence, in their various journeyings to and from the railway depot, Exchange Place, may have often observed that some of the freight cars drawn by horses are transferred from the main lines to spur lines of rails across Market Square to Canal and Dyer streets, also to Fox Point, Riverside, *en route* to different fruit, fish, and meat warehouses. A string team, generally composed of seven to eight horses, is attached to the freight cars, and the driver's voice is invariably the guiding rein. A sagacious



and docile leader takes his quadruped companions safely along the route, and it is surprising with what sagacity these really fine horses go about their work in such a business-like manner. For fifteen years has the writer noticed these and similar string teams in the service of the railway company, and the Messrs. Weaver & Sons, contractors and owners of these valuable animals, are to be complimented on their strong-looking horses, and their general good condition. The illustration is drawn with great fidelity, in the sketch of the string team and cars, which the wayfarer can see any day on the above-mentioned routes, the knowing old leader shaking his fine, saucy head with pride (as it were), on being

selected as the foremost horse and sort of "boss" over the other seven animals.

The Cemeteries of New England.

The burial-grounds of New England are rich in historic interest. "One of the attractive places for antiquarians to visit," says David A. Waldron, in the Narraganset Historical Register, "is the old cemetery in the village of Little Compton, R. I. Among the dusts of once noted personages is here found that of the first white woman born in New England, Elizabeth Pabodie (daughter of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins), who died May 31, 1717, at the age of ninety-six. The Commons, as this plot is called, is not kept in the best of condition, but over the grave, in the year 1882, was erected a granite monument, on one of the plaques of which is a suitable inscription concerning the one whose remains it covers. The following stanza is on the opposite side of the obelisk :—

" 'A bud from Plymouth's Mayflower springs,
Transplanted here to live and bloom;
Her memory, ever sweet and young,
The centuries guard within this tomb.'

"Her husband, William Pabodie, who died Dec. 13, 1707, at the age of eighty-eight years, rests beside her."

The Falstaff Club.

This organization was started by a few friends, early in the year 1890, at Providence City, for the purpose of uniting amusement with recreation and instruction. About fifty persons (limited number), mostly young men, formed themselves into a club, to meet fortnightly on Saturday evenings, in a well-appointed hall, where recitations, singing, instrumental music, conversation on varied topics of the day, and a supper of light viands and refreshments are the order of the evening. The Falstaff Club is ably presided over by a competent president, assisted by two vice-presidents, a secretary, and various committees, elected from time to time, and carry on the business with a code of rules or by-laws. This

company of gentlemen reminds one somewhat of descriptions by famous writers of Old London in times past; when rare Ben Jonson, Oliver Goldsmith, Boswell, Sir Joshua Lawrence, Sir Peter Lely, and many other celebrities, literary and artistic, used to meet in some cosey hostel, to exchange wit and repartee, and talk over the events of their day, politics alone being excluded. The more modern club of Falstaffians are mainly composed of the artists of Messrs. Gorham's celebrated sterling silver-ware establishment. As an agreeable evening spent amongst gentlemen of culture, art, refinement, and literary tendencies, allow a member (the writer of these pages) to chronicle the gatherings, thus assembled every two weeks, as an event eagerly looked forward to with much interest and pleasure. In the summer months of the club, picnics and pleasant outings take place on the Providence River and picturesque Pawtuxet waters, and an occasional moonlight sail on the bay, in which lady friends will join with their charming presence the boating, dancing, and general good time we have there. May every success attend this new association of the Falstaff Club.

Hunt's Mills, East Providence Centre.

In this locality, situated in the midst of a ravine, with a grove on either side, runs the streamlet from Hebronville and neighboring tributaries, and after passing the dam at Hunt's Mills, the gurgling, leaping waters play in eddies over and around the innumerable boulders that almost fill the river's bed like a breakwater. To a lover of Nature, nothing can be more picturesque and sublime in its grandeur than looking from the edge of the stream between the overhanging trees, some touching each other in their umbrageous embrace, with the sun's rays peeping in and out of the foliage far away to the miniature cataract, and watching the leaps and dashes of the glistening rapids as they hurry away to the placid ten-mile stream that empties itself of its puny wrath into the Seekonk River, near the Red Bridge. At Hebronville, a spring (it is said) begins and gathers in strength and velocity from the adjacent tributaries, aided by

occasional copious rains, and at length swells into quite a water-fall of some importance when it reaches Hunt's Mills (apparently now an old, disused grain building). It is no surprise that artists and photographers often frequent this secluded spot to transfer on canvas, or otherwise, such imitations as it is possible to gain. A pathway takes the tourist in the grove to all points of interest, and the subdued light, with the distant roaring of the avalanche breaking on the stillness, gives quite a charm to the locality. Near the smoother portion of the waters was a huge tree, hurled from its roots directly across the stream, as much as to say, "Thus far, but no farther. you may go." But the eddies and bubbles laugh at the obstruction, and whirl under and over the trunk and branches in very sport. In the summer season picnic parties assemble here in force, and try to echo their voices louder than the roar of the cataract, as the waters dash, leap, and form themselves into rapids over the big, rocky boulders standing high out of the river's bed. Situated in this neighborhood, some excellent farms and orchards are to be seen.

Ice-Cutting.

This is an interesting and very necessary occupation in the United States; besides which, in Massachusetts, at least, ice has become an important article of export, and the trade is now quite large to the Southern States, West Indies, and different parts of Europe. Riding in a sleigh about twelve miles out of Boston to a crystal lake, the process of cutting the ice is thus effected: the upper crust, or inferior ice, is planed off by a machine drawn by horses, after which the fragments are cleared away by an apparatus like a scoop, also drawn by horses. The surface thus pared is clear and glassy, ready for the markers, who draw a line with a sharp instrument, to indicate the dimensions of the blocks to be cut, which are then sawed, until the same are almost severed, when a broad, flat-faced crowbar is used to divide them. The squares are floated into a small canal (cut for the purpose) passed on to the ice-houses, and hauled up into the buildings by steam power. The houses in which the ice

is deposited consist of a range of lofty buildings of large dimensions, and necessarily, also, of great height, owing to the many blocks therein contained. The process of stowing these blocks is very peculiar; they are laid one layer over another, and the interstices filled with snow, so as to make a compact mass, and then covered with tan, in such a way that the whole remains perfectly cold and solid till the following summer. The immense trade done in this way would surprise a stranger; yet when it is considered that every house-keeper is compelled, by reason of the great heat in summer, to make use of this valuable commodity, it is no wonder that it becomes so profitable an article of trade. Ice-cutting seems like cold work to the casual looker-on, yet the workmen are always stripped to the shirt, and appear bathed in perspiration. The after effects, though, are sometimes disastrous; for one of the workmen whom we saw fell into a stupor, as he returned home (the effect of cold after heat), rested on the wayside to sleep, and never woke again.

Sleigh-Riding.

The cold weather and sleigh-riding to some are very enjoyable, but not to the writer; the cold is so intense, that care must be taken, or else the nose and ears will be frost-bitten. The cold, bracing air (if you can stand it) is highly salubrious, and the health of the inhabitants is, generally speaking, far better and stronger in winter than summer. The snow-storms at times are very violent, and drifting in a night some eight or ten feet. Sleigh riding and driving is to most persons a peculiarly pleasant and exciting amusement. The silent smoothness with which the runners dash through the snow, the internal ease and comfort of the conveyance, the gay trappings of the one or more horses that draw, and the numerous sleighs one meets, with fast-trotting steeds, all contribute to give an indescribable charm to this favorite winter recreation. Ladies are especially seen to great advantage, while employed in this agreeable mode of travelling, for their well-assorted wintry costumes become them very prettily; while their merry, ringing laugh sounds full of life and vivacity, and the clear atmosphere fanning their

cheeks gives the countenance an air of charming *naïveté*, and paints their complexion with the roseate hue of blooming health.

It is a merry time, this season of sleigh-riding in the United States; every person's animal spirits seem unusually light and elastic; and sometimes companies of twenty couples, of both sexes, are collected to fill a gigantic sleigh, drawn by six horses. Then it is, when all are snugly ensconced with lap robes and wraps, that, as the poet says:—

“Obsequious to their call, the docile steeds
Yield to the sleigh their necks, and whirl them swift,
The joy-bells tinkling as they whirl along,
O'er hill and dale, heaped into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.”

In this case, it is usual to drive to a distant hotel, where, after a merry dance or cheerful chat and singing, they partake of a well-served supper, and then return home by moonlight, in their swift conveyance.

Before closing this sketch of wintry pastime, we may add that of coasting, by boys and girls. If ever there was a dangerous practice on this earth, allowed by the police, it is this dangerous racing down slippery inclines, with primitive small and large sleds. Every winter has its catalogue of misery, in regard to bruised limbs, and often fatal accidents happening on streets, where passing teams come in collision with the adventurous youngsters, maiming them for life.

American Religion; its Observances.

“The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.” — POPE.

In no country in the world, perhaps, is there such a splitting of sects, in the Christian Church, as in the United States, where Episcopalians, Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, Wesleyans, Moravians, Adventists, Unitarians, Universalists, New Jerusalemites, Quakers, Mormonites, Spiritualists, Salvationists, and many other sects, scarcely known by name outside of this continent, such as the Men

nonites, Shakers, etc., have a substantive existence, and large bodies of church members; and sad is sometimes the contention that arises from the perfect liberty of religion, and its total severment from the business of the State. In the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Wesleyan, and Unitarian churches the mode of worship is as simple as possible; the prayers are delivered extemporaneously, and differ, therefore, on every occasion, a circumstance which some consider to give them an advantage over the stated, formal prayers of other denominations, which deal, they say, in vain repetitions, that make little impression on the heart, and substitute the form and the letter that killeth for the spirit that giveth life. The interiors of American churches — or meeting-houses — have a very comfortable look, with their cushioned seats and carpeted floors; the former, with the hassocks, being provided by the church authorities, in order to preserve uniformity, and avoid that hybrid appearance which is so common in many of the European churches, where yellow, green, red, and blue cushion seats offend the eye.

The Boston and New York churches, in some respects, are beautifully constructed, as regards their interior architecture, are very lofty, and provided with excellent organs and well-trained choirs, engaged and paid for the purpose. In the country churches the service is, of course, much more simple, and the quality of the singing must depend on the resources of the neighborhood; but we can safely say that in many country towns, church music is to be heard quite as good as in some of the large cities. It were, perhaps, invidious to single out for eulogy any particular clergyman, in a country that has so many talented, faithful, and devoted servants of the Most High.

The clergy, as a class, seem to be faithful workers, many of them having risen from the ranks, and almost self-educated men, and imbued with deep fervor, high talent, and impressiveness. Some of their illustrations are very pathetic, their admonitions so affectionate, their concern for immortal souls so evidently sincere, that it is no wonder that they win the hearts, and often are the instruments, under heaven, of changing the lives of those who come under their influence.

Meriden, Conn.

Probably no town or city in the Union, for its size, has more self-made men than Meriden. From a comparative swamp of thirty years ago, it has now become a prosperous, growing city of more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants, most of which people are chiefly occupied in the manufacturing interest of hard and soft metal ware, the greater number of the employees being artisans earning good wages; also many female workers who are very talented in their various avocations, commanding in some instances excellent remuneration for their industry. Many are the names that have arisen to the foremost rank of fortune in this busy town. Meriden is the highway to New York, being about two hours and a half steam-car ride to the great metropolis; and all through trains from Boston and other points stop here, making it quite a lively place. On a recent visit to Meriden, we found the busy city much altered and improved; a large passenger station, opposite the extensive works of the Meriden Britannia Company (on the model of the New Haven depot), meets the eye of the visitor, which greatly facilitates the increasing demands of traffic, and adds much to the comfort of travellers in the spacious waiting-rooms; an improved contrast, compared to the dingy ticket-office of years ago. A long, roomy freight depot has also been erected, to meet the numerous wants in that branch of business, and quite a lofty, sightly hotel has been built within a few years; also a new, spacious post-office, in the rear of which is a modern, commodious theatre, all in the same structure; Colony Street can boast of a substantial granite Congregational church, erected during the author's four pleasant years' sojourn in sociable Meriden some time since. In fact, imposing blocks of new buildings are springing up everywhere, with handsome stores, fitted with plate-glass windows, giving quite an air of business prosperity and bright, animated look to the old town. The people of Meriden are very courteous to a stranger, as a rule, and endeavor to make every one welcome; the hospitable character of the inhabitants is known far and wide, and workmen once located in this city seldom leave it, unless unforeseen circumstances compel them

to do so ; even then, the old feeling of wishing to return oftentimes haunts the minds of the absent, for a renewal of the friendly intercourse of years ago. On the upper portion of the town are some fine views of the "Blue Hills" range, from which, in clear weather, can be seen Long Island Sound and other places.

"Mount Lamentation" and the adjacent hills, in fair weather, have a beautiful tinge of color of bright blue, but on the approach of a storm, the color changes to a sullen-looking, ominous gray, and at other times enveloped in a misty vapor. A visit to the "Blue Hills" is always a charming walk or climb, and with a party of picnickers some hours can be agreeably spent, one thousand feet above the level of the sea ; a sharp lookout for snakes is necessary in this region, where the brush and underwood is most dense, for in certain seasons the place used to abound with the reptiles, though most are of the black snake species, without the dangerous poison venom or warning rattle.

The Connecticut State Reform School, situated in Meriden, is one of the best conducted in the country. The buildings are located on a commanding eminence, in full view of the New York, Hartford & New Haven Railroad, overlooking the city and surrounding country, and presenting one of the finest landscape views to be seen in the vicinity. The administration of the school, on the part of the State, is vested in a board of eight trustees, one from each county in the State, elected for four years. Two of them are retired each year, and their places filled by the Senate in executive session. The trustees elect superintendent and other officers. Next to the superintendent, one would imagine, is the farmer of the State farm, surrounding the school, as this officer has to keep a watchful eye on his assistants (the reform boys), some of whom work on the land, while others learn trades in the workrooms, and though occasionally some of these farm-boys prove runaways, yet they are invariably re-captured, and return very penitent to school.

The interior of all the buildings is most cleanly, and the chapel service is conducted very orderly and with decorum, as the discipline, though not outwardly severe, shows firmness by those in authority.

Occasionally some of the best behaved of the boys are taken to concerts at the Young Men's Christian Association, in charge of an officer, and the little fellows seem to enjoy their treat. These reform schools are a great credit to the State in which they belong, in endeavoring to uplift the wayward and vicious boy to be a good citizen.

The Trotting Park.

About a mile from the city limits is a good trotting-park, in which is held its annual agricultural fair, with a general average showing of cattle raising. At the trotting and running races are usually seen some fast horses on these grounds; also at other times in the season, when matches are made by citizens of Meriden to back their trotters against all comers, as the city magnates are well-known owners of some good, fleet animals. A grand stand of ample size is on the ground, where visitors can see all around the track. Some seasons ago a party of Mexican horsemen came to this park to exhibit their skill and prowess on their mustang ponies, and certainly such rapid and skilful riding in all manner of positions was truly wonderful; particularly so, when one looked at the poor, half-starved, ill-groomed animals; but when the word "off" was given, away went the mustangs like the wind, running around the track, the riders occasionally leaning head downwards, and in other grotesque and difficult postures this band of Mexican horsemen paraded before us. These performers had also a game of polo on horseback and on foot; both games were played with great rapidity of action, and with the appearance of some little danger in riding one another down in the excitement of the contest. During the agricultural fair of 1889 the show of cattle on these grounds was said to be the finest of its kind, but the fair was much marred by stormy weather.

There is an old tradition that the name Merriden, or Meriden, is compounded of two words, "Merry" and "den"; and that in an old stone house built in that locality there were so many merry meetings of travellers, that the place acquired the nickname of "Merry-den." At or before the union of the colonies of Connecticut and New Haven, there

was a grant made to Mr. Andrew Belcher of a tract of land, containing nearly five hundred acres, on condition of his building a stone house or fort, with port-holes, and keeping arms and ammunition. With the land he was to have the right of keeping a tavern forever. The stone house stood not far from the late residence of Mr. John Yale, in the northern part of the town.

The Reservoir, at Meriden, Conn.

The visitor to Meriden may find an interesting excursion by taking the road to "The Notch," between West and South Mountains. For the purpose of supplying the city of Meriden with water, a lake or reservoir has been formed, a mile in length, in this gorge. The reservoir has an area of seventy-seven and one half acres, and derives its waters from the drainage of the various declivities. The peaceful stillness of the lake, lying amid woods in this mountain defile, used to be broken by the occasional fishing parties, who would make the grand old place echo with their voices and laughter, and serve another purpose by scaring the snakes away which might be lying in ambush for the unwary. Many times have the writer and his friends visited this charming locality; the quiet and serenity of the scene gave us the idea that we were far removed from the haunts of men, instead of being so near to the busy hives of industry on the plains just below.

Cathole Pass, at Meriden, Conn.

The narrator of these pages having often walked and driven through this defile of Nature's handiwork, will offer a description thereof. The tourist will find great attraction over the Kensington road to the long, narrow Cathole Gap, or Pass, between South Mountain and Cathole eminence, and fancy at times find a profile of Washington in the outline on the highest pinnacle of mountain view. The Gap is cut obliquely by gorges, and hence its succession of summits; the slopes of fallen stones that descend from the heights to the valley originally met at the bottom, where many of the large

masses lay piled in heaps ; and the Cathole Pass, once so difficult of travel under Nature's formation, thus merited its name. There is now a good carriage road through it.

The view from the more southern aspect, over the Meriden region, embraces the far-away hills and dales of verdant country and the rivers flowing to Long Island Sound, and is one of great beauty. The grand pile of rocks at the bottom of the celebrated Cathole Pass, derived from the heights above, suggests motion and violence ; yet the boulders of moss-covered gray and green look quiet enough in their sublime repose, though the work of falling blocks is still going quietly on at intervals, and will continue as long as storms and Nature's elements displace the huge fragments from their rocky beds.

" You can train the eye to see all the bright places in life,
And so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease ;
You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots,
In utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful."

The Tornado at Wallingford, Conn.

While residing in Meriden, some years ago. the mind recalls the terrible tornado that took place in the adjacent town of Wallingford. Such a devastation and destruction of human life and property by the mysterious whirlwind was most appalling. In two or three minutes, without warning, the tornado swept over the doomed little city, breaking, crushing, and hurling the frail tenement houses like so many match-boxes ; also, a brick-built school-house came in for its share of demolition. Twenty-four little mounds of earth were seen a few days after the dreadful calamity, in the churchyard near by, — a mute and sad memento of the visitation. The deluge of rain and darkening sky accompanied the cyclone around and about Connecticut that fatal evening. Though the grief, bereavement, and suffering of that terrible whirlwind will be felt in the desolate hearts and homes for many years to come, yet generous, helping hands assisted to restore the wrecked town by bountiful subscriptions, to aid the wounded citizens at that lamentable time,

so that now not a vestige is to be seen of the sad havoc of that dreadful calamity which invaded the peaceful hamlet of Wallingford.

New Britain, Conn.

A pleasant ride of some few miles from Meriden, through villages of farming land and the pretty township of Kensington, brings one to the clean, cosey city of New Britain, numbering about fifteen thousand inhabitants, the most of whom are engaged in the extensive hardware trade carried on here by eminent firms. The most noticeable is Russell & Erwin's large establishment, noted for first-class bronze metal and iron ware, the newest and choicest designs of ornamental locks and butts, and other useful articles. The Messrs. Corbin likewise do a large business in fine hardware goods.

About two and a half miles from the city proper is a sheet of water called "Shuttle Meadow Lake," in the summer season much frequented by all classes. The narrator has enjoyed, with friends, some pleasant hours in fishing from its shores, and also from a row-boat moored in a sequestered nook, where the placid waters heave gently to and fro in their calm repose. This lake is a popular rendezvous for picnics in fine weather, the German element generally taking the lead in these gatherings, and oftentimes have the glee-clubs of this happy race been heard across "Shuttle Meadow" in their vocal festive reunions, as they sang innumerable wild, weird songs of their fatherland.

In the centre of New Britain is an enclosure, or small park, prettily laid out, and planted with trees and shrubs; also embellished with a large fountain, the cool, splashing waters of which gave a very refreshing look on a hot day. From the hotel parlor, opposite the "Green," we have oftentimes enjoyed the quiet of eventide, as the shadowy twilight has flickered, wavered, and then vanished for the day. The reservoir on Walnut Hill is a favorite resort of New Britain people and visitors to the town, where, on a clear day, the gilt dome of the Hartford State House is quite discernible; also many other distant places of interest.

A feature of this town is the unusually large size of the yards and gardens belonging to the houses, most of which are kept in excellent order by the thrifty owners. In the north part of the city is the new opera house, a marked improvement on the old barn-like theatre, and near the "Green" is a tall, stately block of buildings, with modern-built post-office, erected within a few years, and other advanced strides of progress, such as a much-needed want, that of a new, modern, spacious depot, with lengthened platform, in lieu of the primitive wayside sort of station; a freight depot has also been added, of increased dimensions, to meet the wants of increasing traffic.

New Britain has several large churches, presided over by eminent divines, and many Sabbaths have been enjoyed by the writer in these sacred edifices during his twelve-months' stay in the town; and in the pleasant drives of the outlying districts, in company with friends, many recollections spring up of past years with treasured memory.

Not far distant from the Strickland House was (and may still be there) the old homestead of the late Mr. Elihu Burritt, linguist, writer, and scholar. The aged gentleman was much endeared to his old home, and in his later days could be seen in his garden, quietly ruminating on all (perhaps) that was past and gone, calmly awaiting the end of his valued life. A school-house adjoining is named after the scholarly gentleman, a fitting emblem of remembrance to be handed down to future generations.

Battle-flag Day, at Hartford, Conn.

The good city of Hartford never counted so many persons as it did on the memorable day of placing the flags (in the new State capitol) taken from the enemy during the Civil War, and their own battered but honored standards. From early morn till noon, cars loaded with citizen soldiers came from all parts of the Northern States, to do honor and respect to this great event. The streets were thronged with holiday sight-seers, and the various mottoes and devices of welcome were everywhere; the streamers flying in the wind and the bands of music playing made it a day long to be

remembered. The procession of soldiers and civil authorities was of immense length, which took some time to pass by, and as the day was a very hot one, kind neighbors furnished lemonade and other light refreshments for the weary men on the march in the noonday sun. Gen. Hawley, assisted by numerous military aids, was the marshal of the day, and the governor of Connecticut and his staff were in attendance at the State capitol to assist in receiving the flags — those battered tokens of bravery, hardship, and military strife. As each regiment marched past, and deposited their color in the hands of those appointed to receive it, the bands in attendance saluted by a roll of drums in its honor and memory, dimming the eyes of many a veteran of the Grand Army Corps on the ground; brave men, who had fought hard, and gave their sons' best blood to save the old flag, and save the severance of the Union.

The Capitol Park was a very animated scene on that day, and was literally filled with soldiers and people, all bent upon having a good time; and many were the old stories told over again, of how hard-fought battles were lost and won, and the hardships, privations, and sufferings at Bull's Run, Gettysburg, and other blood-stained battle-fields were recounted again and again to old cronies, separated for years, but brought together to-day from distant States, in company with the few of their old comrades left. All were at the steps of the magnificent capitol to bow their uncovered heads as the salute sounded once more to a torn and battered flag which was to be sacredly taken care of and revered within the capitol walls.

It was a grand time, this storing of the battle-flags, and it was joyful and sorrowful to witness those brave officers and men, all intermingling and fraternizing after long times of separation in their different localities and avocations of life, once more brought together, perhaps for the last time, as many were aged and bowed in form; but all stood erect, when the rataplan gave a salute to the next honorable, bullet-shotten, torn standard, that faintly fluttered in the wind, an emblem of the brave hearts that stood around, also tottering and worn from exposure at that fatiguing time of strife, and from infirmities of age; but still all were able

to hold up their heads and march homeward at the last roll of drums, with the proud consciousness of having done their duty at the call of a nation's honor in jeopardy.

The State Capitol at Hartford.

The magnificent capitol, on its rising ground, seemed to gain renewed splendor from the associations of the day, as the battle-flags were carefully deposited in their final resting-place, as sacredly as if it was a friend being put away to his last earthly resting-place. Any one of my readers, passing through Hartford, should pay the State capitol and park grounds a visit; the building is a superior one, both interior and exterior. The House of Representatives and the Senate Chamber are as finely equipped, as to comfort and elegance, as any on this continent; there are some chaste interior decorations, both figure and ornamental; the floors are made of tessellated pavement, and are beautiful in the extreme. Taken altogether, the edifice is as commodious as it is elegant, and the Hartford citizens may well be proud of their really fine public building, while the whole State of Connecticut may justly be proud of its capitol. The lofty dome of the structure is seen to great advantage in the park, and the stone carvings of the exterior command attention to its merit as fine work of the sculptor's chisel.

Wethersfield Prison, near Hartford, Conn.

On a warm, balmy day of June, 1879, the writer, in company with a friend, visited the above-named prison for the State of Connecticut. The courteous warden showed us through this abode of the convicted. On a rack in a corner of the anteroom was a file of loaded muskets, for the use of the officials in case of riot or attempted escape of the prisoners confined within. Also to be seen are numerous implements used by house-breakers and burglars, such as gags, skeleton keys, etc., and the pistol (a small one) is pointed out as the weapon that fired the shot which killed the keeper, Shipman, by Hamblin and Allen; both were then awaiting

execution for that murder; eventually, one was hanged, and the other confined in prison for life; though the primary mover and tempter of the wicked deed, and unfaithful watchman, was allowed to live his life-sentence.

The cells or sleeping places of the convicts are very small, but scrupulously clean, and run in corridors of four tiers; each row of cells has a spring bar, which is let down and closes all the key-holes of that range, when the prisoners have retired for the night, so that no false keys can be used till the spring bar has been removed.

All along the entire length of the building is stout stove piping on either side, warmed by two very large coal-fires, even in that warm June weather, the air being obliged to be kept up to a good temperature, to prevent dampness rising to the walls.

The number of male prisoners lodged in the cells every night was two hundred and sixty-one; the female convicts (located in a distant part of the building) numbered but six. We may here mention that a small force of seventeen officers, all told, appeared a very inadequate strength to control, in the event of a surprise or mutiny, so large a body of lawless men, many of whom had the reputation of having been most desperate characters. The bread, molasses, soups, and other kinds of food shown us appeared very excellent in quality, of which an ample supply is allotted to each inmate.

Passing on to the workshops, we found convicts of all ages, from the almost boy to the white-headed old man, each busily engaged in the occupation of shoemaking in its various branches, under the direction of paid instructors, and likewise under supervision of officers perched on raised seats or small platforms; the prison rules not permitting prisoners to talk with each other, neither to raise their eyes to look at visitors. In one of these shops (it being his first day at work) was the convict Bishop; his wan face, attenuated form, and dejected mien spoke volumes of the hopeless, inward suffering appertaining to a life-sentence for wife-murder by poisoning. The escape from execution of this man is one of the many strange acts of clemency often portrayed by the law authorities of the State of Connecticut.

In all stages of shoemaking these busy criminals work

their ten hours per day, retiring to their cells to bed, and possibly to forgetfulness, at a quarter to eight, evenings; rising to sound of a bell at a quarter to six, mornings; thence to prayers, afterwards to breakfast and the day's labor. Such is the ordinary daily life of the Wethersfield convict, in its miserable routine; and we may mention, whenever any prisoners meet visitors in the corridors, the convicts invariably turn their faces to the wall, and remain in that position till the company have passed; such are the stringent rules.

Various small articles, such as tooth-picks, paper-knives, and watch-charms, made from ivory or bone, are for sale, manufactured by the convicts in their leisure hours, the goods thus sold being for the benefit of those who made them.

Crossing a large, grassy court-yard, we observed a sentinel on duty at the top of its high walls, pacing up and down an enclosed sort of room, watching every prisoner's movement as he crosses the jail-yard; and woe be to the unlucky man who would be rash enough to try for liberty, for a shot from the pointed rifle would speedily end the criminal's miseries.

How gloriously the sun shone that day in the grassy court-yard, but the rays, as they danced in and out of the windows of the workshops, must have appeared as a mockery to those pale-faced workers within, in the hopelessness of their drudging life, in expiation of deeds dreadful to think of in this age of enlightenment. What a strange catalogue of crime presents itself here; men, women, and youths, many of whom, perhaps, in earlier years had a good example at home, now by their desperate and wayward deeds are brought to this pass. Perpetrators of all degrees of crime are here: murderers for money, slayers of wives in fiendish passion, through drinking or jealousy, burglars, coiners, forgers, and the worst of all, the premeditated plotter and poisoner, the last named of whom we will touch as lightly as we can, as it refers to a woman.

Mrs. Cobb (the poisoner of her husband), when we were shown into her room, was industriously sewing, in company with Mrs. Alexander, of Bridgeport diabolical notoriety, and another female criminal. A lady keeper arose as we entered,



but Mrs. Cobb perseveringly averted her face from us, and kept her head down to her work. She appeared a woman of robust health, strong and vigorous in form, — a decided contrast to her guilty paramour, Bishop. Mrs. Cobb has to do her share of washing, ironing, and sewing, and other menial work, the livelong day.

Naturally a feeling of compassion arises for this or any other woman in such a degraded state, doomed to drag out a lifelong sentence, as it were, in a living tomb, with the dreadful thought always in mind of the heinous crime of husband poisoning; the torture of accusing conscience, preying by night and day, must be punishment, indeed, for that criminal intimacy with her convicted companion, Bishop. That a final ending to such lives, so terribly fraught with misery and woe, would be a welcome, one could imagine, to the miserable, misguided, and guilty pair.

On leaving the gloomy portals of this State Prison, one thought possessed us, that of relief to breathe the pure air of heaven once more outside of its frowning walls, and to ponder how differently the fates of those within might have been, had their headlong passions not have lost their balance of good against evil, and to have inculcated in their minds the good precepts of the Redeemer's guidance by leading a righteous, calm, and godly life, so that the anguish of many a broken heart would have been avoided, and many a lost soul saved! Well might the poet say of these unfortunate criminals, whose penitence was sincere: —

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.”

— RICHARD LOVELACE.

The Lady of the Rock, Connecticut.

The legend of this little story is founded on fact; history telling us, in all veracity, of the trials, troubles, and vicissitudes of a noble-hearted lady, named Alice Heath, who, with

her young husband and her father, fled from Great Britain to Connecticut, New England. America, endeavoring to find a refuge from the relentless pursuit instigated against them by the emissaries of Charles II. of England, for the part that this young lady's father and husband played, as two of the judges who assisted at the trial of the unfortunate king Charles I.; though the two gentlemen in question (Gen. Lisle and Mr. Heath) shrank from the task of signing the death-warrant of the unhappy monarch, deeming that dethronement, and not bloodshed, was sufficient.

A brief retrospection may be somewhat interesting to my readers. All students of English history must be able to recall to mind, with especial distinctness, that period in its annals when the persecuted Charles I. drew upon himself the odium and mistrust of Parliament; and London witnessed the unprecedented scene of the trial of a king for treason, before a court chosen from amongst his subjects. Of more than one hundred and thirty judges, appointed by the Commons, about seventy sat in constant attendance. Chief in rank and importance of these was Gen. Lisle, a man of unwavering firmness of purpose, and his opposition to the fallen monarch was dictated by the purest patriotism and religion. His beautiful daughter, Alice Lisle (afterwards Mrs. Heath), married one of the younger judges of the unfortunate monarch, a few days prior to the execution of Charles Stuart, and it is on history's record of the young lady's interview with the stern Cromwell, a few hours before the death of the king by the headsman; her bold pleadings for mercy, on behalf of the fallen monarch, as on her knees she begged long, but in vain; the canting, hypocritical mouthings of religion were in Oliver Cromwell's speech, as he rudely bade her cease her reiterations on behalf of the "Son of Baliol"; that he must die, as the gods had so willed it. The passing over of the sanguinary execution, which was a lasting disgrace to the land which bore the name of England; the great powers given to Cromwell and the Protectorate; his busy, eventful life, so full of the boldness of character, and his endeavors to restore something like order to his distracted country, are well known to my readers. Cromwell's death, years after, soon paved the way for the return of Charles II., or the

“merrie monarch,” as he was termed; but how a son could be joyous and light-hearted a few years after his father had been so unjustly put to death, is beyond the writer’s comprehension. Suffice it to say, Charles II. had energy enough left in him to give the royal mandate for the searching out and punishment of his father’s murderers.

A few miles from New Haven, Conn., was an umbrageous wood in a green valley, surrounded by various rocky hills, of considerable height, rising in some places, one above another, with great regularity, the highest apparently touching the horizon, and the progressive ascent seeming like a ladder of approach to the sky. It was here, in one of Nature’s fastnesses or cavern, that Alice Heath and her husband and father lay hidden for a long time, food being stealthily given the fugitives by kind-hearted relatives. At length, growing weary of the hunted life, Alice Heath went alone on board a vessel to England, to try to obtain forgiveness for her father and her partner for life. She was seized, on entering Great Britain, and immured in prison for sixteen long years, as a hostage for her friends. The king was not acquainted with the fact, — so says the legend, — and when Alice Heath, by the powerful interest of the Duke of Buckingham, at last obtained an interview with the merrie monarch, his Majesty was struck with the lady’s devotion to her friends; and being informed of her strenuous efforts in pleading his unfortunate father’s case before the stony-hearted Cromwell, the king gave at once his pardon to Gen. Lisle and Mr. Heath. The lady’s return to America, with the good news, was in time only to see her father (now an aged man) die peacefully on beholding his brave daughter once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Heath ended their days in Boston; and oftentimes, in the gloaming of eventide, the eventful trials of their young life was a subject between them, of gratitude for some years of peace and comfort; and the sad remembrance of their fugitive career amongst the verdant hills of Connecticut, when Mistress Alice Heath was occasionally seen as a vapory spirit, emerging from the cavernous recesses, causing disquiet to the simple villagers, who invariably termed her the “*Lady of the Rock*.”

Waterbury, Conn., the "Brass City."

Waterbury, Conn., is situated in the well-known Naugatuck valley, and is ninety-two miles from New York, and one hundred and forty-nine from Boston. The city proper contains a floating population of about thirty thousand inhabitants, most of whom are busy workers in the brass manufactories of the town. The great extent of producing articles of every form and shape of needed usefulness in these hives of industry is something marvellous. A long, steady stream of constant workers, men, boys, and girls, may be seen by the hundreds at seven o'clock A. M. and at six o'clock P. M., wending their way patiently to and from their toilsome labors. In passing through these hives of industry, one is struck with the amount of perfected machinery in working order at these large factories, for labor-saving machines are used as much as possible in every way, from the making of the minutest watch movement to the big brass easel or church pulpit and lectern, and in fact all articles needed in elegance or domesticity, of hard and soft metal ware. One of the foremost firms amongst the many brass manufacturers of this city used to be the Matthews & Willard Company, whose business premises were of large dimensions, and whose trade was chiefly in decorative and ornamental hard-metal work. The Waterbury Watch Company is another very busy emporium which the writer inspected.

The places of amusement in Waterbury are not numerous, but enough for the requirements of its population. Jean Jacques Opera House, recently erected, is quite a neat, commodious theatre, and many good travelling companies play here in the season. This opera house is certainly an improvement on the old-time theatrical City Hall, with its hard-seating benches, and boys running around with cushions to sit on for an extra dime, over the dollar seat fare.

The business or store portion of the city, called the "Centre," is located in a valley, or lower portion of the town; while in the upper part of the city are some fine residences, chiefly occupied by the wealthy. The views from the heights overlooking the environs are quite interesting, particularly where the eye catches the silvery streak of the flowing Nau-

gatuck River, in its pebbly bed of granite. Waterbury some thirty years ago was a very different place from to-day, the suburbs of the city being then but mere waste lands. That was before American enterprise built the large mills and factories in the immediate neighborhood. In November, 1886, horse-car operations commenced in Waterbury, and some months afterwards a new element of business extension was carried out, that of the Meriden & Waterbury Railroad Company; and now the two busy cities will be in a manner drawn together by iron bands, and vie with each other in their emulation of good-natured rivalry in trade prospects.

On Monday evening, April 25, 1887, Gen. W. T. Sherman and John Sherman (the senator) visited Waterbury for the first time, *en route* to Woodbury, twelve miles distant, to visit the house of their ancestors, and to look over the graves of their progenitors, buried in the cemetery there. The brothers Sherman, soldier and statesman, looked somewhat alike, the general being the tallest in stature, and most reserved in speech, whilst the financier was inclined to be communicative. Both men showed their age by their worn look and gray beards, but their unassuming mien and gentlemanly bearing soon became apparent to a stranger.

The wonderful career of these two American citizens calls forth a few remarks. The memorable march through Georgia to the sea, during the late Civil War, will ever be remembered as a marvellous military achievement of daring, fatigue, and endurance. Gen. Sherman dashed through the hostile South, accompanied by his brave soldiers, with indomitable courage of trained veterans, though no doubt many poor and weary men fell from sheer exhaustion, but the end was gained — that of glory, as it is termed. And twenty-five years after all this, we behold the once dashing young Sherman, a quiet, reserved, old citizen, on a pilgrimage to the graves of his ancestors. Not many Union generals of the late war remain amongst us. Gen. Grant, the once idol of the army, has gone to his rest, and many other brave soldiers have left us; while the South has lost its Gen. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and other gallant men on their side.

After this digression, we return to our subject. A masquerade ball, under the auspices of the "German Turner

Society," was given in March, 1887, at the City Hall, Waterbury. The writer of these pages had an invitation, and he donned a naval uniform of antique period, accompanied by a lady as a shepherdess, and went through the arduous effort of dancing with suffocating masks on our faces. The effect that evening was very inspiring; the grotesque and comical, mixed up with the sentimental by the various characters assumed, was a curious sort of by-play of the world's ways. The music of the evening was very creditable, and some of the costumes quite elegant.

Being invited to the St. Margaret's College annual school fair, a very pleasant evening was spent inspecting the goods in the school parlors, the tables being loaded with ladies' specimens of fine needle-work, and fine art productions on sale for charitable purposes. The floral bower caused great attraction, by the pretty faces peeping through. At eight o'clock P. M. the audience was ushered into the large school-room of the college, to witness the event of the evening, — the lady pupils undertaking the difficult task of playing Shakespeare's comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing." On crossing the lawn to the door of the main building, we soon found the spacious school-room was utilized for the auditorium, as it were, of a theatre, for the convenience of the hundreds of well-dressed guests of all ages, from the little miss of tender years to the young lady in her teens, who apparently received the admiration of their young gentlemen friends as their just due. The extreme end of the floor had a small stage, with some primitive scenery of woodland, a large archery target, and some lawn tennis racquets. The costumes of the young lady performers were well-fitting, graceful, and elegant, and worn as if they belonged to them. The make-up of the fresh young faces of the girls was very peculiar and somewhat amusing. Benedick and the other male characters of the play were all enacted by the young lady scholars; and Shakespeare would have been pleased to see these assumed young cavaliers in silken hose and doublet, and highly polished boots to their shapely limbs, marching about the mimic stage with graceful deportment; and their fair, rosy faces, embellished with a tiny moustache or full beard, were quite natural, till the voices of the would-be cavaliers were

heard, then the feminine sounds of articulation were easily discovered, and the warm evening necessitated the various lords and noblemen to use the fans very vigorously, thus taking away, as it were, the male genuineness of the characters of the play. Benedick and Beatrice, the leading players in "Much Ado about Nothing," acquitted themselves well, as did all the other young ladies; the only fault, if any, was the selection of so difficult a comedy for amateurs.

The elocution and declamation of the St. Margaret School players showed the training of a master mind in the cultivation of the voice and the gestures at the right time, and reflect great credit to Prof. Russell, the principal of the college, for his teaching of the pupils under his charge, in this extra branch of young ladies' education, and where so much study has to be inculcated in these modern days of advancement and refinement.

The Soldiers' Monument, in Waterbury.

A fitting memorial, erected on the Green, opposite St. John's Church, is the soldiers' monument, in remembrance of the brave fellows who fell in defence of the unity of the Union.

The granite obelisk is surmounted by a colossal figure representing the Goddess of Liberty, worked in bronze. On each plinth of column is a soldier or sailor in full regimentals, in attitudes of defence, emblematical of their will in the endeavor to maintain intact their country's flag.

The cost of the soldiers' monument of Waterbury was thirty thousand dollars; and this tribute of veneration to the brave men of the Brass City (most of whom fell in action) is annually decorated with flowers, and speeches of patriotic character, by selected speakers, are listened to with much zest on the day of decoration.

Ansonia and Birmingham.

Quite a romantic ride of some few miles out of Waterbury is the journey to Ansonia by the railway cars. An almost continuous view of nearly perpendicular scenery skirts the

Naugatuck River for some miles, passing on our route Hill Rock Grove, a very popular resort for picnic parties during the summer season. Ansonia, Birmingham, and Derby are all busy centres of brass and britannia goods, the towns adjoining one another, the river dividing them by its broad, shining expanse of water, free from rocks and eddies, which are to be found at the source of the Naugatuck River. In the more tortuous and narrow streams navigation of even a small boat is utterly impossible for some miles, but as the river approaches Derby, the addition of much larger streams emptying into Old Ocean causes it to be navigable for small steamers and other craft *en route* to Bridgeport and New York. We may add that the water-power for mill purposes is extensively used, where practicable, all along the Naugatuck River and valley.

The Family Cat, "Mitey."

A full-grown feline of unusually large size, of the male species, is a great favorite of our family circle; from a small kitten it has been domesticated amongst us, and grown gradually into the young-tiger-like dimensions of a big cat; its color is tawny and striped, bearing some resemblance to a wild animal. From its very earliest age its propensity for pugilistic encounters was terrible, when attacked or imposed upon; though naturally of a quiet, kind nature at home, yet a perfect demon abroad, and woe betide the unlucky tom-cat that crossed the war-path of our pet and favorite. Mitey has been somewhat of a traveller; born and reared in Meriden, Conn., he was transferred from thence to New York City, where, having arrived but a few hours, he fought and conquered innumerable other felines in quite a scientific manner. Some months later, the animal was brought to New Haven on the day steamer, the writer having charge of his Highness. It being summer time, and music played on the deck, Mitey, in his large basket prison, was placed near the big fiddle, to hear the music, and likewise get the fresh air and sea breeze. When the first tune (a waltz) was being played, the cat chimed in with his solo, much to the surprise of the musicians and the numerous bystanders.

Lately, since his settlement in New Bedford, Mitey has

got somewhat in disgrace, stopping from home days and nights, and having no regular meals; when at last, in obedience to his young mistress's repeated calls of "Mitey, Mitey," his head appears above the back fence, minus a part of his ear, one eye closed and swollen, the fore paws bruised and torn; in fact, his whole air and bearing having a most disreputable look of an old warrior, who has been a long time skirmishing on the war-path.

Mitey is getting on in years now, and cannot show fight with as much vigor as usual, keeps at home more, and dozes



by the fire, with one eye closed and the remaining eye open, on the lookout for any passing enemy in the yard. Quite a number of portraits of the indomitable Mitey, in the various stages of his existence, from the kitten to the matured old veteran, adorn the walls of the house; these life-like pictures being faithfully executed by the young lady artist who owns Mitey, and who always imagines the turbulent old cat can never be in the wrong, in the various encounters with his different enemies of the neighborhood. Dogs and kittens are an aversion to our friend Mitey. When met with, he majestically walks away, as if they were beneath his notice.

One day our parrot got out of the cage, and walked on the floor of the room, where the cat was lying. In an instant, Mitey was on the defensive for a battle royal with the saucy bird, who was continually calling out names offensive to the feline animal. However, after a brief survey of each other, a sort of truce seemed to be entered into, and compromise effected, as they went expeditiously in opposite directions.

The Cat, Kitten, and Mouse, at Boston.

An acquaintance of the writer, who keeps a meat market in Faneuil Hall Square, Boston, lately showed to his friends a full-grown cat, who a few weeks since caught a large mouse, and instead of killing the little animal, as most of the feline tribe do, introduced the nearly frightened to death mouse to a small kitten belonging to the cat. It was a strange sight to witness the playfulness of the mouse and the gambols of the kitten, one with the other, in a deep box, where they were kept; the mother cat with them, looking calmly on, no doubt surprised in her catly way at her own forbearance in not sacrificing poor mousey. One day, however, the mouse by some means escaped from the box, and was away four hours; the cat during that time sat disconsolately on the top of the box, mewing and whining in a way felines do, eventually bringing the little truant from its hiding place; and the owner said, such a fuss of a meeting took place, wonderful to witness, between the old cat and mouse, at the return of the little animal, and they are now better friends than ever.

A most notable story seems attached to the cat (a slate color), who it seems formerly belonged to some ship's captain. Far away in mid-ocean, on a slender raft, this same cat was picked up by some humane sailor, and brought to Boston. Not a vestige of a living being was found on the raft; the cat was the only occupant; where from, and how long she had been there, is a mystery. It may be she resembles Capt. Marryatt's "Snarleyow, the dog fiend," for her reputation at times of vicious temper, in biting and scratching, is proverbial; yet to that helpless mouse at her mercy she was kind and forbearing, though her courage in killing rats continues as vigilant as ever, in protecting her master's property.

PART II.

Tour through Canada.

“As one who looks on landscapes beautiful
Will feel their spirit all his soul pervade;
Even as the heart grows stiller by the lull
Of falling waters, when the winds are laid.”

HAVING long felt a desire to visit a portion of the Canadas, we left the city of Boston for Burlington, passing through Fitchburg, Concord, and numerous other cities and towns on our way to New Hampshire, amidst most beautiful woodland and wild, natural beauty. Vermont, with her chain of snow-clad mountains, whose summits seem to pierce the sky, is a country presenting scenery of a most romantic and sublime character. Some of my readers may be acquainted with the story of the White Mountain Notch, where an entire family of nine persons were buried some years ago, under a landslide from the mountains. On visiting the scene of this catastrophe with a party of gentlemen, we could not help a feeling of awe at beholding the air of desolation that prevailed throughout the valley, and especially about the little farmhouse, once occupied by the death-doomed family of the Willeys. After partaking of some cake and wine at an adjacent hotel, our attendant blew a blast on a tin horn, the sound of which immediately wakened up the echoes from the farther side of the mountain. One of our party remarked that the destruction of the Willey family was a dreadful visitation. “Yes, sir,” said our guide, “that was a pretty *sollum* accident.”

On reaching Burlington, we crossed Lake Champlain in a steamboat, and truly, after the eternal din, racket, and dust of the railway travelling, a quiet, easy passage over the

smooth water was a most agreeable change. American river steamboats, as the reader is aware, have a raised or upper deck, to serve as a promenade for passengers, and commanding a fine view of the scenery through the chain of lakes; so that passing a calm evening on deck, while traversing these waters, is a treat by no means to be despised. We took tea on board, and found the evening meal very refreshing, after the heat, dust, and travel of a long day's journey. We landed at Plattsburg, where we slept; as much, at least, as the mosquitoes would let us; and early next morning once more embarked and steamed across another portion of the lake to Rouse's Point, at which, being a frontier town of Canada, a custom house officer examined our baggage. Thence we proceeded by railway, passing at a rapid rate numerous French-looking towns and villages, reaching at last the south bank of the river St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, to which city we crossed over.

On arriving at this, the chief commercial town of Lower Canada, we were greatly amused to hear the scores of hack-drivers bawling and shouting out, with the power of so many Stentors, the names of the different hotels; while the policemen stood quietly looking on, with a dejected air, as if they but ill relished their occupations. Our party engaged rooms at one of the best hotels, and then sauntered out to see the city of Montreal. The public buildings are not very numerous, the leading edifices being the Roman Catholic cathedral, the English cathedral church, with its lofty spire, a handsome, commodious post-office, City Hall, etc. Montreal has several large market-houses, but one cannot say that the goods exposed in them looked very tempting, by the thousands of flies and insects that hovered around and settled on the wares. The weather, however, was so oppressively hot, that going out in mid-day was almost impossible.

Montreal Carnival Week, January, 1885.

As a slight digression in the season's calendar, we might say that the Ice Carnival, which is now quite an established institution in Montreal, is quite in contrast, as regarding temperature, to summer travelling. The winter celebration

and Carnival for 1885 was brought to a close Jan. 31, so far as the official programme was concerned, by a liberal display of fireworks and colored lights at the Ice Palace. The gayeties, however, were not yet over, for many visitors remained in the city, who found it hard to tear themselves away from the very pleasant associations they had formed during the week. The palace of ice still stood, and would stand for weeks to come; the snow-shoers still went on their merry tramps, and the toboggan hills were in their glory. The next few weeks, in fact, were the very best time in which to enjoy Montreal's out-door attractions, as most of the crowd will be gone, and the bustle and excitement will have subsided. The Carnival of 1885 has been very successful; the visitors were more pleased with the grand wintry sight of the Ice Palace than usual, and the long procession of snow-shoers, skaters, sleighing parties, military attacking and repulsing companies were perfect in their arrangements, and there has been less extortion this year. It is estimated that fifty thousand persons have visited Montreal during the Carnival week; and as they have been accommodated comfortably, it is safe to assume that this recreative sport is growing in favor, and becoming popular; and it also seems to indicate that the authorities at Montreal are getting experienced in handling her great winter festival of Ice Carnival amusements.

Down the St. Lawrence to Quebec.

The tourist when in Canada should take one of the numerous steamers, say from Montreal, and sail down the superb St. Lawrence River to Quebec, the distance being about one hundred and eighty miles. The interest of the trip is often enhanced by the frequent falling in with the huge floating timber-fields of the lumberers (trading from up the country down to Quebec), who, after collecting the logs cut from the forests, at the mouths of the various rivers flowing into the great lake, form them into immense rafts, but capable of division and subdivision, to allow of their passage through rivers and down the rapids and sloping aqueducts, called slides, common on the St. Lawrence between Lake Erie and

Quebec. These rafts have on them sometimes whole families, with their bedding and cooking utensils, by means of which they make themselves as comfortable as if they were at home. It is a curious life of hardship and adventure that these Canadian boatmen lead; and yet they seem always merry and light-hearted; chorusing, as we passed them, their wild

“Hi oh! boatmen row,
Singing down the river Ohio!”

and capering about as if they had never known an hour of trouble. We may add, that at night they always burn beacon-fires on board these rafts, as otherwise they would stand a chance of being run down by one of the numerous steamers passing.

Quebec.

Quebec is situated on a promontory terminated by Cape Diamond, at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers. The approach to it down the river is extremely beautiful,—the rocky heights on either side, the quantities of shipping riding at anchor, the view of the lower town under the cliffs, and the immense masses of timber logs, partly aground, partly floating in the stream, all contributing to give a diversified aspect; while high above, elevated three hundred and fifty feet above the river, bristling with cannon, rises the citadel, which has not inaptly been termed the “Gibraltar of the New World.” The soldiers of the garrison looked like healthy, hardy fellows, and on the writer mentioning the severity of the Canadian winters, the guide in attendance said, “We do not mind it; we have to keep the court-yard clear of snow, which gives us plenty of work, and circulates the blood in our veins, and then on the long, dark evenings we have a bit of a dance with our comrades’ wives and daughters.”

The obelisk, erected by Lord Dalhousie in the castle garden, commemorates the death of the gallant English and French generals, Wolfe and Montcalm, both of whom fell in the memorable battle on the Heights of Abraham, Sept. 13,

1759 ; a battle which resulted in the total annihilation of the French power in Canada.

A little below the Heights, close by the residence and offices of the governor-general, is a handsome terrace, which forms the fashionable promenade of Quebec.

The city is divided into Upper and Lower Town ; the former on the summit of the promontory, the latter on the shore beneath ; besides which, there are two suburbs, those of St. John and St. Roche, where the streets and houses are much handsomer and more regularly built. The houses in the Upper Town are mostly stone, and some built of brick. The old or Lower Town has narrow, dirty, and in many parts steep streets, and buildings of inferior dimensions ; nevertheless, here is the great seat of business, and the river banks are lined with warehouses and wharves, facilitating the lading and unloading of the shipping.

Return up the St. Lawrence.

After a refreshing night's rest at one of the comfortable hotels, where the viands were excellent, particularly the salmon, we bid adieu to Quebec, and once more traversed the noble St. Lawrence. Having resolved to visit Upper Canada, we purchased a through ticket to Niagara Falls, by way of the Lachine Rapids. Some Indians were on board (with their interpreter), most of whom were young men, finely formed, but with repulsive countenances. They had with them a considerable quantity of skins, being in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company as trappers.

• The steamer that received us was a perfect little palace, having a superbly furnished saloon, with velvet chairs and sofas, magnificent pier-glasses, piano, harp, etc., and a well-appointed library of books, newspapers, and magazines ; everything, in short, that the most fastidious traveller could desire. The gentlemanly captain, who headed the well-furnished table, played the host with a dignified ease quite pleasant to witness.

As we are now passing *upwards* towards Niagara, some notice will naturally be expected of the rapids, so characteristic of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. They come

down with such violence, indeed, that some of the worst cannot be overcome by powerful steamers, except with the aid of locks. It is a tedious process, this; we were fully six hours in getting through eight locks; which we had to pass in the twelve miles that these rapids extend. To witness the steamboats passing *down* the rapids of St. Lawrence River, to nervous persons is very bewildering, the locomotion almost exceeding the rate of railway travelling; but the quick-sighted, experienced pilots steer their vessels wonderfully well and safely through the numerous snags (or stems and branches of trees entangled in the stream channel) and the many strong and conflicting currents that meet on these waters.

As we journey along in our vast floating hotel, let us glance around on our "*compagnons de voyage*." A miscellaneous group, indeed, are they; of every class, from the grazier, lumber dealer, commercial man, and tourist, to ladies and gentlemen from the Canadas and United States, in the mere pursuit of pleasure. Various were the discussions of the topics of passing events, which would often lead to high words, and occasionally continue so long that chilly night, far in advance, would warn the debaters to retire to their state-rooms. The Canadians, we found, as a rule, very courteous and intelligent in their explanations to us respecting the agriculture, commerce, and social habits of their country.

Lake Ontario; its Cities and its Thousand Islands.

"And while the vessel swiftly flies
Against the stream — direct his eyes
To rest on beauties which abound,
The rapid river's banks around."

We now entered the beautiful, smooth, and glassy-watered Lake Ontario, the most easterly and least elevated of the great Canadian lakes, though still about two hundred and thirty feet above the tide level of the St. Lawrence. It is about one hundred and seventy miles long, and near its centre about seventy miles broad; while its depth is so astonishing as somewhat to exceed eighty fathoms, or four hun-

dred and eighty feet; twenty feet more than the height of the cross of St. Peter's at Rome! The sunsets on this magnificent sheet of water were extremely beautiful; the shape of the streaks was most peculiar, and the various-tinted colors, blending one with another, gave the effect of a splendid transparency. The lake is constantly traversed by brigs, scows, and schooners, and by large steamers plying between Toronto and Kingston in Canada, and Genesee, Oswego, and Sackett's Harbor in the United States. Its banks are in general level and mostly covered with wood, though now variegated by increased cultivation. On the Canadian side, in particular, the soil is of remarkable fertility, owing to the rotten stumps and clearings of decayed branches and dead leaves from the forests, which combine to form a black, vegetable mould or loam, of profuse richness.

In traversing Lake Ontario, we passed within sight of Brockville, and we also steamed through the group of the far-famed Thousand Islands, which extend in clusters for some miles, furnishing a series of magnificent views—one succeeding another, and keeping the eye constantly engaged in gazing on the rich, variegated verdure and beautiful woodlands, with which most of them are covered. The steamboat companies always arrange to pass them by daylight, so that travellers need not fear disappointment.

An anecdote is told in connection with these islands, of a gentleman, who having engaged in the Canadian rebellion, had to conceal himself here from the troops sent after him, under the late Gen. Worth; and during his long concealment he was regularly supplied with provisions by his heroic daughter Kate, who visited him in her canoe, and has acquired the name of the "Queen of the Thousand Islands."

On arriving at Kingston, we changed steamers for Toronto. The harbor is excellent, having water deep enough for large vessels to lie close to the shore, and attached to it is a considerable naval dockyard. In fact, Kingston is quite a garrisoned town, and has a stronghold named "Fort Henry," and several companies of well-disciplined British troops in its citadel.

Embarking on another steamer, we traversed about one hundred and forty miles of varied river and land scenery,

reached the city of Toronto, and entered the deep, circular bay; this section of the trip taking about sixteen hours. We had very pleasant company on board, including some good lady singers and performers on the pianoforte. Toronto is, on the whole, a handsome city; the streets are regularly laid out, and the houses built mostly of stone.

We again disembarked, to proceed further westward in another steamer, for Lewiston, on the Niagara River, just below the Falls, which town we reached in a few hours, and there found coaches awaiting our arrival to convey us to the railroad depot, from which a short trip by the cars brought us within sound of the Cataract, while we could occasionally see the spray rising like a white mist in the atmosphere.

Niagara Falls.

As respects the Falls, so many persons have written, and so eloquently, on this wonder of Nature, that one almost despairs of any attempt at description; yet as no two writers have ever described them precisely alike, we shall humbly endeavor to record our impressions on viewing this stupendous spectacle.

On first looking at Niagara Falls, one cannot avoid a feeling that we are here within the precincts of God's holy work, the glorious temple of the Great Living Spirit; and the thought immediately following is — how insignificant, in sight of such a work of the Divine Architect, is man and all man's undertakings! The deafening roar of the falling waters seemed to resolve itself into steady, stately sounds of majestic music, louder, grander, and more imposing than could have been elicited from all the organs and orchestras in the world. Of the beauteous spray, one could fill many pages of description. so truly and poetically sublime does it appear, as it rises like a pure white cloud of filmy vapor and assumes a variety of fantastic shapes, ascending high into the atmosphere, every now and then receiving the most lovely and varied tints, as it met the sun's rays.

Cold indeed must the person be, who can gaze on this sublime and stupendous cataract without being awe-struck by its magnificence, and gigantic, indescribable power. Nay,

even when we see the wondrous velocity of the rapids immediately above the Falls, we shrink with apprehension at the thought how soon these waters are to rush down the mighty chasm, and, in part, be dispersed in mist.

Niagara often presents a variety of aspects: for at one time we may see it enveloped, as it were, in, and partly hidden by, the beauteous spray; a moment after, it will shine forth, fully revealed in the sunlight; and again appearing covered with a dense intensity of gloom that gives it the semblance of a wild, tempest-beaten sea. In short, no one can look with indifference on this majestic scene, no one turn from it, without a feeling of gratitude that he has been permitted silently to worship his Creator in this sublime temple of the Almighty power.

As some of my readers, however, may prefer positive facts to moral reflections, we shall here subjoin a few particulars which will give some practical idea of the stupendous grandeur of these Falls. The Niagara River issues from the eastern extremity of Lake Erie, and after forming several islands, one of them twelve miles in length, and pursuing a quite smooth course of about thirty-four miles, is first propelled over a succession of rapids, having a descent of fifty feet in half a mile, and is then precipitated over the Falls, which are divided by an island about five hundred yards broad, perched in the very centre of the cataract, in two distinct sheets of water, one of which, on the Canadian side, called, from its concave shape, the Horseshoe Fall, is six hundred yards wide, and one hundred and fifty-eight feet deep; while the American Fall, on the opposite side, is about two hundred yards wide, and one hundred and sixty-four feet deep; so that the entire breadth of the river, from shore to shore, is about one thousand four hundred yards; and the quantity of water hourly precipitated into the chasm beneath has been calculated at 11,524,400 tons.

The depth of the water, be it understood, is much greater on the Canadian than on the American side; and hence, while the scarcely hidden limestone rocks below the American Fall cause the flood to be broken into foam, the deep-green hue of the billows beneath the Horseshoe Fall is but slightly changed by the crests of foam rising above them.

Lastly, the waters, immediately after their union below the cataract, are again contracted into a stream not more than one hundred and sixty yards wide, rushing through a deep trench, bounded by perpendicular, rocky walls, which have been cut by the action of the waters during the lapse of many centuries.

Some years ago, the narrator, on visiting Niagara, had the curiosity of a young man to inspect the passageway under the Horseshoe Fall. We believe no visitors are allowed down there now, as it is fast closing up, and considered dangerous to explore. A spiral staircase once conducted the tourists under the Fall; flannel and rubber suits were provided us by the guides in attendance; much care had to be taken, for it was attended with some danger, owing to the slipperiness of the rocky ground, from the effects of the spray, and an unlucky false step would precipitate one into the whirling gulf beneath. We were six in number, and the guide directed us to hold one another's hands and face the rock, having our backs to the immense body of the cataract. We had not advanced far, before our breathing became difficult and painful, from the rarefaction of the atmosphere, and though the falling water in some parts drenched us to the skin, still we were in a profuse perspiration.

We walked very slowly sideways for some distance, till at length one of our party was reported to be fainting (not the writer), whereupon the guide instantly called upon us, with stentorian lungs (barely heard, owing to the roar of the cataract), to halt, and return sideways, as we had advanced without turning round. It was a curious and bewildering sensation, being directly under so many thousand tons of water; and when we gave a confused and timid glance upwards, we had a strange and mingled fear and reverence, at beholding the mighty watery avalanche. The rushing sound of the Horseshoe Fall is indeed most terrific, when heard in close proximity to it; and when we emerged from the narrow opening, we felt truly thankful, in spite of all the majesty of the spectacle, that we had escaped unharmed from under the "Horseshoe."

As the best, and indeed only simultaneous, view of both the Falls is to be had from about three hundred yards on the

river below them, a stout little steamer, called "The Maid of the Mist," used to be brought into requisition, during the season of summer, to carry passengers between the Suspension Bridge and the Falls. A trip this way cannot fail of proving interesting, even to those least affected by the sublimities of Nature.

After a short ride of about two miles, stemming the rapid current, we at length came in full view of the American Falls; after which we were boldly steered to the very mouth of the Horseshoe Cataract; whence, after satisfying our curiosity, we emerged from the enveloping rainbow-gilded spray, and then the pilot skilfully steered us back on our homeward way. The magnificence of the scene, as the gallant little steamer passed through the filmy vapor floating around us, can only be appreciated by those who have witnessed its grandeur. Water-proof dresses are provided on board for the passengers, and many a merry laugh rings from the young men and maidens, as they survey one another in their india-rubber disguises.

The Niagara Suspension Bridge.

This stupendous and wonderful structure, which spans the rock-enclosed river about two miles below the Falls, was the work of the well-known American engineer, Mr. J. A. Roebling, of Trenton, N. J. (of the East River big bridge fame, New York). It is suspended by wire ropes, forming a single span of eight hundred feet, and has two floors, the lower one for the ordinary traffic of horses and teams, also foot passengers; that above for railway trains. The main cables, to which the wire ropes are secured, are fastened by massive iron chains, sunk from twenty to thirty feet into the native rock, and rest on cast-iron saddles, placed on the tops of the towers on either side. These cables, of course, are extremely strong, for it is no uncommon occurrence to see a train of heavily loaded freight cars, covering the entire bridge from end to end. To construct any other kind of bridge over this deep and rapid stream would have been almost impossible, and the enterprise was regarded as a complete engineering triumph.

Casualties at Niagara Falls.

One day, during our visit, glancing over the then wooden bridge which overlooked the Horseshoe Fall, a boatman came up to the writer and observed: "Could this bridge speak, what fearful tales it might tell! I well remember," said he, "a party, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and little daughter, with a male friend, who were looking over this bridge, as you are now. Well, sir, this friend, in the exuberance of his delight at the splendid sight of the waters, caught up the little girl, saying jestingly, 'I will throw you over'; when the child, startled by the sudden act, leaped out of his arms into the whirling rapids beneath. Instantly, the young man, whose recklessness had caused the accident, jumped into the rushing tide with the intention of saving her, but in vain — they were both precipitated over the Horseshoe Fall. The body of the girl was found, with the head frightfully crushed between two rocks, about a couple of miles below the cataract. The young man's body was never found. Alas, sir," said the tender-hearted fellow, "this calamity shed a melancholy gloom for weeks over the neighborhood."

"And well it might," thought the writer. The sufferings of the parents must have been beyond expression, when they beheld their darling child whirled about in the eddies of the terrible rapids, and after giving, perhaps, one last look, and uttering one half-stifled death-scream, was borne over the cataract, and parted from them forever. Yet not forever, let us hope; her sainted soul doubtless awaits in heaven a glad reunion with those from whom she was, by so dreadful a visitation, severed on earth.

Farewell to Niagara Falls.

The time which we had resolved to enjoy the wild glories of Niagara having come to a close, we took a last, lingering, fond, farewell look at its fascinating waters, and thought of those beautiful words of Charles Mackay:—

"Mighty Niagara, whose voice we hear
Bursting in thunder, loud, sublime, and clear,

Thy glorious waters, like an ocean hurled
 From the blue heaven to overflow the world,
 Fill us with wonder, as we stand afar,
 Humbled to think how small and mean we are;
 And as they rush, and foam, and burst, and roll,
 They speak high language to the awe-struck soul."

Captain Webb's fate at Niagara.

In the death of this noted diver and swimmer, the world has lost one of its most rashly brave men. The venturesome hero, who buffeted his weary way across the English Channel to the French coast, and accomplished many other feats, at last falls an easy victim to the vast rapids of America's rushing waters. It almost seems as if poor Webb became like some of the famed generals of old, who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer; and our brave swimmer and rescuer of lives, after doing unheard-of trials of strength and endurance in the water, must needs try to wage war against the great rapids and whirlpools of Niagara. The death-plunge was made in July, 1883, before a small number of incredulous spectators; the deed seemed to be done in defiance of railway companies and hotel-keepers, who tauntingly said that Capt. Webb did not *mean* what he proposed doing. The finding of the body, mutilated and bruised though it was, became a matter of solace to the bereaved wife, and a source of great satisfaction to the deceased man's friends, as reports began to be circulated of the adventurer's landing and hiding somewhere, for a monetary sensation.

Since the death of Capt. Webb, many foolhardy leaps and plunges in the rapids of Niagara have been attempted, with various results; the most notable of all, up to the present date, September, 1889, — and said to eclipse all the others, — were Graham in his barrel and Steve Brodie in his rubber suit, both of whom claim to have gone over the Horseshoe Fall, and were picked out of the seething waters in an insensible condition.

After leaving Niagara Falls and its attractions, we proceeded by the New York & Erie Railway (Albany branch), eastward. The first and largest place at which we stopped, on our way to Albany, was Buffalo, a busy lake port and

commercial *entrepôt*, with a large population and vast, increasing trade; and we afterwards passed through Rochester, Syracuse, Rome, and many other towns, arriving at Albany in the forenoon. Albany, as most of my readers know, is the capital of the State of New York, and one of the oldest settled cities in the Union. It stands on very uneven ground, rising from the right bank of the Hudson to the height of more than two hundred feet, and is, on the whole, a well-built city, having, among other public edifices, a Capitol, at the top of the principal street, and near it the City Hall and State Hall, the first and last of which are the seats of the legislative and executive authorities of the State of New York. The railway and Hudson River traffic between Albany and New York City is very extensive.

Saratoga, and its Visitors.

To have been so near Saratoga, and yet not visit it, would be like presenting the play of "Hamlet," omitting the character of the royal Dane, especially as it was the very height of the fashionable season. A pleasant ride of some thirty miles took us to the place, which is charmingly situated in a champaign country, skirted by hills, intersected by streams and lakes, and presenting occasionally some very beautiful, romantic scenery.

Historically, Saratoga claims an interest as being the place near which, during the Revolutionary War, Gen. Burgoyne and his troops were obliged (Oct. 17, 1777) to surrender to Gen. Gates, the American commander. Its present celebrity and popularity are due to the saline and chalybeate springs in the vale just below the town, the waters of which are in high repute, both for renovating the over-taxed or inert system and curing many descriptions of inveterate disease.

Fine hotels, with beautiful attached gardens, and numerous excellent boarding-houses are to be found here. From July to September a living stream of persons visit here in the season, including many of the *élite* of wealth, fashion, and beauty, from every part of the Union, besides many of every grade of rank and variety of character. In fact, at Saratoga the traveller may see the strangely characteristic and strongly

contrasted features of the whole country brought before him at a single view, and study the varying characters of different States under singularly advantageous conditions. We question, however, whether any other continent could produce a larger assemblage of well-dressed and polite-mannered men, or a brighter array of feminine beauty, than the salons and gardens of Saratoga. The ladies of the South, like their sisters of the North, are in most part celebrated for their symmetry of form and regularity of features.

Return to New York, down the Hudson.

On our return to Albany, we took passage in one of those fine floating palaces, propelled by steam, which navigate the Hudson River, between that city and New York. This river, called "The Rhine of America," is constantly traversed by steam vessels, and tugs conveying small craft. Its length up to Troy (six miles above Albany) is one hundred and fifty miles. Its breadth, near Albany, is rather less than a mile; but below the heights, called "The Palisades," it widens considerably, and is nearly three miles wide at its entrance into New York harbor. As for its scenery, nothing will surpass the beauty of the landscapes presenting themselves on either side of the banks — lofty, bold-looking mountains here; round, well-wooded hills there; and anon fertile valleys stretching for miles upon miles on either side of the stream. In fact, the eye never tires of such charming prospects as these. Hither retire the wealthy, the learned, and the fashionable of America; nor can we conceive a more delightful abode than one of those elegant and picturesque villas which dot its banks.

The calm retirement and the sylvan beauties of this romantic neighborhood make it indeed a most welcome retreat, equally for the retired, wealthy citizen, the successful poet, and the true lover of Nature; besides, the constant passing up and down of the many steamboats and shipping gives a liveliness that adds not a little to the charms of this beautiful river.

New York Revisited.

In the earlier sojourn of the narrator to the Empire City, many years ago, New York was a more primitive city than at the present time. To explain the rapid growth of this bewildering metropolis of 1,700,000 souls (in the census of 1890) would certainly fill a volume of its own; and as many competent writers have already graphically described the emporium of all nationalities, in its progress, suffice it to say, we shall briefly confine ourselves to what came immediately under our notice, between the periods of the first and second visits to this country. The palatial steamers plying from Fall River through the Sound to New York are so well known that a description is superfluous, except, as it may be, on a crowded evening, such as the writer of these sketches witnessed, New-Year's Day of 1884, when friends were returning to their city homes, after visiting their country cousins in New England. All the state-rooms were sold, days before sailing; consequently, sleeping-berths were in great demand; the remainder of the passengers had to lie on mattresses on the saloon floor, or quietly doze in arm-chairs and lounges all night. Not being able to get a state-room, a berth was secured in time, the middle one of a tier of three. A tired man can congratulate himself, on finding a resting place at last; soon, however, a climbing sound was heard, of a person reaching the upper berth; and as the unwieldy body attempted to lie down, the narrator's alarm began, and sleep was almost out of the question; for every time the heavy, fleshy man in the upper sleeping compartment moved restlessly, in changing his position, the lath supports of the narrow bed strained, bulged, and bent, as if the big creature's weight would assuredly break down the couch on the alarmed sleeper below. However, drowsiness overcame the fidgety passenger at last, the lath slats returned to their proper place, and the danger was over.

But as the noise of the machinery, and the smell of the supper and breakfast preparations are not very conducive to sleep, weary as one was, we thought it best to arise at early morn and made for the deck, stepping over sleeping wayfarers in the saloon. We may add, that a trip in the mag-

nificent palace steamer "Pilgrim," in the summer time, is enjoyable; the huge vessel is colossal in size, elegant in all its appointments, and with electric lights everywhere, state-rooms included. The cost of this magnificent vessel must have been immense. The band of the steamer discourses sweet sounds on the balmy air, those pleasant evenings in the season.

To return to our rambles. On gaining the promenade deck, and fresh, pure air and breeze, we found we were approaching near "Hell Gate," a well-known rocky section of the East River, the danger of which is every year becoming less, by the skilful engineering of blasting the rocky beds and widening the channel of this great commercial river highway. Soon innumerable lamps began to appear in the long streets near the river's edge, most of which were the renowned electric lights, some of the wharves having the same powerful luminaries; and when we sailed past Castle Garden a perfect blaze of electric orbs appeared in circle, all around the landing stages connecting therewith; the sight of this modern innovation of years ago seems to strike a beholder very much. The thronged thoroughfares, Broadway and Bowery, and other prominent business streets, share their appreciation of this wonderful luminary of modern times; all is bright, of a steely, sepulchral look, where light is needed, while the side avenues are almost in darkness, from the reflected old style of gas and oil lamps, the contrast being very noticeable. All the principal public buildings, large hotels, and newly erected theatres, utilize, where they can, this modern light of electricity.

In company with friends, we spent many pleasant hours at the first-rate performances given at Union Square, Madison Square, Standard, and Wallack's theatres, while the better class of instrumental music-halls seem to try to outdo each other in their really excellent concerts and decorative buildings of amusement.

While on the subject of opera, Col. Mapleson has the last few years done much at the Academy of Music and elsewhere for the better elevation of singing and operatic instrumental performances. Such a brilliant array of names of first-class singers as Madames Marimon, Gerster, Marie

Roze, Annie Cary, Minnie Hauk, Patti, Nilsson, Leblache, Emma Nevada, Scalchi, Fursch-Madi, etc., with Signors Campanini, Ravelli, Nicolini, Gassier, Giannini, Serbolini, and many other talented artists, added to which a full and efficient chorus and splendid band of nearly one hundred instrumental performers, under the able leadership of the conductor, Sig. Arditi, — speaks volumes for the rich treat of classical operatic music the New Yorkers and other large cities of the Union were blessed with, during the four winter seasons. Col. Mapleson kept his word with the directors of the Academy of Music, when he said he would bring the best available talent in the world to this country; the truly fine voices of the artists have been heard to the echo by many thousands of all classes, who nightly testified their appreciation of these operatic performances, and justified by their plaudits the success of the enterprise.

The new innovations of modern times to an absentee from New York are the elevated railroads; trains drawn by smart little engines run every few minutes throughout the day, and on Third Avenue all night. The rush and turmoil of this elevated transit is bewildering to a non-resident of a large and bustling city; passengers can scarcely get in or out of cars with safety, when the signal is given, and the panting locomotive is off again, a few blocks further, to the next station; in fact, it is all commencing and stopping. The system of air brakes must be very forcible, for the whole of the cars will be in full motion, one moment, then as suddenly come to a dead halt. Some sad and fatal accidents happen occasionally through this indiscriminate hurry and bustle. Great as the conveniences are to the suburban residents, one almost questions whether the remedy is not worse than the disease, when we see really fine properties in a manner sacrificed by the near proximity of the unsightly, elevated stanchion roads; and then the horrid noise, night and day, of everlasting, passing trains; added to which, the red-hot cinders occasionally dropping down on the sidewalks, as it is on the Bowery elevated railway, is enough to sicken some people of modern improvements.

The Sixth Avenue elevated railway takes the traveller from the Battery, down town, to 155th Street, up town, for

the fare of five cents. Having a call to make up town, we went the whole extent of the Sixth Avenue line of elevated cars to 155th Street, then changed to another company's cars across the bridge over the Harlem River. On alighting at the depot of High Bridge, we walked up the steep incline on to the high level of the bridge, from the summit of which we had an uninterrupted view of the still water of the frozen river for miles, as it lay, calm and still, in its icy bed; for it was January, 1883, when everything was frozen far and wide, and the curious stillness of all craft, steamers and sloops, embedded, as they were, in the icy embrace of this favorite stream, was peculiar. The contrast of these chilling surroundings on this cold morning was very great, when one remembered having sailed on the Harlem River, the previous Fourth of July, when the tidal stream was literally alive with passenger boats, excursion steamers, sailing craft, etc., of all sizes, and the air resounding with the laughter and joyousness of the holiday makers; but in midwinter, except for the merry sleigh-bells of the distant teams, the stillness and solitude that pervaded this lonely but beautiful locality was almost deathlike. As the poet properly says:—

“No noise is here, or none that hinders thought;
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed;
Pleased with his solitude and flitting light.”

East River Suspension Bridge.

Crossing from New York City to Brooklyn by ferry-boat, the traveller has a fine opportunity of viewing one of the greatest engineering triumphs of the world, — the connecting link between two great and rising cities, by its famed suspension bridge. This really stupendous undertaking is a remarkable structure in its great vastness and power. Most visitors to New York have seen this marvel of modern times.

The big bridge was formally opened on May 24, 1883 (the birthday of Queen Victoria, as it happened), by President Arthur, assisted by Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, Mayor Edson, of New York, Gov. Cleveland, and quite a procession of aldermen, common councilmen, and other civil magnates of both cities who took part in the opening ceremonies. Over

a million of people are supposed to have been present on this auspicious day. The original architect and engineer was Mr. John A. Roebling, of Trenton, N. J., who met his death by an accident, and was succeeded by his son, Col. W. A. Roebling, who, with a staff of engineers, carried out the colossal project. Thus the day for which Brooklyn and New York had waited so many years, was fully realized, with every success. The hundreds of thousands of persons who have passed over the bridge from 1883 to 1890 can testify to the magnificent promenade, driveway, and cable-car road, and the superb panoramic view of East and North rivers, with their ever-moving marine parade of vessels from all climes. In the six years of storm and sunshine the big bridge has stood all tests of weather, a remarkable tribute to the skilful engineering staff.

As the East River suspension bridge becomes a "nine days' wonder," we shall ever remember the pluck and energy of the promoters of this vast work, in the achievement of the truly bold and costly enterprise, who, amidst innumerable obstacles, have conquered forthwith. Fourteen millions of dollars, it is said, the bridge cost, and about eighteen years' time was required for its construction, as the work of the approaches from both sides of the river were of great magnitude, and the dangerous labor of sinking caissons, building towers, and stretching cables was a consummation of a work the world has seldom seen, for magnitude and for splendid engineering skill, aided by a band of sturdy employees of first-rate courage and daring. The eminent divine, Rev. De Witt Talmage, has lectured very oratorically of this bridge.

The three days' celebration in New York, in April, 1889, to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as President, will long be remembered by New Yorkers and the myriads of visitors assembled to witness the colossal parade of troops, naval brigades, secret societies, and trades processions of miles in length, taking seven hours to pass a given point. The festivities commenced with a naval review of men-of-war, down to the miniature steam-tug with its shrill whistle, — vessels of all sizes formed in line. President Harrison, assisted by Ex-President Cleveland and Governors of States, all did

homage of inspection to this pageant and those of following days. The New York and Brooklyn policemen had an arduous time of it in trying to keep the swaying crowd in order. The decorations of flags and bunting were very profuse all over the city, and the hotel-keepers and others reaped a good harvest during the celebration. It would be a difficult task to calculate the innumerable glasses of lager beer that were consumed on those fatiguing days; but the week's loss of business must have been serious items to many struggling merchants and store-keepers, as trade, except that of eating and drinking, was totally suspended.

The city of Brooklyn at last census, June, 1890, gives 800,000 as its population.

New York Churches.

During the writer's stay in 1882 of some twelve months in the Empire City, he had full opportunities of visiting the various churches therein. Among so many sacred edifices of every denomination, with their vast array of eloquent preachers, it would be invidious to select any special one out of its number as paramount to the others; suffice it to say, a few words about two or three of the most prominent of the Episcopal and other churches may not prove uninteresting to my readers.

Trinity Church is a fine old architectural edifice, situated in the lower part of Broadway (a few hundred yards from the magnificent block of buildings, the New York post-office), and presided over by a very able and estimable divine, Dr. Dix. Easter Sunday and Christmas Day are gala times in "Old Trinity." A sight not easily forgotten is seen here on those particular days of religious rejoicing; the altar and chancel are literally embedded in flowers and sacred decorations; thousands of well-dressed people crowd up all the aisles, avenues, and approaches, the pews, of course, being inconveniently filled at an early hour; and as the mob of sight-seers sway hither and thither, in their efforts to get a foothold in the edifice, the grand, swelling sound of the magnificent organ is heard, and the distant voices of the white-robed choristers chanting from the sacristy, as they walk in

procession of twos to their places in the chancel, when the full melody of their fine voices is heard to advantage, accompanied by the powerful strains of the organ; it is an occasion of great feeling and religious fervor. The large overflow gathering of worshippers remain patiently in their standing position, listening to the eloquent preaching of the pastor, Dr. Dix.

Before the morning service commences, the sonorous tones of the fine chime of bells is heard on the above-mentioned days to much advantage, and they pour forth with their iron tongues a glowing melody of sacred song, with much sweetness of expression, reminding one of years gone by, when the distant church-bells of old English towns and hamlets used to burst on the biographer's ears, while strolling along the banks of the river Thames, near Oxford or Eton colleges.

Farther up Broadway, near Union Square, is Grace Church, quite a superior, Episcopalian denomination, very genteel church, and exceedingly English in many of its ways, and most of the congregation are very rich. Grace Church has had several munificent bequests left by the aged members of this edifice, some of whom seem to vie with one another as to how large a sum can be expended on new church vestries and similar enlargements and improvements. Many of the worshippers' carriages and fine horses, richly caparisoned, with the well-clothed attendant coachmen and footmen, in their long overcoats, all obsequious to their rich employers, are thoroughly "London" in the upper classes. Also the driving up to the church doors, with a dashing pair of bays curvetting and prancing, the footman jumps down from the box seat, opens the brougham door, and stands immovable till his master or mistress disappears out of sight, shuts the door with a bang, rejoins the coachman, who whips up his horses to the neighboring mews of Murray Hill or elsewhere.

But let us follow the owners of the equipage into the vestibule of Grace Church, where we observe the word "silence" conspicuously placed on the walls of the entrance hall; and certainly a solemnity seems to reign supreme in this sacred place, with its fine architectural proportions and artistic stained-glass windows, and quite a subdued light within. A choir of four voices, a very superior quartet,

supposed to be as good as any in the State, are here, and the singing of the soprano was indeed splendid; also the other three singers in their particular parts were equal to any church soloists to be met with. Where there is good sacred singing, one invariably finds excellent organ accompaniment; such was the case in this place. The rector, Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, is well known to New Yorkers, and many others outside of the Empire State, as a gentleman of great eloquence and ability; his fine intonation and modulation of voice are irresistible; added to which, his commanding presence, in or out of the pulpit, carries his listeners with him in his brilliant discourses of religious teaching. On Saturday, Oct. 20, 1883, such an assemblage took place in Grace Church as is seldom witnessed in our plain times of church history, to behold the consecration of the Rev. H. C. Potter to the office of Assistant Bishop of the diocese of New York. The ceremonies were very imposing, and participated in by forty bishops and over six hundred clergymen. Such an array of ecclesiastics was enough to turn the head of the young, newly consecrated Bishop Potter, by the sight of so many surpliced brethren.

New York Catholic Cathedral.

Among the many fine church edifices in the metropolis, the lately erected Catholic cathedral is perhaps the finest in America. The architectural beauty of the whole building is almost unsurpassed on this continent; the expensive and artistic masonry work of figure cutting must have cost immense sums of money, while the interior is most gorgeous in design and decoration; the beautiful arch and groined roof, down to the tessellated pavement, were all in keeping with the sacredness and solemnness of the structure. We observed many very fine paintings, some of great size, executed by old and modern artists. The afternoon vespers being about to commence, our party were courteously conducted to a pew, where we listened to a very excellent and sensible sermon by the officiating priest, interspersed by some good singing by the choristers, aided by a band of instrumental musicians and some other singers from the gallery. This cathedral is

worthy a visit to the stranger in the city, and also its being situated in one of the leading thoroughfares, up town, and adjacent to Central Park, commends its attractiveness; for the pleasant walks and drives in and around the park are charming in fine weather. The beautiful green verdure of the grassy lawns is seen to great advantage here, while an inspection of the menagerie of all kinds of animals and birds is also worthy attention.

New York Confidence Men, and their Victims.

The writer of these rambles recently having occasion to visit New York, will, as concisely as possible, relate an experience with two confidence men, as a warning to others who may travel around. Though an occasional visitor to New York, yet one's appearance must have attracted these would-be sharpers. On emerging from my hotel, satchel in hand, and passing along City Hall Place, near lower Broadway, a pleasant-spoken, smiling man accosted me, and said, "How do you do, Capt. Shaw? I am so glad to see you," and other fulsome compliments. Now, as I never had the honor of holding the rank of captain, I smiled, and said my name was not Capt. Shaw, and that he was mistaken. The fellow declared he was not mistaken. I indignantly and foolishly fell into his trap, by saying, "My name is not *Shaw*, but *Pairpoint*, of New Bedford." Then the stranger was very profuse in his apologies for his mistake, bowed and left me. I had forgotten the encounter, when some quarter of an hour afterwards, in quite another part of the city, a taller stranger rushes up to me, smiling and beaming, calls me by name, shakes hands, and inquires how all were in New Bedford, how business was, and that he once lived there, and would I oblige him by taking some samples of cloth to New Bedford to friends of his. As he pleaded so strongly, and seemed so earnest to do business, I finally consented to take the samples; but lo, he had not them with him; they were at his office just *around the corner*! Before I had realized the situation, he had stopped a horse-car and we both entered, as it was raining heavily. My good-natured friend paid the fare for both of us; and then, as if an inspiration came over

me, I thought rapidly and with some consternation, "I am in the hands of 'confidence men'; and once in their clutches in some saloon den, my life will not be worth much, unless I freely give up all my money at the mockery of a game at cards with other confederates of the gang." Quick as thought I returned the ten cents to the fellow (for car ride), who, in a faltering voice, as he apparently saw "his little game was up," asked, "Why pay me?" Rising from my seat and fronting him, I answered, "If you want to know why, I will tell you; but advise you not to ask a second time." Stopping the car at once, in a loud tone of voice, so that the other passengers could hear, I inquired of the conductor if he knew the man who sat next to me. He answered, "No." "Anyway," I said, "do not let him out for a few moments, for if he follows me, I will have him arrested." I alighted, and pursued my way unmolested, yet with some misgivings of being waylaid by some of the confidence thieving crowd.

I take the liberty of recounting this experience to my readers of an attempt in broad daylight at extortionate robbery by a gang of men who, when successful, fatten on their victims by this system of confidence extortion, when in the villains' power.

A more suave, polite-appearing class is scarcely to be met with than these scouts of a den of thieves, who infest all large cities, and waylay the unwary. Having travelled extensively, the world over, I do not know how I came almost to fall into their net by giving my real name. As a warning to others who might commit the same error, never hold converse in any way with strangers in or on the street, nor be tempted to say who you are; otherwise, ill-usage, drugging, and robbery, or perhaps worse, might be the result from contact with these eyesores of society, who live in laziness all their days, from the pockets of their occasional prey.

Coney Island, 1882, 1883, 1889.

This favorite seashore resort, situated a short distance from New York City, differs materially to-day from what it was twenty-five years ago, when quiet family people would

journey there for the fine sea bathing and fresh sea breezes. What changes are there now! Certainly, the bathing and breezes remain, but all comfort of seaside quietude is gone forever to those of steady-going habits.

In the place of a few unassuming cottages of years ago, colossal palace hotels now reign supreme, with miles of avenues and pleasure grounds; bands of music are attached to each hotel, and sometimes they number as many as sixty performers. Gilmore, Levy, and other eminent soloist musicians are there in the course of the season, with their respective bands; the enormous expense for music alone to the hotel proprietors must be a very heavy item of expenditure, but the business done no doubt compensates for the outlay. Coney Island is a great place for a day's excursion, and many thousands of persons from the adjacent cities, in the hot season, avail themselves of this cool, breezy, gay place, enlivened as it is with every amusement the heart can desire. But to stay at the hotels, as myriads do every summer, must be tiresome; the noise and turmoil of so much pleasure seeking becomes very wearisome and monotonous in a short while, except to the fast, giddy young men or women who frequent Coney Island often.

The miles of long stretch of beautiful sandy beach is unsurpassed, and will always be the same to the lovers of bathing, for Nature cannot be altered; but the wonderful transformation of a quiet retreat, in times past, to a summer's carnival of pleasure, is almost surprising in its change.

Early in September, 1889, great havoc was done Coney Island by a fearful gale of wind and surf, lasting several days, and in part destroying the hotels and Manhattan Railway by its great violence.

Jerome Park Races.

This fashionable resort for running races is much patronized in the season. Situated but a short railway ride from New York, it is a very pleasant spot for such recreation. The same as in England, most of the racing here is by saddle-horse running, with jockey riders in appropriate costume of silk jacket, velvet cap, short pants, and top boots

completing the costume of the little men in miniature who bestride the thoroughbred colts.

The excitement and risk of the flat and hurdle races is sometimes attended with sad results; though the owners and book-makers of the high-mettled steeds do not care for the fatalities of flood and field, so that their favorite horses do but win by getting first place, and they can pocket the betting proceeds.

We witnessed, while there, a dismounted jockey, lying lifeless on the green grass, thrown violently from his horse, while racing at break-neck speed, till the poor, excited animal threw his rider to the ground by stumbling, then recovered itself, and at once, with the instinct of being first at the judges' stand, dashed wildly on, riderless, around the course, till stopped by the grooms.

Jefferson Market Police Court.

Strolling into the above place one afternoon, a case of unrequited love was made manifest. A young Creole girl preferred the charge of annoyance against a young man a few shades darker than herself. She told the magistrate how she had been subjected to much annoyance by the persistency of the prisoner following her about wherever she went, and wanting to walk with her. In answer to the complaint, the young mulatto said they were once engaged to be married, but lately Juliana had refused his addresses, and tried to shun him, but he loved her so, he could not live without her. The kind-hearted justice tried to make a reconciliation between them, but the dark-complexioned lady would not listen to the magistrate's conciliatory words, and turning her back on her devoted admirer, exclaimed, "I never would have him as long as he lived!" The Court, finding his efforts unavailing to make peace and reunited love between them, told the ardent young dorky that the penalty of annoying the girl was to be sent to jail for one week, as a lesson to him, and to cool his ardor in running after young girls who cared nothing for him. When the magistrate's decision was given, the tears streamed down the dusky face of the would-be lover with such painful force

that the justice relented, by sending the girl away first, and finished up by giving poor weeping sable "Romeo" a reprimanding and dismissal, with the full promise never to annoy his Juliana again.

Among the many curious robberies in New York City, one was told the writer, of a young woman of an unfortunate class, who, on going into a liquor saloon at night for some cordial, stupidly took a roll of bank bills from out of one of her stockings. The idle, thieving ruffians, who hang around bars, opened their greedy eyes at the sight of the girl's money; they speedily followed her to a lonely street, then violently seizing her by the waist, threw her bodily into an empty ash-barrel (head foremost), so that the thieves could the more readily rob the poor miserable woman of the money from its hiding-place.

Some friends and the narrator were coming home late at night from a grand masquerade ball, and passing through one of the side streets, between Broadway and the Bowery, in the gloom and shadow, a few yards distant, we beheld three men. One was quite drunk, and propped up against the railing of a house, while his companions were busy robbing him, without violence, however. As we hurried towards them, the highway robbers ran different ways; and as we passed the intoxicated man, we heard him exclaim, "What are you doing to me? Leave me alone!" So much for drunkenness and saloon companions, to be robbed and fleeced almost under the shadow of the police headquarters.

A newly appointed police magistrate in New York City, some years ago, combined a small business as bronze manufacturer with the meting out of justice. One day, one of his workmen, noted for irregularities, was brought before the justice for the misdemeanor of drunkenness. The magistrate, of course, pretended not to know the delinquent, and gravely gave the prisoner a severe lecture of reprimand, and inflicted a nominal fine. Even this small amount the defendant did not possess, but sat in a dazed sort of way within the enclosure of the court till the money was forthcoming. Towards the end of the day's official business, the justice, wiping his glasses to go home, apparently for the first time noticed the trembling and penitent workman sitting there,

and severely said, "What do you want here?" The half-sobered man replied, in a nervous tone, "I have not paid my fine, your Honor!" The administrator of the law paid the money, and with much pretended-harshness exclaimed, "Get out of here!" The now really sober man was not long getting away, down street. What a pity it is, the wretched appetite for strong drink! This trembling and abject creature was well known to be a thoroughly good mechanic (often the case with drinking-men), and situations with excellent wages were freely offered to him, without avail; he never could work steadily, the result being a chronic state of hard-up in money matters, invariably winding up with penury and misery, and, if possible, worse than that.

The Summer Sanitary Corps of New York City.

Forty-eight physicians and two female doctors, recently appointed by the Board of Health, started on their mission of mercy to alleviate suffering humanity on the sunny, scorching 1st of July, 1890. This corps of the medical fraternity, under the guidance of the sanitary commissioner, inspect the tenement districts of the sick and poor during the heated term of July and August, visiting, counselling, bringing hope and life to thousands of needy families. Few cities have a better organized or more generous charity than this, a charity which the poor and lowly may all accept without any false notions of independence. We all know what the side and back street miseries of large cities, like New York's overcrowded tenements, are like; squalor, indigent poverty, neglect, and suffering and other causes produce much sickness, particularly among the young and helpless. The laudable system of distributing circulars in English, German, and Italian, giving simple instructions for the treatment of sick children, is a humane benevolence worthy of imitation by crowded cities generally. The physicians thus appointed, in their mission of good work, receive at the rate of one hundred dollars per month.

The census men of 1890, having completed their task of enumeration of the United States, state the figures amount to 64,000,000. This nation, which at the struggle for inde-

pendence some three generations ago, was hardly 3,000,000 strong, now outranks in population all the great powers, excepting Russia. This marvellous and rapid growth of population and progress is in a measure the outcome of the constant influx of cosmopolitan emigration, in conjunction with American enterprise.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Central Park.

Numerous are the visitors and residents in New York who neglect the opportunity of visiting the above-named Museum of Art, either through the want of knowledge of the gems contained, or some other cause. The pictures by old and modern masters in the eastern galleries are worthy many hours' attention, and are such as to engross the artistic taste of student and connoisseur alike, in the excellence of the many talented paintings produced. Among the names of artists of distinguished ability may be mentioned those of David Teniers, of the Flemish school of old masters, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Peter Lely, of English renown of ancient masters; while France is ably represented by the wonderful modern works of that famed artist, Meissonier, and the celebrated "Horse Fair" picture of Rosa Bonheur. The galleries of modern sculptures in the hall are well worthy of close attention; the statuary therein exhibited are very interesting products of the sculptor's chisel, while in the rooms devoted to artistic silver and bronze work there is much to charm the connoisseur in metals, wrought out with great manipulation and skill by the cunning hand of man into such beautiful shapes and of fine design in embossing and chasing. Porcelain, in every variety of shape and color, is also exhibited here in the galleries, of which the eye never wearies of its many beauties.

Near by the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the building devoted to Natural History, and to all lovers of natural science a sight is here worthy of much admiration, from small insects to the largest quadrupeds in Nature, which are in well-preserved condition, and arranged in classified order of their species.

American Peculiarities.

In American small towns or cities the custom is somewhat peculiar, in regard to their houses. In many cases, when a visitor calls, the initiated scarcely ever makes for the front door in asking admittance, but invariably goes to the back or side door, which is generally left unfastened. The front approach, or best entrance, is hermetically sealed by being bolted and double-locked; consequently the bolts and bars



get rusty from every-day want of use, — so much so that when a novice or a caller ventures up the front steps and rings the door-bell, there is much turning of keys, and a general wrestling of unused, rusty locks is the result; and a look of chagrin from the housewife to the bold invader, for breaking the spell of closed doors. What the motive is, it is hard to say, unless it may be to protect the parlor carpet from muddy boots, or perhaps a gladsome ray of sunshine might dart into the sanctum and spoil the furniture.

Another peculiarity in some country towns is, that a stranger may pass through streets of houses and never once see a living form in the front part of the dwellings. It resembles a village in a state of seige; window shutters closed in barricaded sorts of rooms, excluding God's blessings of air and light. But the economical housewife would exclaim, "My best carpet from the sun and dust must be saved, and in the winter the cold must be kept out." All the domestic business of an American home is generally transacted at the back or side doors of the house; and perhaps it is a piece of impertinence of the writer to question such ways.

Meeting an American acquaintance, with very blackened face, we inquired the reason of the soot. He replied, "I have been *wrestling* with a stove." From the term, one would imply that a pugilistic encounter had taken place; not so at all; the stove needed a thorough cleaning with black lead, and had, in the figurative language of our friend, to be "*wrestled with*"; because, one would suppose, the stove did n't like it. Then again, that old bone of contention between husband and wife, the refixing of stove-pipe, when more harsh words are used on the occasion than any since the pair were united in wedlock.

In due time the house-cleaning of spring and fall comes around in American homes, and it is something wonderful to behold; the busy matron enveloped in a large apron, the female help clad in the same way, with a turban also on her head; and both mistress and maid make a clear onslaught on the devoted home, on a certain day; every carpet is taken up, and every picture taken down; the bedding hung out of the window; everybody cross and ill-tempered; babies, if there are any, always crying amidst the confusion of sweeping, scrubbing, window-cleaning, etc.; in fact, everything is turned topsy-turvy. Then a thoroughly true housewife, when she has made everybody miserable and herself worn out with the periodical house-cleaning, sits down and has a good cry; but a reaction at last takes place; the carpets and furniture are allowed to be replaced, and the poor, chop-fallen husband is permitted to come home in peace once more, till the next six months is up, and then the cleaning goes on again. The cleanliness and thriftiness of American homes are worthy

of imitation by other countries; if ever so humble, the abodes in America are invariably neat and cleanly; the best is made of a little, oftentimes, and the houses are never slovenly. In truth, the wages earned in this country are sufficient to secure and keep good homes, if the husband is a temperate and industrious person, and the wife a willing helper.

The mania of weighing and being weighed is quite an institution in the United States amongst all classes, from the rich land-owner down to the poorest artisan; all have the infection; it is practised on the new-born baby, a few hours old, and goes on from the school-boy and school miss in their teens to the decrepid old man and woman. If a summer's vacation is on hand, a rush for the scales is made by both sexes, to keep account how much flesh is gained or lost during the holiday trip; if a headache or toothache occurs, the weighing business is again in requisition; if some persons are sick twenty-four hours, and the scales are to be got at, the balance of probable loss is calculated with minute exactness. On Saturdays the school-children copy their elders, and have their picnics in the weighing line, to the annoyance of the family grocer; the youngsters trotting around the neighborhood, in and out of every store that keeps Fairbanks's standard or any other weighing machines; and when thoroughly tired out, go home, report their condition of so many pounds more or less than a week ago, and then make an inroad into the Saturday's baked beans; and try by that means to recover their status of weight, if any is lost.

Of the observances of most American funerals, the usual custom is to give notice by newspapers or otherwise of the death of the deceased, and relatives and friends are invited to the house of mourning on a certain day; religious services are generally held at the residence of the departed one, and all the formula of a mixed gathering takes place. People from all parts come; some who never knew the deceased, but wish to be present, perhaps to hear the death-lesson inculcated, or more frequently from morbid curiosity; women with shawls and dresses of every variety of color, red feathers and green veils on the bonnets or hats; in fact, no semblance of outward mourning or woe is notice-

able; the corpse is viewed after the clergyman's remarks, and the sight-seers go away, satisfied with having done their duty. Some of the old ladies (regular attenders) boast of how many funerals they attend in a week, and seemed surprised that others do not follow the same example. This reminds the writer of an anecdote, several years ago, when *hanging* was prevalent for minor offences in England; one friend met another, inquiring why the other was not at the execution lately; the friend replied that he "seldom went to any hangings now, — in fact, he scarcely took any kind of pleasures lately."

Whether it is the nature of the climate of America, or force of habit that cannot be controlled, or something else, it is difficult to say what causes such unpleasant expectoration from so many males and females in this country. One might almost imagine this vast continent a suffering multitude of persons afflicted with catarrh. Nothing can be more unfortunate than an affliction of this kind (whether real or imaginary, is left open to doubt). Not only young people, but their elders practise this disagreeable habit of coughing, expectorating, and spitting the day long, and then go for that panacea of all cures, the water-faucet. Fifty times a day, or more, is the incessant demand made on the water-supply tank, for those supposed to be suffering with catarrh, or those idly-disposed ones, just to pass the time, listlessly waiting, while a quantity of water wastes away, to get a glass or two of the cool beverage. When one enters a hotel dining-room the obsequious waiter speedily brings a glass of water, however cold the weather may be. Ice-water, of course, is used in such large quantities during the summer season, as oftentimes does more mischief to the stomachs of the imbibers than the worst kind of rum they could swallow; competent medical authorities have proved this. It is far from the writer's intention to recommend strong liquors, except when strictly necessary in cases of sickness; but much safer drinks than ice-water, to pour into overheated bodies, are lemonade, tea, coffee, barley-water, etc., to assuage one's thirst with, and satisfy the yearning for something liquid, in the hot season of the year.

Another curious feature here, amongst the young men

generally, occurs whenever a theatrical performance (or show, as it is called in country towns) takes place. When the amusement is over, a long file of men and boys in line fringe the edge of the sidewalk, their motto being, one would suppose, to see and be seen; also stare ladies out of countenance, make all kinds of remarks, good, bad, and indifferent, to those who emerge from opera house and concert hall. Even church-going folks do not escape being looked over, for the *young body-guard* is always on hand, and ever on duty in all kinds of weather, to watch their victims, oftentimes for slander or criticism. Why this *standing abuse* is passively submitted to by pastors of churches, and allowed by the police authorities, is a mystery to many, and an enigma to others; the sidewalks should be swept off, and kept clear of such ill-mannered people.

Still another; a most peculiar notion some young men have, in storm or sunshine, is that of hanging or loafing about the most public street corners, and during evenings loitering in doorways, staring females out of countenance as they pass by, chewing and spitting on the sidewalks most offensively, making the promenade at these corners far from pleasant. The police sometimes make a faint effort to stop this nuisance, but in a mild sort of way, truly in such a manner that the idlers still exist, and the evil continues. A Saturday night's promenade in most towns is something remarkable. Stores are open late, and a constant flow of pedestrians is kept up; young men and girls do the "go as you please" walk till their limbs ache, and then they dissolve (like the witches in "Macbeth") into thin air to their habitations.

While on this subject of peculiarities, and with all due deference to Americans of every class, one word on the item of dress (men's dress, of course). Without doubt, the majority of citizens of this country are better clad than any other nation in the world; the skilled artisan of this continent appears invariably well dressed, and bears comparison with others in different countries; the circumstances of better paid wages gives the resident mechanics here a much fitter opportunity to dress well; they can afford it, and they have the good taste as well as the means to do it; and we find

the new-comers from the other side of the Atlantic speedily fall into the same views; discarding their old-fashioned coats, with rounded shoulders, for others of American cut and style, though that sort of style is somewhat overdone. A Yankee, full dressed in a winter overcoat, if he is ever so *thin* and *spare*, will look a goodly sized man, in the big garment of innumerable paddings; the coat shoulders are wadded and padded, and stick out like a soldier's epaulet; and it is very ludicrous sometimes to observe, while walking behind these lay figures in an overcoat, the different movements of the arms; for as they move up to the shoulder, that part of the limb remains stationary, as it is encased in a bed of padding, giving the moving individual an appearance of one of Mrs. Jarley's wax-work figures, on the rampage, just wound up for the day. A notable feature oftentimes with young Americans of both sexes is, that they seem invariably to have *gone to school* with almost every one of their acquaintances who is mentioned in their hearing, a peculiarity quite common among all classes.

"Surprise Parties" in America.

Surprise parties in the United States are an institution entirely its own. A number of friends arrange together to have a good time at a certain person's house, who is supposed to be surprised, and whom most of the conspirators know. Music is provided and refreshments of all kinds are generally very liberally brought by the ladies of the party. The band of surprisers meet at an acquaintance's residence at a stated hour; then the little procession pairs off, each person carrying a pot of beans, a pie, or basket of eatables; they march to the victims' dwelling, burst in upon them, and take possession of the house or tenement. Then comes the fun. A number of the lady visitors put on clean aprons, and attend to the culinary department in the kitchen, preparatory for supper; others go in for music, dancing, and flirting; while some of the ladies and gentlemen of the party appear as if they were carved out of stone or wood, so inanimate are they; sitting listlessly yawning, and staring at one another; seeming to take no interest in anything, and utterly wearied with

the surprise business. The master or mistress of the house, whether they are surprised or not, always endeavor to pretend they are, and bustle about good-naturedly, making everybody welcome to their home. The writer of these sketches has spent some very agreeable evenings at these gatherings, in the pleasant society of kind friends and acquaintances.

The Hack Office.

Idlers at the hack office are a curious mixture of transient and stationary humanity, something between the barbers and shoemakers — shop gossips; the livery-stable sanctum is the great emporium centre of attractive outpouring of thought. From early morn till dewy eve the news is gathered in from far and wide of people's doings, in the city and out of it; any passers-by are swiftly chronicled, criticised, and looked over by the idlers, who seem to spend most of their existence in lounging around the office and barn of a livery stable, lazily reading newspapers, spitting, chewing, and occasionally enforcing their arguments in low, coarse language, and sometimes comparing notes of disparagement on other men's horses, in or out of town. The proprietors of livery stables are generally a decent set of hard-working men, who would be glad to get rid of their daily pests (the barn-idlers), who hang about the hack office like an incubus. When industriously inclined for an odd job, they make an effort to drive, being too lazy to pull off their coats and work at a trade like a man, but prefer to fritter away their time amidst the close odors of a stable. What on earth is the attraction at the hack offices? Is it the fondness for horses? If so, why not imitate the dumb creatures, and work, like them, for their living; if, on the other hand, it is sheer idleness, we cannot envy their choice, shut in a little room, a few feet square, inhaling the unwholesome atmosphere of stale, reeking tobacco, or probably giving and taking coarse jokes, not in a very commendable manner. The regularly employed drivers and hostlers at livery stables look on with contempt at the "loafers," who seem to be always in the way.

American Sewing Societies and Festival.

These associations, somewhat peculiar to the United States, consist of companies of ladies, who elect from their own body a president, secretary and other officers, their praiseworthy object being to assist the poor by the labor of their nimble fingers. The members each subscribe so many dollars annually, to form a fund for materials, charitable gifts, etc. Meetings for business are held weekly, and the sewing work is performed at the houses of all the members in turn, and sometimes in the parlor of the church to which the members of the society belong. This is unquestionably a good institution to assist the poor; yet the ill-natured have denounced some of these gatherings as mere coteries for gossip and scandal of their neighbors. Be this as it may, these societies are exceedingly creditable to the female portion of America, on account of the sympathy and aid they furnish to the poor, gladdening the hearts of the desolate by the timely gifts of clothing in the severe seasons. These societies occasionally give a grand fête, or fancy fair, to help the exchequer, when the gentleman friends are invited to assist in the business arrangements.

The writer had the pleasure of serving as one of the committee, and was much struck by the profuse liberality of the townspeople in bringing gifts in aid of the festival, such as cakes of every description, tarts, hams, tongues, pumpkin pies, artificial and natural flowers, fancy ornaments, etc., and other presents to grace the counters of the fair traders in the bazaar. Several gentlemen, mostly clergymen, addressed the meeting on the subject of temperance, and the evil consequences of its opposite.

We may here mention an ingenious Yankee device for drawing the dollars from the visitors' pockets. Independently of the stalls for the sale of fancy goods, a miniature post-office was erected; a gay-looking structure, adorned with flags and flowers, looking indeed more like a beautiful boudoir than a post-office; to serve at which, a pretty young lady was selected as post-mistress, in order to attract the young gentlemen, and induce them to inquire at the office for letters. The fair president of the mail then asks them the

name of the letter inquired for, and other young ladies are inside, acting as clerks, who quickly write the name given on the envelopes of the letters, which are handed to the applicant on payment of fifteen cents. Should the young gallants offer a larger coin, he seldom gets any change, as the object is to receive everything, give back nothing. The insides of the letters contain bits of poetry, feigned lovers' epistles, moral maxims and a variety of subjects suitable for either sex, the missives for ladies and gentlemen being carefully kept apart to prevent confusion.

In later years, sewing-circles are getting more in the spirit of the age, about once in every two weeks. Young people are invited to these social gatherings; the girls are supposed to assist the elder ladies in sewing, but their eyes are more often fixed on the entrance door, the later hour in the evening being the advent of the young men escorts, who claim they come to fetch their sisters, cousins, or nieces home; but we are inclined naturally to believe that the young gallants' object is to carry home some one else's sister, other than their own, by the sitting apart from the older ladies at supper, and playing off the flirtations that old and young are mostly so fond of under the shadow of the church, and in the presence of the good-natured pastor and his wife, who look smilingly on at the turtle-doves.

Drinking Practices in America.

“ ‘Drink, drink,’ the demon cried;
‘Away with care and sorrow;
Be happy while you can to-day,
And never mind the morrow.’ ”

The bar-rooms, or saloons, in the United States, differ materially from those in England, for few of them have a vestige of a seat, however tired a person may be. Yet the license authorities in Boston, 1890, have established the law that bar-drinking shall be abolished, and every applicant for a dram must be seated at a table, and the beverage brought to him. And though they have loads of bottles, liquors, and cigars, there are few attempts at show and splendor, at any rate in the Eastern States, that

characterize the Western States and some parts of Europe. When two friends meet (particularly in large cities) and shake hands, the first words after the welcome universally are, "I guess we'll liquor," or have a drink; then adjourn to the bar. If brandy or whiskey be the stimulant called for, a bottle, containing perhaps a quart, and nearly full, is handed to the customers, with a couple of small tumblers, into which they pour what they please; and as there is no fixed limit, a greedy dram-drinker may regale himself to his content at low cost. The more general custom in these bar-rooms is just to cover the bottom of the glass with the liquor, gulp it down, and then cross over the road to some other dram-shop, to get another dose, and so on; the price of each drink being ten cents for liquors, and five cents for lager (and of course the charge is more at hotels); thus enabling those who wish, to get drunk at a small expense; for the American liquor, be it remembered, is considerably above proof, and very fiery and impure. As for good liquors, they can, of course, be purchased at a certain price, but only at the best and most respectable hotels. It were, undoubtedly, much to be desired that the bad habit of dram-drinking should gradually diminish in operation, for it prevails among all classes of the community, and entails much misery and privation to wives and poor children of drinking-men.

There is a peculiarity in American bar-rooms that would be well worthy of imitation in other countries; never, scarcely, does one see a woman enter them, either as an applicant for drink or to serve behind the bar. We do not, of course, mean that women there do not partake of the inebriating cup (whether beer or spirits) at all, but very seldom are those disgusting scenes of female intoxication and debauchery seen on the streets of American cities that are daily occurrences in London and most of the great towns throughout the British Empire. When such habits are indulged in by American women who are abroad, it is not at public bars, but when they are sitting quietly in oyster and other so-called saloons, protected by curtained partitions from the public view; and granted, even, that this shows a bad state of morals, females do not incur that loss of self-

respect which would result from their exposure in the garish brilliance of an open English bar. Also, there are none of those pretty, well-dressed, showy, and coquettish barmaids, who are too often employed as a lure to attract liquorish-toothed elderly and young men, who often spend hours in chatting to and flattering the girls behind the counter — the chief object of whose graciousness and amiability is to bring grist to their employer's mill, and laugh in their sleeve at the dangling gallants.

Country Boarding-houses.

The boarding-houses of America, especially in country parts, are matters of necessity to a single man; in some villages and towns there are neither hotels nor restaurants, so that he has no alternative. Different customs prevail in establishments of this kind, but when the rate of payment is generally high, it is rather hard to be compelled to eat whatever a landlady may choose to provide, whether agreeable to the palate or not, or whether one be sick or in health. Nevertheless, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, which never alter, the arrangements cannot be changed; and, therefore, at first we felt this mode of living somewhat tiresome, though one gets used to it, after a time, and could relish apple or pumpkin pies for breakfast as well as the best of them.

The private boarding-houses, in pleasant families, are agreeable enough; but when a boarder is daily reminded by a stingy proprietress of the high price of provisions, or some family squabble is reproduced at the dinner, one is apt to leave it with any but agreeable impressions.

At one of the houses where the writer resided, we had an old landlady about whose dinners there was a peculiarity quite the reverse of pleasant. At a stated time, say twelve o'clock, all the boarders were supposed to be in their places at the dinner-table; but the old lady, the presiding genius of the house, and her husband also, would insist upon having the dinner served up half an hour previously, in order to supply to each individual his or her portion.

The idea was capital, and a master-stroke of economy;

but the result unhappily was, that we always had a cold dinner, which is anything but agreeable. Yet the boarders submitted to this martinet's whims without a murmur, fearing to be unpopular with her, if they interfered.

This same lady was quite a character, in her way, for she devoted herself with especial diligence to the reading of newspapers. Her depth in this sort of knowledge was immense; and with such skill in political lore, that she could fully sustain an argument on any subject, however great the opposition, rocking her two-hundred-pound body, meanwhile, in her sturdy rocking-chair, and laying down the law so loudly, and with such strong emphasis, that she soon drove her opponents from the field.

One more anecdote respecting her, and we have done. The sultry, hot days of July and August threw the chronicler into a low fever, during which, I must in justice say, the old lady attended me with great kindness. One day, however, I was feeling worse than usual, having no relatives in the township, and being despondent and lonely, which doubtless was portrayed in my looks; when, perhaps for the purpose of cheering the patient, this Job's comforter in petticoats observed, "Young man, it would be a great pity, I guess, to have to bury you so far away from your friends!"

While on the subject of boarding-houses, let us observe that a great deal depends on the boarder making himself as agreeable as he can to the host and hostess, as well as to the other guests of the house; for a sour-tempered person will find himself subjected to a thousand petty annoyances. In many families with whom we have resided, we can speak in the highest terms of praise, both of their general household arrangements and individual kind attentions.

Divorces in America.

Divorces on the American continent are alarmingly on the increase, particularly in the New England States. Competent authorities say, in this section of the country as many as "two thousand families are broken up, every year," as the practical result of the free-and-easy facilities of procuring divorces. It is no uncommon sight to witness a mere girl-

wife, sometimes the mother of one or two children, called a "divorced woman," and oftentimes she seems proud of the appellation; though invariably the young wife has to return home to her father and mother, or perhaps has to go back to the old drudgery of workshop or mill, which she thought she had escaped from, by marrying a good and kind husband. If her friends are in a well-to-do position, the "divorced wife" becomes an inmate of the old home, and lapses into a sort of domestic eyesore. The husband, be he young or old, feels that he is a free man again, can flirt with other women, and the world smiles benignly on. He dreams of his late marriage as a kind of nightmare, from which he has so easily escaped; never thinking of the young girl, in the bloom of her youth and freshness of her early life, who gave up all for him, left a good home and kind parents—for what? for a few months of mockery, called marriage; the sacred bond which is as easily annulled and broken as it was made.

What is the cause of divorces? The answer given, sometimes, is desertion, neglect, cruelty, incompatibility of temper, and many other causes, the chief of which is deception one towards the other. A young couple will court a few months, arrange to marry, and in many cases the man will tell an untruth as to his earnings or his position in life; the honeymoon is scarcely over, when the wife finds she has made a great mistake in marrying; she is no better off than when she was single; she cannot even dress so well now, out of her husband's small pittance of wages, as he is not a steady man, which she finds out to her sorrow, and the moody wife feels keenly the disappointment of her early discouraging life. The husband, quick at discernment, soon perceives the coldness of his spouse, and the estrangement once commenced, soon culminates into a separation or divorce. Or it may be that the right pair have not come together; one may be better educated than the other, their tastes and habits perhaps totally different; and the spectacle of a refined, cultured woman being linked to a coarse, illiterate man is enough to make a reawakening and a craving to be free again. Or a frivolous couple may marry after a few weeks' courtship, tire of one another in as many months, rake up a

quarrel, and relatives on both sides advise a speedy divorce. This is the sad sight one sees every day in New England, the section of the country where it is supposed the inhabitants are better taught in the world's way of deportment and learning than the West and South; and if the number of schools and churches in the Eastern States were of any avail to keep the holy words and sacred ceremony of matrimony before one's eyes, then indeed marriage laws should be looked upon as a serious, religious compact to be inviolably respected, and not ruthlessly trampled on, as it is every day of our lives. What an example to the rising generation which is growing up, with their quick ears and sharp eyes, so eager to learn of the scandals and divorce cases heralded in our daily journals! The young men or maidens soon pick up the levity of learning how to get rid of a bad bargain, when their time comes in the marriage line. The moral effects of such training are radically bad, and if not checked by the Legislature in some way, the consequences will be that the holy bond of matrimony will be held by some with as little respect as among the savages, out West.

The eminent divine, Dr. Dix, of Trinity Church, New York, in his late lectures on marriage, alluded most strongly to the great and increasing evil of divorce. He stated some unpalatable truths, and pronounced some principles that cannot be set forth too often nor too strongly. He dwelt with all the abhorrence of a man of keen moral sensibilities upon the rapid increase of divorce, and the peril to society which it indicates. He spoke in withering terms of the record New England has made, calling it "the centre of this moral cess-pool." And with a divorce rate of one to every fourteen marriages in Massachusetts, one to every eight in Connecticut, and figures almost as bad in the other States, it must be confessed that his burning words are deserved. Dr. Dix thinks that marriage is coming to be looked upon as a civil contract, and no more. "The notion," said he, "that marriage is only a civil contract, terminable, like other such contracts, at the pleasure and convenience of the parties, is and must be in the brain of every advocate and approver of divorce." The lecturer went on to say, in his vigorous style, that if the New England States go on with the alarmingly

increase of divorce, he declared, in his opinion, "we are not much better than the Mormons."

His deductions may be unpalatable, but the operations of the divorce laws in the Eastern States prove there is much truth in what he says. A persistent movement to obtain uniform divorce laws in all the States is about the only legal remedy which would have any efficacy. Such discussion of the question as that given by Dr. Dix is of vastly more benefit, because of its educational value, than any legislative enactment, that is raised above the convictions of the people.

"Life is like a game of chess — each one holds his rank, according to his quality; but when the game is over, kings, queens, and knights, and all the rest, are thrown into one common box." — *President Grevy.*

PART III.

By Steamer, from Boston to Baltimore.

ON leaving Boston Bay, one is much struck by the picturesque beauty of the numerous little islands which dot its surface, and shine in the sun's rays, looking like patches of gold, which became more brilliant as the fiery circle went down, and all except their own crimsoned tree tops were immersed in the gloom of fast-approaching night. The sun, indeed, as seen at sea, either when it rises or when it sets, is a sight of exquisite beauty, of which a landsman can scarcely form any conception, until he sees it declining, like a radiant ball of fire, and finally dipping below the horizon, leaving the vast expanse in the gloaming of night. Such was our first evening; but during the night a most unfavorable change took place, materially subversive of our personal comfort; for the rain came pouring in a vast deluge, and the wind blew in fitful gusts, and gave every indication of a rising storm; for Cape Cod is always considered a rough coast, at all seasons of the year. On retiring to my state-room cabin for the night, a fearful headache and nausea attacked me, with the usual accompaniment of seasickness; and truly the writer wished himself anywhere but in the narrow bed, listening to the howling of the wind, feeling the vessel pitching and tossing, as she battled with the elements, groaning ever and anon as though in pain, when a huge wave gave her a more than usually powerful broadside. This trip of some five hundred miles to Baltimore is very pleasant in fine weather, but quite the reverse in a gale of wind. After passing Cape Cod, which has such a world-

wide reputation for its fishery, and Cape Henry, farther south, we next passed Smith's Island, and finally entered Chesapeake Bay and the Patapsco River, reaching the busy city of Baltimore at early morning, not a little fatigued by the buffeting we had endured in the sea trip from Boston.

Baltimore, "The Monumental City."

Baltimore is a city of large and increasing dimensions, having some twenty years ago a population of about 140,000 inhabitants, while to-day the census estimate of June, 1890, presents a population of 437,000 souls. Thus the Monumental City in a quarter of a century has more than trebled its rate of living humanity, and steadily grown in commerce and favor.

Baltimore has many obelisks and landmarks, foremost among which is the Washington Monument, a marble column one hundred and sixty-three feet high, surmounted by a colossal figure of that distinguished general. The view from the top of this eminence is most magnificent, looking on to the adjacent towns and villages as they lay extended like a map at our feet; while on one side the majestic ocean rolled in calm grandeur, and on the other, the fertile, well-planted country presented to our view a panorama of no ordinary kind, extending to a distance of many miles.

The city of Baltimore some years ago had forty churches, of all denominations, and six large markets, well supplied with meat, fish, and vegetables. Much fun and amusement were created, at seeing crowds of colored people catering here for their masters or mistresses. When a colored girl meets a colored man, they bow and courtesy to each other half a dozen times, and then comes a series of giggles and hand-shakings, interspersed with questions about Uncle Johnson, Cousin Jackson, and numerous other darkies of their acquaintance.

In the hotel (the Maltby House) where we stopped, there was some fun caused by the hilarity of the colored waiters in playing jokes on one another, when out of sight of their employers, and after the work of the day is over. One poor fellow was beaten by a brother darky about the head with a

broom, till his skull sounded again, and, so far from resenting it, he seemed to treat it as an excellent practical joke.

Baltimore has extensive railway communication with all the most important cities of the Union; among which is a branch line of thirty-eight miles to the federal capital of the United States. It is along this line that we shall now conduct the reader.

Washington and its Capitol.

This celebrated city stands on an elevated point of land, formed by the confluence of the Potomac and Anacostia rivers, and covers some ten or twelve square miles, with streets regularly laid out, crossing each other at right angles, while several broad avenues and well-planted gardens connect the different parts of the city. The public buildings have all the splendor becoming a great nation. The Capitol, which is wholly built of marble, is one of the finest senate and congressional houses in the world, and cost a fabulous sum of money in building. The ground on which it stands is elevated seventy-three feet above the Potomac River, and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country; and the building covers an area of two or more acres, having a frontage of three hundred and fifty-two feet, surmounted by a central dome one hundred and twenty feet high; besides which, there are two smaller cupolas at the termination of the wings. The entrances on each front are approached by long and wide flights of steps, above which are handsome Corinthian porticos, leading to the rotunda, immediately under the dome. The approach to this hall is adorned with sculptured figures of "Peace and War"; events in the struggle of the white man and the Indian; the Pilgrims Landing at Plymouth; Capt. Smith delivered by Pocahontas; Penn's treaty with the Indians; and lastly, a noble, colossal statue of George Washington. It contains, likewise, in the large circular dome, panels of some good paintings, on subjects connected with American history; as "The Landing of Columbus in 1492"; the discovery of the Mississippi, in 1541, by De Soto; the embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delfthaven, in Holland, July 21, 1620; the baptism of

Pocahontas in 1613; the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776; the capture of Gen. Burgoyne, at Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777; the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, October, 1781; and Washington resigning his Commission to Congress, at Annapolis, Dec. 23, 1785. All of them are beautifully executed, and the groups of figures so tastefully and naturally arranged by the painter's skill, that the very look of them seemed to carry the spectator back to those scenes of national strife, which caused so much bloodshed between the colonists and the mother country. We need scarcely say that these paintings form a leading attraction to the thousands of visitors who throng the capital during the session of Congress. On the west of the rotunda is the library, with its many thousands of volumes, arranged in arched alcoves; and around the room are three tiers of galleries, the railings of which are of gilt bronze, having a very gay appearance.

In the upper part of the south wing is the Hall of Representatives, a semicircular chamber ninety feet long and sixty feet high, surmounted by a dome, supported by twenty-four Corinthian pillars of variegated and white Carrara marble. The Speaker's chair is raised above the floor and covered by a canopy, beneath which, behind the chair, is the statue of "Liberty," while over the door is another of "History," standing on a winged car, covered with the signs of the zodiac, which are used to form the hours of a clock.

The writer having a letter of introduction to one of the members, was, through his influence, seated amongst that august body, instead of the gallery reserved for strangers. My congressional friend pointed out the leading politicians of the day, as the orators were debating their different views of the question before the House.

The Senate Chamber is in the second story of the north wing, and resembles that just described, except in being smaller, as sixty senators do not require so large a space as two hundred and sixty members of the House of Representatives. This, the superior chamber, is also more splendidly furnished than the other.

My kind companion introduced us to the Capitol grounds, extending over many acres of cultivated gardens.

The White House, at Washington.

The other leading public edifice is the White House, or official residence of the President of the United States. This is a somewhat unpretending stone building, two stories high. The apartments within, especially the largest State rooms, are admirably suited to their purpose, and splendidly furnished. The mansion stands in the centre of cultivated gardens, extending down to the banks of the Potomac.

The narrator of these pages was fortunate in being at Washington in time to attend the President's last reception of the season. On entering, we were received with entire absence of formality, and ushered, along with a stream of visitors, into the State drawing-room, luxuriously furnished, and lighted with numerous chandeliers, which reflected their brilliance on the fair guests who sat around the apartment, arrayed in delicate toilets of every hue and color, tastily contrasted by juxtaposition with the more sombre-colored apparel of the sterner sex. The reception was unusually crowded, and martial music was played during the evening, as the guests paraded around the spacious State apartment.

The President's levee was held in a smaller adjoining room, and as we entered, we were met by the marshal, who, being apprised of my name, etc., introduced me to the President of the United States, who advanced with a polite bow, cordially shook hands with me, conversed for a moment, and we bowed and passed on, to make room for the numbers who were to follow. The President's lady was also present, who seemed much fatigued with the duties of the evening.

During the session of Congress, Washington is a very busy city. All the hotels, large and small, are crowded with members of Congress and visitors from all parts of the Union.

Mount Vernon. — Washington's Tomb.

A steamboat, starting twice a week, some years ago, used to convey passengers to Mount Vernon, the once residence and now the resting-place of the immortal George Washington. The departure pier at the city of Washington was crowded with passengers *en route* to the scene and home of America's.

great patriot. Mount Vernon is situated about fifteen miles from the city of Washington, on the Potomac River.

It was a lovely May morning, warm for the season, and the banks of the calmly flowing Potomac looked bright and beautiful, both on the Virginia and Maryland shores; while the hills in the background on either side seemed, with their dark forests, to set off the light-green trees and shrubberies nearer the river. The prospect, as we glided along the stream, was very enchanting; now pretty, picturesque-looking houses with green verandas and sun blinds, placed in the midst of trim, neatly cultivated gardens, would meet the eye; then thickly planted groves of pines, oaks, and hickories, and occasionally a mile or two of tobacco plantation, producing an amount of the fragrant weed larger, perhaps, than is raised in any part of the world.

On landing at Mount Vernon, and pursuing our road towards the tomb of Washington, it was with no ordinary emotion that we approached so revered a spot; and one could see from the serious looks and silent footfalls of the visitors how great was their veneration for a place made sacred by being the depository of all that remains on earth of America's immortal patriot general, George Washington, and his beloved wife, Martha.

The monument covering the vault in which his remains were deposited (Dec. 11, 1800) is a plain building, being within the grounds attached to the house; and if any one would form an adequate idea of the real but unpretentious greatness of his character, we would recommend him to take a trip down the beautiful Potomac to Mount Vernon, and as he passes through the pleasure-grounds, notice the quiet, unassuming style in which the great general lived when relieved from the cares of the army and State. At the time of the writer's visit, some years ago, the mansion remained much as it was left by Washington; it may be all dismantled now.

The narrator has lately seen the magnificent mausoleum of the illustrious Wellington and Nelson in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, and the crypt which contains the remains of the great Napoleon I., at the palace of Invalides, in Paris, of such solemn grandeur; but the quaint, plain

stone outline of all that remains of George Washington tells its own story in the couplet by the writer. Peace to the memory of the great and good man whose ashes rest at Mount Vernon, and around whose shrine reposes truth and virtue.

A Trip to a Tobacco Plantation.

Being anxious to make some acquaintance with the process of cultivating the tobacco plant, we took the ferry on the eastern branch, with the view of visiting some tobacco farms on the Maryland side of the Potomac River. The following observations, made chiefly on the spot, of the culture and manufacture of tobacco, will, I trust, be considered to furnish some useful information on the subject of the much-used tobacco plant, and its cultivation in Maryland and Virginia.



Tobacco, or tobasco (so called from a province of Yucatan, whence the Spaniards first adopted the name), was originally imported to Europe in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the Englishman who introduced it into Great Britain was the celebrated traveller, Sir Walter Raleigh, about the year 1585; he being the first to introduce the practice of smoking this narcotic plant. When or how its use came into vogue among the Eastern nations is not certainly known; but they have adopted it for several centuries, perhaps even before the discovery of America by the Western nations.

Tobacco is sometimes used medicinally, but its employment in that way requires extreme caution. It is far more commonly used either as a stimulant and sternutatory in the shape of snuff, or as a masticatory, by chewing it in the mouth, or as a sedative vapor inhaled in smoking; and in the last of these ways it is supposed, by many, to furnish innocent and legitimate recreation, when used in modera-

tion. At all events, thirty million pounds of tobacco are annually consumed in the British dominions, realizing for the government a revenue of more than five millions sterling, — a pretty strong proof that the weed is held in high estimation by vast numbers in every class of Britishers. Nay, even the red Indians, in the countries where tobacco is indigenous, consider it the choicest offering they can make to their gods, and use it in all their civil and religious ceremonies; besides which, they deem any compact or treaty made over the calumet, or pipe of peace, as sacred and inviolable. Smoking, however, though the first, is not the only mode of using it; for the juices extracted by chewing have been deemed by some to possess a cordial quality, for alleviating fatigue and hunger (be that as it may, the unhealthy appearance of inveterate tobacco chewers bespeak it as a practice attended with baneful effects to the constitution of man).

Culture and Manufacture of Tobacco.

For the purpose of chewing, the inhabitants of the settlements in the interior of America manufacture it by a very simple process — spinning the leaves, when properly cured, by means of a wheel, into a twist, thicker or thinner as may be required, and then folding into rolls of about twenty pounds each, to be ready for use. In this state it will keep for many years, becoming milder by age. When wanted, it is cut off in lengths for chewing; or broken into small bits of shreds for smoking; or, thirdly, placed in moderately small pieces near a fire, and then pounded or rubbed to a powder for snuff.

The tobacco plant is cultivated in Asia as well as America, but by far the largest quantity sent to Great Britain consists of the unmanufactured leaves exported from Maryland and Virginia, in which States alone about one hundred and twenty million pounds are raised, either for home or foreign consumption — about two thirds of the quantity exported being sent to Germany and Holland.

The hospitable planter at whose house I was staying informed me that I was rather too early in the year (May)

to see the tobacco plant as it ought to be seen by strangers, unaware of the rapidity of its growth; but we shall give the result of his descriptions, adding facts also which I gleaned upon the spot. It appears there are several species of the tobacco plant, distinguishable chiefly by their flowers, and the way in which the leaves are inserted into the stalks.

The two kinds most cultivated are the "Oronokoe" and the "sweet-scented," which differ from each other only in the shape of their leaves — those of the former being larger and narrower. Both are tall, herbaceous plants, of erect growth and noble foliage, rising in their native soil to a height of seven and sometimes nine feet, while the stalk, covered with a green, velvet-textured, clammy coating, is upwards of an inch in diameter near the root. The leaves, which are of a spear-shaped oval, have a dark-green hue, and without pedicles, embracing the stalk by an auriculated base, and grow alternately either side of it, at a distance of two or three inches from each other. The largest leaves are about twenty inches long, but they decrease in size as they ascend, till they are not more than ten inches long and four broad. The leaves, however, in their earlier stage of growth, are not more than six inches long, of a full-green hue, and rather smooth in texture, the roughness and yellowish hue being the result of age. The stalk of the plant is terminated upwards by large bunches of flowers, collected in clusters, of a delicate red hue, with edges, when quite blown, inclining to a pale purple; and these flowers succeed one another till the end of summer, when they make room for the seeds, which are very small, kidney-shaped, and of a brown color; each capsule containing about 1,000, and a single plant producing about 350,000 seeds, which are ripe about September, and when dried, are kept in bags for the following season.

The Oronokoe — or, as the seedsmen call it, the long Virginia tobacco — is better suited to northern climates, as the plant is stronger, and the leaves have a richer fragrance and potency than in the other kind; the sweet-scented, which flourishes mostly in sandy soil and warm climates, growing also with greater rapidity than the former, and being altogether much milder and more agreeable in flavor. Lastly,

the *Nicotiana* is much cultivated as an annual garden plant; for it attains a majestic height, and exhibits a most elegant appearance, with its fine, luxuriant leaves, and large clusters of flowers crowning the summit of each individual stalk.

The best ground for the tobacco plant is a warm, rich soil, not subject to be overrun with weeds; and in Virginia, that most usually chosen is a warm but light, sandy soil, the best situation for a plantation being the southern declivity of a hill, or some spot by a wall or bank, sheltered from the keen winds of the spring months. The plants, however, must at the same time enjoy a free current of air, or else they will not thrive.

The tobacco plant, being an annual, is of course raised exclusively from seeds; and great care must be taken in purchasing the same, for the sowing of bad seed often results in the loss of the expected crop. The good and bad, however, are not distinguishable by the eye; and if the planter be not provided with seed of his own raising, he must rely solely on the honor and principle of the seedsman. The seeds are sown early in April, in beds prepared for the purpose, with warm, rich manure; and in case of frost, after the seeds have begun to germinate, mats must be thrown over the beds at night, supported by poles at such a height as not to crush the infant plant, but again removed soon after sunrise, that the sun and air may exercise as much as possible their maturing influence. This is continued till the plant has attained a height of about two inches, which it reaches in a month from the time of sowing, when the period arrives for transplanting.

The transplanting is done about the middle of May, much in the same manner as we do with lettuce; the ground is carefully prepared for the plant by being ploughed or dug up, and made as mellow and light as possible with good vegetable manure. Great attention must also be paid at this time to keep the earth soft and free from weeds, taking care to prune off any dead leaves adhering to the bases of the stalks; and when the plants begin to flower, cutting off the heads, so that only twelve or sixteen of the leaves may be left to receive the whole nutriment, and thus become larger and thicker. When the tobacco is intended to be a little stronger than

usual, only twelve are allowed to remain; when unusually powerful, only ten or eleven; while, on the other hand, if the planter wishes to have an especially mild crop, he suffers from eighteen to twenty leaves to remain on the stalks. This operation is called "topping the tobacco," and is much better done by the finger and thumb than with any instrument, because with the former, the pores of the plant can be closed up at the time of plucking the leaf, which cannot be done with the latter, the consequence being, that the juices of the plant are impaired.

When the tobacco plant has reached maturity, and is fit for gathering, the stalks are severed as near as possible to the root, this work being usually done a little before sunrise, on days that promise to be fine. Thus far accomplished, they are placed carefully on the ground, and there allowed to remain exposed to the sun throughout the day, or, at all events, until the leaves have been entirely *wilted*, that is, made limber and flexible, so as to bend any way without breaking. Should there, however, be heavy and continuous rain, when the plants get ripe, they must be cut down and housed with all possible despatch. The places in which they are thus sheltered are barns or sheds, on the floors of which the plants are thinly scattered, until the leaves become limber, and then laid in heaps to ferment, care being taken to turn them about occasionally, in order that the whole may be equally fermented; and the longer they lie in this condition, the darker will the color of the tobacco become. This process is termed "sweating the tobacco." The plants, after lying thus for about three or four days, are next laid in a heap, and pressed down with heavy logs for about a week; and while the tobacco is in this state, the planter usually introduces his hand into the middle of the heap, in order to ascertain that there is no excess of heat; should it be so, some of the pressure is removed, great care being taken with this stage of the process, as on the right or wrong performance mainly depends the excellence or inferiority of the tobacco.

When this process, termed the "second or last sweating," has been gone through, the leaves are stripped from the stalks, after which they (the leaves) are tied up in bunches or hands, which, after being sprinkled with sea or common

water, are twisted into rolls, and in that shape exported to Europe or elsewhere. Some persons, however, substitute cider or white wine for water, with the view of giving the tobacco a finer flavor.

• The tobacco plant, moreover, is subject to the ravages of a most destructive insect, called the tobacco worm, to protect it against which is one of the chief concerns of the cultivator. To destroy these insects, or at least to keep them under (for it is quite impossible to exterminate them altogether), every leaf is carefully searched, and as soon as one is found to be wounded, the cause of it is at once destroyed; and so rapid are the ravages they commit, that without constant vigilance against their attacks, whole fields of plants would soon be ravaged; nay, even if any be left on the leaves during the curing process, they prove equally destructive. These vermin are found chiefly in July and August, and the method of getting rid of them is called "worming the tobacco." The insect is of a peculiar horned species, but in what way it is produced or propagated is unknown. It is first discernible when the plants have gained about half their height, when the little creature appears as large as a gnat; after which it lengthens out to the size of a worm, and at last attains the magnitude of a man's finger. It is of regular shape from head to tail, indented or ringed round at equal distances, about a quarter of an inch apart, at each of which indentations a pair of claws spring out, by means of which it clings to the leaf of the plant. Its mouth, which resembles that of a caterpillar, is placed under the fore part of the head, the top of which is crowned by a sharp-pointed, stiff horn, of a brown color, and about half an inch long. The color of the worm is in general green, interspersed with yellowish white, and the body is covered, like the caterpillars, with short, fine hair.

Having thus attempted to describe the culture and mode of curing the tobacco plant, which is a subject of no little interest, on account of the great commercial importance of the product, I shall return to my kind host and his family, from whom, in the several walks that we took together around the plantation, the scribe gained most of the above particulars. Finally, on taking leave of my generous enter-

tainers, they — though I was a perfect stranger — warmly pressed me to renew my visit at my earliest convenience; and after being carried to the ferry station by a fleet horse and wagon, I stepped on board the ferry-boat *en route* to the Potomac steamer, on the other side of the river, and ere long was once more at my hotel in Washington, not a little pleased at having so agreeable a time, and gaining so much valuable information respecting the tobacco plantations of Maryland and Virginia.

Railway Trip to Philadelphia.

Our stay at Washington being ended, we boarded the cars, *en route* to Philadelphia, and speedily rattled the train on its way to Baltimore. Along the road might be seen various groups of colored men, playing foot-ball and other games, which gave the swarthy players ample opportunity for laughing, jumping, leaping, capering, and the thousand other antics which colored people are so fond of exhibiting. In the shunting of cars across some parts of the suburbs of Baltimore, years ago, mules used to be brought into requisition; and it was fine fun for the darkies, cracking their whips to accelerate the speed of their four-in-hand team, with exclamations such as, "Get up, Miss Nancy!" "Go along, Massa Pete!" and so on, according to the animal's name. We were much diverted on our way by the sight of numerous grinning, sable Dinahs, with grotesque-looking turbans on their heads, of nearly every color and design, with little pickaninnies capering around them, as only negro children can caper.

At length we reached the farther suburb, the engine was again attached, and away we went into the open country, being speedily removed from the gaze of the hundreds of dark eyes that watched the cars. We crossed several sections of rivers and lakes, which, as we hung over them, as it were, in the dim twilight, looked anything but pleasant; for if any casualty had occurred to the train, in all probability a watery grave would have ended the joys and sorrows of most of us.

We may mention here, that twilight in America is not of such duration as in some parts of Europe. Nor will we go

to the length of the Irishman, just landed, who, seeing the moon at its full, confidently told a companion that the moon in America was not as good as that in Ireland, sure. But it is very noticeable how short are the twilights on this continent, almost suddenly changing from partial day to the sable darkness of night.

We had now reached the State of Pennsylvania, first settled by the celebrated Quaker, William Penn, in 1680, and so well known for the important part this State played in the great struggle with England for American independence. Pennsylvania is rich in natural resources, being abundantly provided with valuable iron ore, almost inexhaustible fields of bituminous and anthracite coal, with salt, limestone, oil, and other mineral riches. The anthracite coal burns similar to coke, without smoke or flame (unlike the bituminous or soft coal), and evolving sulphurous vapors, to obviate injury from which, most housekeepers use an iron vessel filled with water on the top of the stove, for the purpose of collecting and consuming the fumes on its surface. At Pittsburg, bituminous coal is very largely used for smelting purposes.

We now changed cars for a short steamboat ride across a river; after about an half-hour's journey on the water, we again take the cars, having had good opportunity for refreshment on board. On we rattled toward the Quaker City, which we reached a little before midnight. Ere we arrived, our attention was called rather amusingly to an altercation in the cars, about a seat, which a young passenger had unconsciously taken from an irascible old gentleman, who would take no apology, but proceeded to high words and gesticulations, and even when somewhat appeased by the other's deprecatory tone, kept mumbling and grumbling till he fell asleep.

On arriving at Philadelphia, the writer went to a very pleasant hotel near the Exchange building, quite central in its location to all places of interest. Not to tire the reader's patience too much, a brief description may not be uninteresting. Philadelphia is the third city in the Union, and quoted in 1890 at approaching 900,000 in population. It stands on a somewhat elevated plain, about three miles from the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill, and extends

from one to the other, nearly two miles in breadth, running also four miles along the Delaware, which is here one hundred and twenty miles from the ocean. The plan of the city is formal, like some others in America, and is nearly a parallelogram, having the Delaware on the east, Schuylkill on the west, Vine and Cedar streets being the boundaries north and south. The two principal thoroughfares are Market and Broad streets, which cross each other almost at right angles, and divide the city into four nearly equal sections; but the great resorts of fashion are Chestnut and Walnut streets, which contain the leading stores.

Sitting on a rock in one of the pretty, ornamental, square enclosures, the narrator felt a curious sensation, as if something larger than a spider or mosquito was stealthily climbing up one's back, and on hastily rising, found that we had disturbed a fine squirrel, who, however, came in front of us, nothing daunted, and begged for biscuits or crackers, nuts, etc., usually given to these pretty creatures by good-natured loungers. The little animal became very friendly, leaped into our lap, and extended his paws for the accustomed donation. Patting and stroking would not do, so he speedily ensconced himself on some one else's lap, who had come provided with offerings for our little friend.

To endeavor to enumerate the many excellent buildings and institutions would only weary the reader, but one that cannot be overlooked we shall now describe.

Girard College.

Girard College, situated about a mile from the city proper, is a magnificent orphan school, founded by a bequest of more than two millions of dollars, left by the late Stephen Girard, by birth a Frenchman, but who came out to America in early life, as a friendless, deserted boy. His first situation was as a lawyer's junior clerk, or shop lad, to sweep out the office and make himself generally useful. As he grew up, by indomitable perseverance and strict integrity he rose step by step, acquiring the esteem and confidence of his employers, till at last he became connected with the most extensive transactions of commercial enterprise in the United

States. In fact, in the course of a few years, the poor, friendless boy had by his own unaided efforts become merchant, ship-owner, and millionaire.

During the insurrection and massacre of St. Domingo, in 1806, the wealthier inhabitants sent their valuables on board of the ships lying at that port, Mr. Girard being the owner of the vessels. The revolt against the French tyrant, Dessalines, happened sooner than was expected, and most of the citizens were slain in the sanguinary tumults which ensued. The property on board Mr. Girard's vessels was duly advertised; but alas, the owners were no more; so, after allowing the usual time to elapse for claimants to appear, the property in due course became his. What he did with the bulk of it is sufficiently apparent from the erection of this magnificent college for fatherless children.

Some time during our visit there were five hundred boys clothed, boarded, and educated in all the branches of liberal learning at the expense of the founder, and we were informed there are surplus funds for one hundred more children, were there sufficient accommodation of extra buildings. Singularly enough, in his will, Girard expressly stipulated that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister should hold any appointment in the college, or be admitted, on any pretext, even as a visitor, within its precincts. This restriction seemed to intimate a wish in the founder to exclude the object of his charity from all religious education; but the difficulty was got over, by liberally interpreting a clause in the deed, directing that "all pains should be taken to instill in the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality." From this it was inferred that he had no intention of excluding the use of the Bible; and hence the directors bound the president of the college to hold family worship twice a day, and to perform divine service, either himself or by some lay deputy, twice on each Sunday.

The building consists of a central mansion, with a long portico, surrounded by a colonnade of Corinthian pillars; besides which, there are two other buildings or wings at the sides; the whole are constructed of the purest white marble. The establishment is divided into five sections, four of which are for the accommodation of the boys and the numerous

teachers and officers. The dining-halls are very spacious, and a great array of knives, forks, plates, etc., are laid to receive the viands at each meal. The bedrooms are light and airy, and with the bed linen, scrupulously clean; the soldier-like regularity of the wash-room was noticeable, along which, on each side, hung, on their respective pegs, long lines of bright bowls, with their necessary adjuncts of soap, towel, and tooth-brush, with a faucet for each boy to stand at, while performing his ablutions. The exceeding regularity of these arrangements convinced one that nothing had been neglected that could conduce to the welfare of these fatherless children.

The several schools are judiciously arranged with reference to the capacity of scholars, so that each one has a fair chance of bringing out his talents under competent instructors, either in the rudimental or advanced branches of learning, the foreign languages, or the arts and sciences.

At length the time for recreation arrived, when the boys were allowed to leave their studies for a twenty-minutes' recess; such gambols, capering, and half-mad vagaries were truly diverting, causing one to think how great were the blessings conferred by this noble institution on so many friendless children, who, but for it, might have been wandering the streets, associating with the worst characters, and finally have become inmates of prisons, or outcasts from the world.

May such colleges be found in every land, training up youths to become honest, useful citizens, whether in professions or trades, honorable merchants, or enterprising capitalists, like the noble-minded founder himself, whose marble statue adorns the entrance hall.

We may add, in closing, that Philadelphia has three hundred and fifty-two miles of street railway, at the present time.

Jersey City.

A ride of about four hours by rail and boat brought us to Jersey City, which lies on the right bank of the Hudson, just opposite New York. The neighborhood is very fertile,

and furnishes the markets of the Empire City with dairy produce, vegetables, and fruits, especially peaches, of a most delicious flavor, immense quantities of which are daily sent across the Hudson. On our arrival we crossed at once to New York to see a friend, who being busy, gave me the address of his residence in Jersey City, kindly bidding me to stay with him for a few days. Wishing, however, to go to the Italian opera at the Academy of Music, near Broadway, it was arranged that after the performance was over, I should recross the ferry and join my entertainer at supper.

A Misadventure.

After the opera, I crossed the river, as agreed ; but judge of my confusion, kind reader, when the realization came of having lost my friend's address, as I was totally unacquainted with the localities of Jersey City, besides it being near midnight. Memory, however, served me with part of the address, and seeing a house, where I thought my friend lived, gayly lighted up, I gave a loud knock at the door. My embarrassment was not diminished when the door was opened by an elderly gentleman, quite a stranger to me, and I found that I had disturbed a pleasant evening party. Confused at the mistake, I apologized and withdrew, though not before I had received the earnest commiseration of one of the most charming and beautiful young ladies my eyes had ever beheld, whose image, as I now write, seems indelibly before me, in her floating white drapery, her fair blond hair in luxuriant waves falling around her shapely neck, and the sweet vivacity of manner as she kindly welcomed the belated traveller to rest in her father's house for a while. All this, after a lapse of years, is vividly engraven on one's memory, enough to make him exclaim, with the poet Byron : —

“Sweet girl, though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget.

I would not say — I loved ; but still

My senses struggled with my will.

Perhaps it was not love ; but yet

Our meeting I shall ne'er forget.”

At last, tired and dispirited, I found my way through the darkness to a hotel near the ferry pier. In the office I noticed several sleepy drovers and cattle jobbers, awaiting the arrival of the cattle-cars. The hotel clerk stared at the pallid, weary countenance before him, and seemed half inclined to refuse the bed and shelter asked for, but at last he showed me to a small bedroom and waited for payment of the night's lodging, which I handed him with a smile, quite convinced that if I had gone to a wrong house before, I had now, at all events, gone to a wrong hotel. Fatigued and vexed with myself, I retired at once to rest, and was soon asleep; but alas, my repose was of no long duration. It was still dark when I was suddenly awakened by a fearful noise, a perfect chaos of sounds, just below my window. Rising in bed to recover myself, and remember where I was, the clamor seemed to gradually die away. Presently the turmoil was renewed with greater energy, in the shape of frightful, discordant bellowing, caused by the recent arrival of a cattle-train. As far as regards fear, my mind was at rest, but the constant din effectually deprived me of all chances of sleep.

By daylight I was not long in finding my friend's house, to which I was admitted fully an hour before he had risen. When he and his wife came, the relation of my night's adventures made them both laugh heartily; but the lady liked the little episode of the vision in white at the evening party the best. However, a good breakfast and cheerful morning's chat, with a fine, fragrant havana afterwards, soon set me to rights, and we both started to the ferry-boat for New York.

The Deluge at Johnstown, Penn., April and May, 1889.

Before leaving this section of the book, a few words respecting the dreadful disaster at Johnstown may be read with interest. All the civilized world was shocked to learn of the fearful deluge. The anguish and heart-rending scenes enacted on that eventful night of visitation are without parallel in this century. The rushing waters poured down from the broken embankment, caused by the wilful neglect and unheeded warnings of the rottenness of the dam, culminating

in the loss of those hurried to eternity by the deluge of seething waters from the weakened reservoir ; thus sweeping away at a blow hundreds of innocent lives and fifteen hundred homes of men, women, and children. The imagination cannot carry one sufficiently to the anguished cry for help of the drowning multitude, as they beheld their dear ones sinking into the roaring torrent before their very eyes. As time rolls on, the town will be rebuilt, probably on its old landmarks, and the deluge of the valley of death will in part be forgotten, to make room for other calamities of wind and tide, though we trust of less degree ; but no time can erase the thought of how weak we mortals are, when compared to a convulsion of Nature like this, when angry waters get beyond their limit, and death and destruction are the result, and our boastful supremacy of strength is as a straw floating against the fierce billows of the ocean's tide.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

On the great continent of America, Nature is to be seen in all her immensity and sublimity, on a most gigantic scale. Her lakes of inland seas, her rivers, her cataracts and great rapids, her mountains and valleys, are all silent and wonder-giving attestations of what we say as to the sublime and majestic grandeur which characterizes them, one and all. Poets, painters, and tourists have written and painted their praises, with pen and brush, with all fidelity ; but, naturally, descriptions are feeble and futile, compared to the great reality of this wondrous land. And as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is so astoundingly wonderful, and comparatively but little known to the masses of mankind, the narrator will endeavor to describe it, and lay a few facts of reliable information and character before his reader, which he thinks may prove interesting.

The traveller from the Eastern States, intending to visit the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, would go by way of Cincinnati (the Queen City of the West), then to Louisville, one hundred and thirty-three miles. Ninety miles farther on towards Nashville the tourist reaches a comfortable inn, called " Bell's Hotel," which makes a good halting-place for

refreshment; thence about ten miles more, and the "Cave Hotel" is reached; which being quite adjacent to the wondrous cave, all anxiety for a comfortable abode is over. The hotel has been enlarged from time to time, to meet the wants of increasing visitors. The "Cave Hotel" is very spacious in its accommodations, and the annexes being surrounded by colonnades and piazzas, the visitor can have exercise under cover, during wet weather. Venison and other good things are here in abundance, and a fine kitchen garden and orchard furnish vegetables and fruits for the table. Many of the parties lodged at the hotel are in the habit of exploring the cave more than once.

And now for the "Cave," unequaled by any other known in the world. In order to explore only one of its avenues, which is nine miles long, the visitor starts immediately after breakfast. The entrance to the cave is about two hundred yards from the back of the hotel; leaving it, the tourists pass down a beautiful ravine, having on each side towering trees, their foliage forming a magnificent arch overhead, so umbrageous as to shut out all sight of the blue sky. Around and about grape-vines are entwined, which flourish in fine luxuriance. It is a charming and romantic spot, descending gradually to the bottom of the dell, and turning sharply round to the right hand, the visitor approaches the entrance to the Mammoth Cave. He is now at its arch, having made a descent of some thirty feet of rude stone steps. A small stream of water here falls from the front of the crowning rock, its dripping sounds being wild and weird; the abyss below receives it. Let the visitor now look backward; all is utter gloom, enough to make him exclaim, "This is chaos!"

Each company is accompanied by an experienced guide, who places in each of their hands a lamp, which he furnishes with oil from a canteen swung around his back. The journey underground is then commenced. The first objects which attract attention are wooden troughs, which conducted the water in its descent to the "hoppers" or mills, when the cave was used for the manufacture of saltpetre. Having proceeded onward, a doorway is reached, set in a rough stone wall, stretched crossways, and so blocking up the entire cavern. We proceed through this passage, which is called

the "Narrows," then make a gradual descent, and we are in the great antechamber of the cave. How awful and solemn is the surrounding darkness; no glimmer of light anywhere; blackness reigns triumphant, around and above you! The guide now lights a few fires, and the effect is truly wonderful. More than a hundred feet above your head is a gray ceiling, at once majestic and spectral; then appear buttresses and stalagmite columns, and intricate and delicate draperies in this weird chamber. We all remain silent, as if awestruck with the dumb beauty of the underground region, which causes a sensation in the brain of utter and tingling bewilderment.

To give anything approaching a thorough description of the cavern is far from our purpose, as indeed it would fill a volume of its own. In fact, no writer can fully describe this marvellous excavation of Nature's handiwork. At right angles are two passages running into this huge chamber. The passage on the right is designated the "Bat room," where tens of thousands of these ominous-looking creatures are seen hanging from the walls, seemingly dead or torpid during the winter, but when spring comes the place knows them no more. Those visitors who enter the great bat chamber will have a suspicion that they are passing into infinite space. This impression will continue for some time; the walls of the cave are so dark as not to admit a single reflection from the torches carried on ordinary occasions.

The wayfarer now enters the main cave, or grand gallery. This is a wonderful tunnel, and extends for some miles; it is a truly magnificent avenue, filled with objects of great interest to the naturalist and all inquiring minds. Just picture to yourself an immense wall lit up as if by magic (*i. e.*, Bengallights), with its carved cornices and sculptured or arabesqued architraves, coming and going, in its flickering, brilliant phantasm.

The Star Chamber is considered by most visitors to be one of the grandest and most impressive of the sights of this underground region. It is a superb, long hall, with perpendicular arches on either side, and a flat ceiling; the side rocks are of a light color, and stand out in bold relief against the dark, shady ceiling, which is studded with innumerable

sparkling substances, resembling stars. The guide at this chamber takes the lantern from each visitor, and places them in a hole in the rock, to subdue the light, enhancing the effect, and making the illusion more perfect.

The narrator would weary the reader with minute descriptions of the Crystal Chamber, Echo Halls, stalactitic domes, Church Chambers, gothic rooms (with natural pulpits), Devil's Arm-chair, Elephant's Head, Lovers' Leap, also many others, which are so replete with wonders, as truly naturally formed chambers or avenues of the grand work of the Creator, that, like looking on the sublime Niagara or the grand and picturesque "Giant's Causeway," one feels lost in admiration of the really bewildering and gigantic beauties of these created wonders of the world!

The Bottomless Pit, like a horseshoe in form, has a tongue of land twenty-seven feet long, which runs out in the middle of it. From the extremity of this land, a bridge of substantial workmanship has been thrown over to the cave on the opposite side. Some idea of the depth of the pit, and of the awe which a contemplation of it arouses, may be imagined, when we state that it is the custom of the guides to let down pieces of lighted paper into the abyss below, which, descending lower and lower, ultimately vanish from the vision, though long before they are burnt out or extinguished.

The Snow-ball Room, as it is called, is well worthy of notice, being some two hundred feet in length; and if a number of school-boys had just finished their day's sport by throwing some thousands of snow-balls against the roof, while a similar number lay in confusion about the floor, and all petrified, it would present just such a scene as you witness in this hall of Nature's earthly frolic. These petrified snow-balls (so say the scientists) are a perfect anomaly among all the extraordinary forms of crystallization. They result, it is supposed, from unusual combination of the sulphate of lime and magnesia, with carbonate of the former.

The Styx River is the smallest river in the Mammoth Cave; having passed it, the tourist finds himself on the banks of the Lethe River. The rugged, abrupt rock scenery at this point

is very grand and imposing. The boats in use here are built to carry twelve persons in each; the passage down the river is replete with suppressed pleasure, and novel and weird-like feeling of romantic interest. The wonderful character of the place and surrounding scenes, and its cavernous magnificence, must naturally cause mingled feelings of awe and admiration. The rippling of the current gives a subdued and musical cadence to the ear; and so powerfully does sound vibrate and repeat itself in this section of the cavern, that the report of a pistol is like some heavy artillery in its echoes of thunderings and murmurings, dying away in the far distance. While gliding down this stream of Lethe, oftentimes a whole boat's company have joined in song, spontaneous, as it were — the effect has been one of solemnity and joyousness; and when a full band of music has been tried on the Echo River, what the result has been can better be imagined than described.

The Echo River is three miles in length, and it is in this river, and others in Mammoth Cave, that those very extraordinary fish, the "white eyeless," are to be found. On a close and minute inspection of these fish, not any appearance of an eye is distinguishable, nor have the skilful anatomists of all times, who have experimented on these curious specimens of the finny tribe, been more successful. Indeed, it has been asserted by scientists, naturalists, and men eminent in their professions, that these fishes are not only without eyes, but also portray other anomalies in their organization highly interesting to lovers of science. Some writers also affirm that animals of the rat species, yet half rabbits, with many other breathing and visual oddities, are to be found in these underground regions. At the time the rivers of the Mammoth Cave were first crossed (1840) and since, several endeavors were and have been made to discover whence the "white eyeless" come, and also whither they go; though various conjectures have been formed, yet nothing definite or satisfactory has come to pass. All is still in doubt, and will continue so, we presume, to the end of time.

The barometrical measurement of the rivers in the Mammoth Cave has been frequently taken; but scientific men

cannot agree on the subject. The prevailing opinion of the rivers is, that they are emptied into the Green River, the Ohio, or the ocean; they must run a great distance under ground, and have a very trifling descent. Most accounts agree that these rivers in question are generally pure and fresh water; while the mineral springs and other medicinal waters are much sought after by consumptive and dyspeptic patients.

As the salubrious air of the Mammoth Cave is a great promoter of appetite, after some hours of rambling, the contents of lunch baskets are in great requisition, and a large, flat rock, called the "Dining Table," at the termination of Cleveland Avenue, is often used in lieu of more domestic furniture; and as many as one hundred visitors have set around this Nature's table, and regaled and rested themselves. Here, by the aid of guides, the banquet is often spread; the tourists, being in the cave from morn till dewy eve, greatly need the refreshment. In the midst of laughter and story-telling, after sitting awhile, the enjoyment is abruptly broken by a hint from the guide that the river may possibly rise, and their retreat be cut off; then how sudden is the move; the uplifted morsel is dropped from the mouth, and what a rattle and gathering up of plates, dishes, knives, forks, etc., there is! But it is only a *ruse* of the chief guide, to get the sight-seers out of the cave before midnight.

The effect on entering the outer world again is somewhat peculiar. With a grateful feeling of relief one emerges from the cavernous researches, and looks on the fair earth with renewed pleasure; though the ten hours of instructive study just witnessed is uppermost in the thoughts of all, as they wend their way to the pleasant home comforts of the Hotel de Cave.

The ownership of the Mammoth Cave is in the possession of St. George Groghan, Esq., son of the late Dr. Groghan. The proprietor is a resident of Louisville, and a gentleman of great enterprise. He has made many discoveries in the cave, and altered parts of avenues of low altitudes to convenient walking promenades. It is said visitors seldom or ever contract cold on entering or departing from the cave. No noxious or dangerous animals or reptiles trouble the

caverns with their presence. No impurity of air is ever experienced in the cave's recesses; in every part of this region combustion is perfect. Decomposition, and its loathsome adjunct, putrefaction, is unknown there. The water of the cave is exquisitely pure, and is generally fresh; and, as before mentioned, has one or two sulphur springs. There are two hundred and twenty-six avenues in this magnificent cave, forty-seven domes, eight cataracts, and twenty-three pits. The temperature of the place is 59° Fahrenheit, and it remains precisely the same, winter and summer. No sound—not even the loudest peal of thunder—can be heard beyond the distance of one quarter of a mile in the cave.

In concluding this sketch of the eighth wonder of the world, the narrator, ere he closes, would warn the venturesome tourist not to leave the presence of the guide by straying away, in too eager anticipation of exploring, as the following incident will relate:—

Some years ago, a young man (a miner), new to the cave, was sent with an older workman to the Salt Room, for the purpose of digging a few sacks of the required article; the young fellow—like most young men—was a little vain, and wishing to show off his bravery, declined the older man's advice and warning, and went off alone farther in the interior. Several hours elapsed, and the wanderer not returning, his companion and fellow-workmen became alarmed. A consultation was speedily held, and six volunteers arranged to search; they were negroes, and previous to their starting on their errand of mercy were stripped half naked. It may therefore be imagined how extraordinary was their appearance. The young miner, in the mean while, had of course lost his way, stumbled over a rock, and dropped his lamp, which was immediately extinguished. The frightened man prayed for help in his terror, but hours passed away, and he in utter darkness was conjuring up all manner of demoniacal fancies; madness almost seized him; he thought he had quitted earth, was disembodied—in fact, he was in the place of torments reserved for sinners. He tried to gaze around him. Merciful powers! what were those moving figures? He had never seen anything like them. They were spirits

sent to drag him to punishment! He heard their yells. Were ever mortal voices like the wild outburst ringing in his ears? Never, never! Nearer and nearer they come. He tries, in his wild, agonized delirium, to beat them off. It is too late, for still they come; he is conscious of their hot and hissing breath; their arms are outstretched to clutch him; he will soon be in their embrace fast locked. Horrible! Horrible! They have him — they are not devils, but miners like himself. He soon recognizes his fellow-workmen, and knows that he is a saved man! “Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!” Never did the Mammoth Cave reverberate with such hearty shouts as on the memorable occasion of the miner’s rescue.

In the words of the poet, we might say: —

“Father, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

“For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph’s thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.”

Since writing the above respecting the Mammoth Cave, Louisville, Ky., on March 28, 1890, suffered a disaster unprecedented in the history of this State, — that of a cyclone of fifteen minutes’ duration, devastating the city, and destroying nearly one hundred lives and two thousand five hundred peaceful homes. The terrible whirlwind passed on to adjacent towns with its relentless fury, and sacrificed life and property as long as the tornado swept across the face of the unfortunate country.

From Boston to Chicago.

The night ride in an excursion train from Boston to Chicago is full of interest. Starting in the bewildering darkness from the Boston & Lowell depot, we emerged into the far distant country with great rapidity; the passengers’ lively talking, in the confusion and excitement of getting off, simmers down to incoherent murmurs, then to silence, until the conductor of the train passes through for tickets,

thus awakening up some irritable old man or woman. A change of engine and engineers takes place every so many miles in long-distance travel; also a change of conductors and brakemen about every fifty miles.

The rush for breakfast next morning at the first stopping place was very amusing, each person jolting the other, as twenty minutes are only allowed, and the bewildered attendants are flying hither and thither at the clamoring demands made to satisfy the "inner man." Many a character of strong mind could be observed at those times, the noisy and boisterous getting their fill long before the more timid and diffident get anything. Bashfulness does not pay on the road; one must lose his identity for a time, to live at all on railway journeys of some hundreds of miles.

On arriving at Burlington, Vt., news of President Garfield's untimely death reached our ears, and words more forcible than polite were expressed in vengeance against the assassin, Guiteau. As we push on towards the Canadian frontier, custom-house officers board the train, and examine our baggage, valises, etc., which causes much fluttering and excitement amongst the lady passengers, most of whom imagine they have something in their satchel chargeable for excise duty.

When we arrived at Montreal we found all public and private buildings draped with mourning emblems of woe, and flags were half-mast high, the "Union Jack" and the "Stars and Stripes" side by side, in solemn rivalry, as it were; each ensign endeavoring to pay veneration to the murdered President.

Montreal.

The city of Montreal is reached by crossing the Victoria tubular bridge, over the St. Lawrence River. The structure is built of iron, with stone supports, and the ventilation of the huge tube is attained by a kind of port-holes at intervals, making a curious, subdued light within. The length of the bridge is unknown to the writer, but it must be some hundreds of feet. and is a magnificent work of engineering skill.

The Montreal railway depot was one of the worst ap-

pointed stations to be seen in any city of its size; dirty, ill-managed, and inconvenient.

No proper waiting-rooms or lavatory were provided, and the tramp-like appearance of the weary travellers from all parts of the habitable globe, sitting on rough benches or on the floor, gave the aspect of the place a "Castle Garden" look, without its order or cleanliness. The building itself was a very poor one, and somewhat of a disgrace to the Canadian authorities of so important a city; the difference being very noticeable after travelling through the large cities of the States, and seeing some of their well-appointed railway stations.

Fair at Montreal.

Having to wait some ten hours for arrangements of the railway people for another locomotive, gave us a fine opportunity to visit the annual agricultural fair, held on the outskirts of Montreal; and it is but justice to say, the quantity and quality of the stock exhibited was the finest we had seen on this continent; the immense enclosures and pens for cattle were surprisingly large. Great amusement was here for the sight-seers — horse and pony racing for prizes, and plenty of good music. The military bands accompanying the lieutenant-governor and his escort being on the fair grounds, gave a great *éclat* to the whole proceedings. We were told some thirty thousand persons were present at this agricultural meeting, while the mixed *patois* of the Canadians sounded somewhat strangely to an English ear.

Montreal Catholic cathedral is a fine edifice, with some magnificent paintings on its sacred walls.

Toronto.

Once more in the cars, we again pressed onward, and reached Toronto after some hours' ride. The welcome stay of half an hour for refreshments was well spent, and invigorated the weary traveller. Coffee, tea, cold chicken, sandwiches, and lager beer were disposed of very quickly, and relished exceedingly, as no other opportunity for comforting the inner man would occur for fourteen hours. During our

short stop at Toronto it was noticeable that the railway officials swept out the cars, opening the doors and windows to let in pure air, a very necessary precaution, as some passengers must needs spend their time in apple-paring and eating peanuts, leaving the shells as a sort of remembrance of their slovenliness in the long car-ride.

Toronto depot is just the reverse of Montreal, being cleanly, spacious, and well looked after, and with good waiting and refreshment rooms; the structure appeared newly erected, well ventilated, and lofty.

At 12, noon, the bell of the locomotive rung its signal for departure; we scampered to our seats, and away we went, tearing and dashing through the country the rest of the day and all the following night; while at every town or village, mourning flags and streamers of bunting waved sadly in the wind, sighing, as it were, a mournful requiem on the tragic death of the nation's favorite. Screaming, panting, and rushing along, the "iron horse" gallantly carries its load of human freight in the great line of cars towards our destination; and as evening again closes in, conversation gradually subsides, and men, women, and children nod and sway once more with the oscillation of the swift transit, till finally all eyes are closed in forgetfulness of fatigue, except when the tired wife leans her head more comfortably on her husband's shoulder, or the devoted lover rearranges the wraps for the twentieth time for his darling. Presently the car door dashes open for another inspection of tickets by the new and relentless conductor; the sleepy passengers slowly awake to consciousness, inwardly vowing vengeance on the Grand Trunk Railway Company's rules, show their tickets, get them punched, turn over and go to sleep again, if possible.

The travelling public are great water drinkers; if anything displeases an American (male or female), it is the lack of water supply. The repetitions of the doses of the beverage, out of dirty pitchers and glasses, were surprising to behold. A constant trot to the filter or receptacle is kept up, night and day; or if a car-boy brings the watery fluid along, numerous outstretched hands are seen to grasp the misty-looking glasses, to satisfy the ever-thirsty souls. Some others of the passengers strengthen themselves by drinking, on the

sly, something stronger than water, with all the innocence of old campaigners of the rum or cordial bottle.

Port Royal.

On reaching Port Royal the cars are placed on steam ferries, and we were transported across Lake George, and are again in the United States, though not before the Canadian custom-house officials gave us a token of their regards as a farewell souvenir, by coming around with their eagle eyes to once more inspect our valises and travelling satchels, detaining some and passing others, causing much anxiety amongst the ladies, who perchance had bought some articles in Montreal, and were afraid of their being confiscated.

As we proceeded further westward, we observed miles of freight cars, with upper and lower compartments for hogs, and cars full of oxen lined the side tracks, just come in from the far West; the poor animals seemed very jaded and quiet in their narrow, penned-up places, awaiting their final destination and destruction. The immense number of hogs seen on the road are almost bewildering, so that one is apt to think the forests of the far Western world must be overrun with these animals. We could always tell, even when a long distance away (if the wind blew in our direction), the vicinity of the "large pig tribe," for the effluvia from their hides was very powerful, and not a pleasant perfume.

Chicago.

After many delays, to allow other trains to pass, and several false alarms, we at last sighted Chicago, or rather, the suburbs. The grand junction of the railway companies of the West is at this point, and forms many miles of freight cars, of all colors, shapes, and sizes. The land in this district appeared of the most fertile kind; black, loamy earth on all sides seems to abound at the commencement of the prairie soil.

A good impression of Chicago is not gained from the outskirts of the city. Before alighting at the depot of the Grand Trunk Railway, busy men on the dirty, grimy

wharves meet the eye everywhere; the din and noise were most deafening, and the muddy waters about the wharfrage had a very sickening look; added to which the soft-coal smoke of the numerous tug steamers and locomotives causes a gloomy look to the surrounding atmosphere, and a sense of depression to the new-comer in the city.

But once away from all this, in the city proper, quite a revulsion of feeling pervades the visitor on his arrival. Elegant hotels of immense dimensions and magnificent public buildings meet the eye in the principal thoroughfares, and fine business stores in the chief streets of commerce are some of the leading features here. Also showy restaurants and lager beer saloons, with large placards on the outside, notifying that a free lunch is ready to be served on that day; soup, fried sausages, and other dainties are given away, so that the purchase of a glass of beer entitles the hungry man to all this free entertainment of liberty; and the first-class arrangements of these bar-rooms bear good comparison with most of the dingy saloons of other cities in the Union.

The business of all kinds done in Chicago must be immense for so young a city; such hurrying to and fro of the people, in the same excitable manner as the New Yorkers have in their thronged thoroughfares.

To describe Chicago would take a volume of its own, but a few leading remarks to my readers may not be deemed inappropriate. In the telling of the rapid growth of this Western city, one cannot go back of the present century — in fact, hardly previous to this generation; and yet in that brief space of time it has accomplished what would have required hundreds of years in more pretentious places, and generations not been able to achieve for any other city on the Western continent.

While the entire population of the county in which Chicago is situated was only 10,201 in 1840, the city alone in 1881 numbered more than 500,000 persons; and in 1890 the government census enumerates Chicago at 1,101,253 people, and it now ranks the second city in the Union. The growth of commerce and business for the same time has not been lacking to the increase in population. In 1850, the manufacturers and wholesale dealers did a business of \$20,000,-

000; this had increased to \$764,000,000 in 1879. In the year 1880 it had reached \$910,000,000.

It must be borne in mind that during the last number of years the city of Chicago has passed through an ordeal of fire second to none in modern times. Between the sunset of Sunday, Oct. 9, 1871, and the same hour of the succeeding day, there were destroyed in the very heart of the city 17,450 buildings, which, with the property contained in them, represented more than two hundred million dollars; and yet only eight years after, the city was rebuilt in greater magnificence and splendor, and has almost doubled its population.

The Crib.

Chicago is supplied with water by two colossal pumping-works, with the enormous pumping capacity of 76,000,000 gallons per day, both drawing their supply from the same source, called the "Crib," situated over two miles out in Lake Michigan, and to which a small steamer conveys visitors twice a day, to view the apparatus or pumping works. Just previous to our leaving the wharf in the steamer for the "Crib," a drunken man tried to get on board, when he slipped and fell overboard into the murky water; the screams of the ladies and the coolness of some Germans, eating peanuts, who never moved in any way, or left off munching the nuts, were very amusing; the man was fished out, partially sobered, and taken, half bewildered, to some other "crib" by a policeman.

The Chicago River provides more than forty miles of dockage, and Lake Michigan furnishes an outlet to the seaports of the world, by way of the great chain of lakes and the St. Lawrence River; while the great railroads radiating from all directions put the city in communication with the world by land. By the statistics of the post-office department, Chicago is only second in the amount of post-office business transacted.

The streets of Chicago are like the avenues of New York, running at right angles, and are easy to the stranger in finding his way around, as all directions are by the points of the compass, north, south, east, and west. The streets in the

best localities are well paved with macadamized roads, and in some parts with wood blocks.

Since the big fire of 1871, great improvements have been made in the new public buildings; fine structures have been erected in the place of the old wooden dwellings and shanties, the most noticeable being the new post-office, custom house, and court house, all of them colossal in size, built of granite, and of good design.

Palmer House.

The hotels, such as the Palmer House, about defy description. The magnificence of this establishment is almost beyond comparison in grandeur. It stands on a large area of ground in one square block, and is built of granite; the interior arrangements are such as to suit the most fastidious; elegance and comfort are here combined, and the well-trained colored attendants are very polite and attentive. In truth, the Palmer House is an abode of bewildering space, luxuriousness, and ease, with everything for the well-appointed table that money can purchase, from the prairie chicken to the sweet-eating lake perch. The interior decorations of this hotel are superb, and the entrance hall of tessellated pavement is very fine; the whole surroundings are such as we Eastern people could hardly believe to exist in a Western city of such rapid growth.

Electric Light in Chicago.

Nearly all the large hotels and business premises are lighted by electricity, a noted tailor's establishment having as many as sixty small electric lights, and the customers in the oyster saloon basement of the large building appeared like a sepulchral race of beings, all blue and steely-looking, by the action of the luminary, as if they were moon-struck while devouring the bivalves. The strong electric light in many parts of the city gives a poor reflection to where the old-style gas jets flit their feeble rays. Some writers on Chicago have said that much bad element exists among its citizens in the city's midst; if it does, one has to look

around for it, as in any other large city. The people here we found, as a rule, courteous, agreeable, and off-hand, quick in manner, and all seemed bent on making money and spending it.

On one of the sultry days we went for a few hours' fishing on Lake Michigan, whose waters wash the esplanade of the windy city. A tug steamer took us about two miles in the stream to a long pier, then in process of erection; poles and lines were provided at small cost, and we found men, women, and children by the hundreds fishing away, and catching the finny tribe as soon as the lines were thrown in; a pailful of fine perch could be taken in two or three hours. While intently watching for a bite, a stranger at my side deliberately drew from his hip pocket a pistol, and discharged the weapon so quickly and kept firing so rapidly at some wild ducks a short distance off, that one felt a little farther down the pier was advisable, as the ever-ready pistol, the curse of this country, is always on hand for bird or man.

Sunday in Chicago.

Chicago on a Sunday is a free and easy place, so many beer saloons open all day in high glory; also some business stores, though the better portion remain closed as in any other city. The theatres are mostly open, excepting Haverley's; matinees in the afternoon, crowds surging in for tickets on the Sabbath like any other day. We were told that the Western German and Bohemian element in a manner control affairs here, and the authorities either will not or dare not interfere with such a state of things. Gambling is much carried on in this as in most Western cities.

By the Chicago newspaper accounts on Monday mornings, one would think most of the crime of the week is committed in the low dives, saloons, or singing-halls on Sunday evenings; clubbing and shooting (sometimes fatally) are the results of this baneful disregard of the Sabbath day. They seem to act as if Sunday was nothing to them; excursions here, there, and everywhere; money-making and pleasure-seeking run riot, to the utter exclusion of everything else. Naturally, numbers of good, respectable families deplore

this desecration of the holy day, and some of the clergymen condemn it in a mild way in their churches ; but the earnestness seems wanting to suppress it, and the system has grown up with the new city as part and parcel of its government. One might say with Shakespeare at such a time as this : —

“A gloomy picture this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorry will not show his head.”

We found that in consequence of the cutting of rates, a great deal of travel was done between Kansas, Chicago, and other cities, coming and going to all points ; some visiting long-neglected parents, others to see brothers and sisters and family connections, after many years' absence. A fine-looking young man journeyed fourteen hundred miles to see his aged father, and recalled how he hoped to find the old man well, and how he longed to see him, to hear his loved voice again, after so many years' separation ; and then thought of the good-by, perhaps for the last time. The young fellow's eyes dimmed when he realized this, and he said, “ Sir, I am afraid this is my last visit to the old man ! ”

“ And swiftly will the destiny close on us.”

Kansas Boy in Chicago.

Riding on the horse-car to one of the parks hereabout, a bright-eyed, brown-cheeked boy sat beside me, with a rifle on his knee. On questioning him about the use of the fire-arm, he smiled as he answered me naively, “ I have come all the way from Kansas to Chicago, on purpose to buy a little stock of ball cartridges for my rifle, because we cannot get them at home so good.” So many hundred miles for such a purchase seemed astounding ; but the smart youngster explained that he was fourteen years old, that himself and another boy of his own age were hunters in the woods in Kansas ; and that they got their living so many months of the year by shooting birds and taking them to towns and selling them ; and they also earned some money for destroying obnoxious little animals which were a pest to the farmers' crops, and for the riddance of which the young hunters

received a small bounty per head. With their parents' consent, these youngsters lived their wild life, and from the artless way in which he spoke of it, one had no reason to discredit the story. On asking about his return to Kansas, he said, "I came here yesterday, and I am off to-night. I have got my stock of bullets, and I am all right; so good-by to you, sir."

Theatres in Chicago.

Chicago has several good theatres. We visited two of them. Haverley's new opera house, just then finished building, is a spacious structure, and would seat a large assemblage. The interior decorations were somewhat coarse and showy-looking, giving the idea of a sort of gingerbread look to the place. We were told the theatre was built in a short time, which perhaps accounted for the quick way of doing the decorative work of the proscenium and ceiling. However, a good, roomy stage and excellent scenery gave the opportunity for doing full justice to one of Shakespeare's comedies, both in stage appointments and players, Messrs. Robson and Crane, and their daughters, playing the chief characters.

McVicker's Theatre is an older place of amusement, and like all opera houses a few years built, has begun to look dingy and faded. The same might be said of New York, London, and Paris theatres; the gas and bad atmospheric ventilation ruin all good artistic coloring in a very short time.

During our stay in this city we heard the Rev. Mr. Swing give an elaborate oration on the death of Gen. Garfield, in a large and commodious Music Hall, of very superior character for sight and sound; also we heard some good solo singing, and a well-trained choir added to the enjoyment (a solemn one) on that occasion. Our party went on Sunday evening to a large Methodist gathering, the theme being also on the President's tragic death; speakers of eminence were there, and spoke their thoughts very fluently. Some of the church services in Chicago seem to be held in large halls, over stores, and we had some difficulty in finding our particular one, up two flights of stairs, right opposite a large showily lighted

saloon. The position seemed inappropriate to the sacred character of its calling, but the residents did not appear to be annoyed.

A visit to the fire department of this city is an interesting one, consisting, as it does, of three hundred and seventy-six officers and men, and corresponding number of hose and hook and ladder companies.

There are about two thousand acres of ground in and about Chicago devoted to parks, and when completed by improvements they will be fine recreation grounds for the people; the cost of securing this land was five million dollars.

There are several tunnels in Chicago, the most prominent of which is Lake Tunnel, completed in 1865, extending from the water-works to the "Crib" in the lake, two miles long, through which the water is conducted to the main works, supplying the city with as pure water as can be found in the world.

Racine.

Racine is situated about sixty-five miles from Chicago, on Lake Michigan, and the sail by steamer in fine weather must be very delightful, but unfortunately our day changed from fair weather to foul; and as we had heard such alarming accounts of Lake Michigan's fury when in a storm, it did not allay our fears. Numerous and fatal shipwrecks happen in the rough and boisterous season of these "inland seas," steamers and sailing vessels foundering at times in their treacherous waters, with all on board; however, it was not so bad with us.

We arrived safely at Racine, a small city or township of 18,000 inhabitants. The trade chiefly carried on here is in carriages of durable manufacture, wagons, trunks, britannia ware, and other metals. The town is situated on the banks of Lake Michigan, and many fine residences are seen of self-made men of the place, who either partly own the stock of the busy factories, or are superintendents of the same.

A kind friend entertained the writer at his home on arrival, and as it was Saturday evening (promenade night in country towns), we were shown all the "lions" of the place.

Milwaukee is about twenty-five miles from Racine; and several appointments, taking us back by the midnight steamer to Chicago, prevented our seeing what is said to be a very charming city, though a great gloom has fallen on the town by the (then) recent calamitous and dreadful fire at a hotel there, where so many visitors and employees were sacrificed to the fiery element, and which conflagration caused a great sympathy of feeling throughout the length and breadth of the land.

“’T is over, over! here is no present now;
All life lies in the past.”

The Stock Yard at Chicago.

The Stock Yard of Chicago is about five miles on the outskirts of the city proper, and taking the horse-car we are carried over one of the numerous drawbridges which cut the town, as it were, in two sections; we are thence taken through what one would call old Chicago, for the poor aspect of some of the streets, with such a motley collection of shabby tenement houses and cottages, caused one to think that the big fire swept away a miserable number of dwellings, if the better quarter was anything like these poor, squalid places.

Arriving at the Stock Yard, we found almost a small town within the limits of its walled enclosures and spacious entrance gates. The large area of many acres, for the reception of cattle, etc., from all parts of the West, comprises a little municipality almost of its own, for here were hotels, banks, police stations, and numerous places of business, such as offices, etc., for the owners and buyers, besides the miles of pens for the cattle.

The hog trade done here is well known as the head centre of the pork-packing business of the world, for they are slaughtered, dressed, and sent off to all parts of the globe. The immense supply and demand for pig meat must be wonderfully large, for we were told by one of the officials of the Yard that as many as some three thousand hogs were killed, dressed, and packed away in a day; and on invitation to visit the shambles or slaughter sheds, to see the practical workings of the system, a few moments' insight was enough for a lifetime.

On entering the building or shed, we found a large, rambling-formed, rough place, with large tables or benches running down the centre; on each side of which stood a row of uncouth-looking men and boys, dressed in water-proof overalls and aprons, and all besmeared with blood. These worthies were laughing, singing, cursing, and swearing, and, armed with knives of all sizes, were at their unpleasant work of disembowelling the hogs, after scraping the hair off the creatures from a scalded bath.

The most painful sight of the whole affair was the commencement of the necessary tragedy. An innocent-looking small boy gently drives the poor hogs with a whip, up an incline from the pens, into a partitioned sort of avenue which narrows at one end, so that two men easily seize the first victim which comes, fasten a rope and chain around its hind legs, head downwards, when the body of the pig revolves round by a kind of derrick to the executioner, who stands prepared with a long, sharp knife, and at once plunges the steel blade into the throat of the animal; the blood pours out in streams, and the carcass is still kept revolving until its quivering flesh is thrown into the scalding hot-water bath; it remains there a few seconds only, is then lifted out and passed on to the tables, and rough butcher men, with their water-proof aprons and sharp knives, do the rest of the business, that of scraping the bristles off the skins of the hogs while the body is warm. The carcass is then dissected for dressing and packing.

Of course, it is necessary that some persons should have to do this unpleasant work of preparing food for us, but the brutalizing influence it must have, particularly on young men and boys, we fear is somewhat great; however, our grand relief was, to get away outside of the Stock Yard and its mysteries as soon as possible.

Since our visit to Chicago in 1881, the pioneer Western city has grown in population, wealth, and commerce, and to-day, in 1890, commands great attention from all classes on the American continent and the world generally. The contention respecting the location of the proposed World's Fair has been decided by a recent vote of Congress in favor of the lake city, Chicago, to be held in 1893. The work required by the various committees in the furtherance of the

organization will need some skilful handling in the completion of this big undertaking. We trust, however, that no animosity of bitter party feeling from other disappointed cities will take place, and prevent the great exhibition from becoming a positive success, financially and socially.

Chicago to New York.

The day of our departure to return eastward happened to be the day of the funeral obsequies of the lamented President Garfield, so that we found some difficulty in reaching the Pennsylvania, Pittsburg & Fort Wayne depot; the streets being blocked with soldiers, populace, and vehicles, as the line of procession was forming in near imitation of the real funeral pageant then taking place at Cleveland, Ohio. Certainly Chicago had done her share in the way of mourning processions and display of grief. From the magnificent Court House, down to the humblest dwelling-place, black drapery was visible everywhere, interspersed with flags at half-mast.

The railway station we were leaving is said to be the longest depot building in America. As we moved homeward, we were much surprised to find such solid, well-built track-bed road; every few miles a watchman is stationed in a little wooden house, to protect the railway road, and to give notice when out of repair. The whole of the foundation of the track level appeared to be laid with macadamized stone, and throughout the many hundred miles traversed on this line to New York (via New Jersey) we observed the same uniform and splendid line of car-road, with steel rails and double track. The reputation of this company is well deserved, and in all its arrangements of speed and comfort is almost unapproachable by any other corporation of railway management in the country. The handsome, large, lofty, and well-lighted cars are unsurpassed, excepting the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway Company on which road the cars are invariably good ones, but not so large as the Western, whose sleeping, drawing-room, and ordinary cars are elegant in their appointments, and beyond praise for comfort and the rapidity of the travelling and making of connections; they are far better managed than many other lines of long or short distance travel.

Alleghany Mountains.

The run homeward was of much briefer duration by some hours than the circuitous route we had traversed westward, by the Grand Trunk Railway; but the chief charm of the whole journey (after a short stop at Pittsburg for breakfast) was the ascent and view of that magnificent work of Nature, the Alleghany Mountains. A large observation car is attached to the train for those who wish for an uninterrupted view of the many miles of mountainous scenery of so grand a character, interspersed by hill, dale, and valley; the incline of the ascent is very gradual by the engine and train, and the descent is carefully managed by competent engineers, so that no danger whatever is felt or experienced.

To express the magnificence of that morning's charming ride would be simply impossible, it was so different from what one had seen before in this wonderful country, so full of natural scenery. The varied, wild, weird-like views of mountain and glen, forest and lake, on either side of us, were grand indeed. The eye never wearied in those four hours of such a banquet of Nature in all its sublimity; the clear, beautiful sight was like a vision, and not to be forgotten for many a long day to come. With the poet we might say:—

“Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven!”

We might add an item of interest to our readers; the recent census of June, 1890, enumerates Alleghany City at 105,000 population. Alleghany County numbers 500,000 inhabitants. While the busy, bituminous city of Pittsburg counts 240,000 people, mostly industrious workers in coal and iron.

The Steamship “City of Rome.”

While crossing the North River, at New York, and observing a splendid model of an ocean steamer, just arrived from Liverpool, England, the writer was curious enough to ask her

name, and also gleaned the following facts, which are now submitted to the reader.

The steamship "City of Rome" was built a few years ago by the Barrow Shipbuilding Company, on the Clyde, originally for the Inman fleet, but soon after sold to the Anchor Line, and is to-day a favorite ocean flyer between Liverpool and New York. At the launching of this magnificent steamer, more than usual interest was attached to the incident, owing to the fact that she was the largest vessel in the mercantile service, and in engines the most powerful.

The "City of Rome," in structural proportion and design, presented a remarkable contrast to the late "Great Eastern" steamship, to which she stood next in magnitude on the ocean highway; the latter vessel resembled a stately ark, with towering walls and ponderous hull, massive and stupendous rather than elegant. The conditions are reversed in the newer product of naval architecture.

The "City of Rome" is of great length, of tapering form, symmetrical lines, and graceful mould, so that the inexperienced observer is scarcely able to realize her enormous dimensions; her tonnage is returned as being 8,826 tons. The length of this leviathan vessel is 586 feet, her breadth of beam is 52 feet, and her depth of hold 75 feet, while her beautifully modulated line suggest to the beholder an impression of buoyant grace rather than that of vast magnitude; yet her carrying power, notwithstanding the clipper bow, rounded stern, and trim masts, is as great as any other vessel afloat.

The magnificent engines are intended to work constantly at 8,000 indicated horse-power, although capable of developing upwards of 10,000. A technical description of the engines would hardly be intelligible to the unprofessional reader, and it is enough to say that they are not only of giant power, but include all the latest improvements for economizing force, and holding them under the readiest control.

This fine steamer can carry about six thousand tons of cargo and oftentimes as many as two thousand human beings across the Atlantic. The internal arrangements and appointments for the convenience of passengers and crew are of the most admirable character. The state-room berths of

the cabin passengers are spacious and airy, while those for the emigrants, of whom the "City of Rome" carries an immense complement, are open, well lighted, and well apportioned. The saloons, boudoirs, smoking rooms, bath-rooms and drawing-room parlors are furnished in a luxurious style, with rich ornamentations, and every appliance to make the voyage pleasant and comfortable; all the principal apartments and engine-room are lighted with electric light (Stevens's lamps), and the scene at night is as brilliant as at noonday. The vessel is, in fact, a floating palace, and though others of the great ocean-going steamships may rival her in this character and speed, none excel her in luxury, while in capacity and engine power she is in the front rank of England's mercantile marine. This magnificent vessel, at the time of my writing, was under the command of Capt. J. Kennedy.

Since the "City of Rome" was built, other superb steamers have been modelled and launched, such as the "Etruria," "Aurania," and "Umbria," of the celebrated Cunard Line of ocean greyhounds; the "America," of the National Line, a fleet sailer; with the sister ships of the Inman Company, "City of New York" and "City of Paris." The latter vessel was the queen of the seas up to February, 1890, for speed; her latest record across the Atlantic being six days and fourteen hours. Each of these vessels' tonnage is returned at the colossal figures of 10,500 horse-power each. A new vessel for the White Star Line, called the "Majestic," said to be of immense power, is now champion of the ocean.

The Steamship "Austral."

The "Austral," of the Anchor Line, chartered for Atlantic trips during the summer of 1884, is a fine model of a vessel; not so large as the "City of Rome," but spacious enough to accommodate eight hundred passengers of all classes, and two hundred officers, seamen, stokers, trimmers, engineers, stewards, waiters, etc.

The writer of these pages was one of the thousand souls that traversed the wide waters of the Atlantic in September, 1884, on the return journey to America from a three months'

visit to kind relatives in Scotland and England; and from the occasional fearful rocking and lurching of the huge vessel, we do not recommend the equinoctial gale month (September) as a pleasant time to travel. Cold, cutting winds and rain-storms made the trip very unpleasant; about two thirds of the passengers were prostrated with seasickness, and of that charming complaint the narrator suffered very much. One afternoon in particular, some persons said they were altering the sailing-gear; anyway, while we were quietly reading on deck, the huge, two-funelled and four-masted steamer gave such a roll to one side that passengers and all kinds of crockery were sent flying in every direction. Some of us closed our eyes for the return lurch, thinking of a capsized, but the sturdy vessel righted itself, and the blanched faces of the passengers was a good subject for jibes by the unfeeling crew.

Another little episode in connection with this steamship. About eleven o'clock at night, the wind blowing a stiff breeze, we were awakened in our cabin berths by a large body of water forcing its way into our sleeping apartment. We immediately thought that the ship had sprung a leak, and everybody awoke in a moment; sitting up in bed, with the aid of the electric light, could see a steady stream pouring in. Some of us began hurriedly to dress, while one young fellow, an Irishman, fresh from Dublin, with no other apparel but a night-shirt on him, leaped from his berth, ran to the companionway, and there screamed, "Watch! Murder! The ship is sinking!" etc. He told us afterwards that not a soul on deck paid the least attention to him, so he came down and waded through the water to his bed again. The officer of the watch came calmly along, some time afterwards, and said the leakage was caused by one of the large water tanks bursting, and advised us to go to sleep, if possible, once more. The young Dublinite was a singer of some repute, but the promenade on the deck in his thin habiliments caused him to have a severe cold and loss of voice. We may mention that among the frightened passengers at this time were two deaf and dumb young men, who, when they saw the "leakage," sat bolt upright in their berth, and talked like inspired mutes, with their finger vocabulary, till the excitement subsided.

Great credit is due to the liberality of the Anchor Line Company for the bountiful table of all sorts of viands. The chief steward, in his order for the day, was never niggardly in his bill of fare. Everything promised in the first and second cabins was faithfully carried out, and no doubt the steerage accommodation was a fair average of excellence, considering the small fare charged for the voyage.

Steamship "Devonia."

So much for the "Austral." Let us glance back for a few moments to another of the numerous steamships of the Anchor Line fleet, the "Devonia," a fine, spacious vessel, of somewhat less tonnage than the "Austral," but to the inexperienced, a fair-sized boat to manage in foul weather. Leaving the pier at North River, New York, with the salutations and good wishes of kind friends, we started, in company with the "Arizona," the "Egypt," the "Britannic," and some French and German steamers, all on a summer cruise to Europe. The larger and more powerful steamers soon outstrip those of smaller calibre, and before night we all got separated, and then began the discussion on the merits of the different favorites of the ocean highway.

A trip from New York to Glasgow is one of those treats only to be met with in midsummer time. With the exception of the disagreeable fogs on the banks of Newfoundland, the voyage was almost on a calm sea, and fine weather overhead. As the Fourth of July was one of our ocean days, the celebration was kept up by all the passengers; pride lost itself in the distinction of classes for a while, and all went in for a real good time throughout the day. The celebration included racing around the spacious vessel, jumping in sacks, procession of antiques and horrors, concerts in the afternoon and evening, also recitations and speech recitals in commemoration of the day of independence. Scotch, English, Americans, and Irish all joined in celebrating, the ladies taking a prominent part in the festivities; dancing on the quarter-deck concluded the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1884, on shipboard in mid-ocean. Extra delicacies in the eating and drinking line were provided by

the chief steward, and the purser had charge of the concerts and dancing. The captain, officers, engineers, and the small army of sailors and helpers all seemed to thoroughly enjoy the national day.

A trip to Europe by the Anchor Line embraces a good deal; particularly if the tourist travels by way of Glasgow, for the steamer touches at Moville via Londonderry, in Ireland, skirting the Emerald Isle, in all its beauty of lovely green tints of verdure; and then we have a fine view of the "Giant's Causeway," looking very grand and majestic with its dark, frowning headland, overhanging bluffs, and fissures of the steep Causeway. The scenery about Antrim and Derry, in fact, all the sister counties in Ireland, seems teeming with fresh, natural beauties.

As the "Devonia" speeded on, we approached the western coast of Scotland and the wild rugged landscape of moorland; although the brown heather seemed in direct contrast to the glistening green we had lately left, yet the picturesque mountains and glens, hills and dales of the beautiful Mull of Cantarre, Isle of Arran, and other magnificent views of natural scenery would almost bewilder the traveller in choosing between the two styles of verdant green and rocky mountain celebrities.

We glided along past other points of great interest, historically as well as naturally, till we sighted Greenock, a Scotch seaport of some enterprise, and the rendezvous for custom-house officers to examine passengers' baggage, all articles therein being passed without delay or trouble. We wish we could say as much for the New York officials. Such confusion, such tumbling out of trunks at the barge office in New York, was almost bewildering; then the delays by the cabin passengers' baggage getting mixed with other steamers' luggage recently arrived. As a natural consequence, nearly everything entering America (except individual clothing and personal effects) has a duty put on; and it is laughable to see how persistent some officers are to ferret out, while others are somewhat good-natured in their search. It reminds one of the old proverb, "They strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." They let go, and pass sometimes, most glaring breaches of the law, and detain goods of a most trivial value

overnight, to be returned next day, compelling passengers to stay at a hotel and incur expenses, through their red-tape vagaries.

But to return from this digression, and get to Glasgow from Greenock, which can be done by river or rail; we preferred the latter, having had nearly enough of water traveling for the present. and trusted in viewing the shipbuilding yards along the Clyde at a future time.

As it is not our intention to dilate at length on descriptions of the Old Country, but confine ourselves in most particulars to the New World, a few words about Great Britain may not be uninteresting to the general reader; but any attempt to describe the immensity of London, England, would require a large volume of its own.

The Prince of Wales in Edinburgh.

We met some hundreds of Americans in all parts of Europe, particularly about Edinburgh, which is a starting point of historical interest; and we were especially fortunate (that is, if one is fond of royalty) in being present in Edinburgh on Aug. 23, 1884, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, their two sons and three daughters, arrived in the Scotch city, and visited the forestry exhibition, — a collection of various Scottish woods in their crude state, and also in the perfection of mechanical finish.

The Queen's eldest son looked as fat and jolly as ever; his wife, the Princess of Wales, appeared as young, pretty, and amiable as when first married. Their sons and daughters seemed healthy-looking young people; the princesses were very plainly dressed, without any apparent ostentation whatever, looking like young ladies just returning from school studies; the oldest daughter, Louise, was married to the Earl (now Duke) of Fife during the season of 1889.

The illustrious visitors were the guests of the Earl and Countess of Roseberry, of Dalmeny Park, situated about six miles from Edinburgh. This estate is very large, comprising many miles of forest, wood, and deer land, also acres of cultivated gardens. The young owner of this fine domain is very popular in Mid-Lothian; the canny Scotch people appre-

ciate his liberal and kindly nature, in his strenuous efforts for political reform of long-standing abuses. His amiable wife, the Countess of Roseberry, is the daughter of Baron Lionel Rothschild, and her dowry at her marriage a few years ago was said to be something away up in the millions.

The Prince of Wales at the Forth Bridge.

About two miles distant from the Roseberry property is a quaint old burgh or township, called "Queensferry," at present brought greatly into notice by the stupendous undertaking of difficult and dangerous big-bridge building from its shores. The Forth railway bridge, then being constructed across the wide part of the Frith of Forth, an arm of the sea, and lately completed, is one of the marvels of engineering skill, and will admit of vessels, of every tonnage, sailing under. The structure is somewhat similar in construction to the Brooklyn East River bridge, excepting the Forth bridge is of cantilever design, and with such invariably rough wind and weather, as often happens on the Scotch coast, made this colossal work a serious and hazardous experiment of cantilever bridge building. A cablegram from London, March 4, 1890, informs us that "The new great cantilever bridge over the Forth, near Edinburgh, was opened to-day by the Prince of Wales, in the presence of many eminent engineers, railway directors, and a great mass of spectators. The day was kept as a holiday in Edinburgh, Leith, and many surrounding towns, causing much rejoicing over the opening of the bridge." Thus the great railways of Scotch and English interests will be materially enhanced by the connection of both shores, Queensferry and Fife, and a saving of time to travellers. The Prince and Princess of Wales and family, also Mr. Gladstone, then Premier of England, were much interested in this Forth bridge undertaking.

It was interesting to notice the big, burly Scotch, English, and Irish workmen look on with curious eyes at the august party of royal visitors, and these poor fellows no doubt wondered how it was that some were so rich, without work (except Gladstone), and others so poor with work.

Many casualties and fatalities happened during the build-

ing of this bridge and the writer saw ambulances ready at the hotel near the river side, and was told that surgeons were in daily requisition to attend to the poor unfortunate bruised workers.

Baronetcies have been conferred upon Mr. Thompson, the chairman of the Forth Bridge Company, and Sir John Fowler, consulting engineer of the work. Mr. Baker, the chief engineer of the bridge, and Mr. Arrol, the contractor, have been knighted. Thus these gentlemen have been honored by the Queen of England, as a tribute to their skill and ability in carrying out an undertaking second to none in the way of difficult bridge building. The cost of this cantilever structure is said to amount to a fabulous sum, viz., 3,177,206 pounds sterling, and it took several years to complete it. Fifty thousand tons of steel were used, combined in spans of unparalleled size, for this greatest work known to the civilized world.

A short carriage ride from Queensferry takes the tourist to the Earl of Hopetoun's estate, situated on the banks of the Frith of Forth, and is called the "Versailles of Scotland." The private garden of flower grounds is truly magnificent, comprising ninety acres, and the forestry land and deer park beyond are splendid; hundreds of fallow deer were seen quietly grazing in the glades. We saw two trees, planted the day before our visit by the Prince and Princess of Wales; and two other trees were shown us, planted by the King of Denmark and his daughter (the Princess of Wales) while on a visit ten years before. The mansion of the Earl of Hopetoun is built of gray granite, and is in the French style of architecture; the mansion is very spacious, and beautifully furnished and decorated.

The Right Honorable Ewart Gladstone in Edinburgh.

During our stay with kind relatives in Edinburgh, the Honorable Ewart Gladstone was making a tour through Mid-Lothian, and giving addresses to immense audiences on his views of the franchise bill, and defending his policy against the antagonism of the House of Lords. . We were presented with a ticket of admission to hear this wonderful political

orator, in the large, covered building called "Waverley Market," holding some twenty thousand people. The impress of that marvellous voice, as we listened on the edge of that great crowd of upturned faces, was truly interesting. Full, mellow, and sonorous, with good emphasis, the veteran statesman delivered his views with manly unction and much independence; and as he and his party, including the Earl of Roseberry, left the thronged hall, a deafening shout of approbation vibrated through the building. The equipages of his young host (Roseberry) were truly regal; most of the carriages have four horses, with postillions, preceded by outriders and mounted police. The royal escort is generally made up of mounted dragoons.

The Royal Blind Asylum at Edinburgh.

Before bidding adieu to Edinburgh, where the writer has passed many happy days with hospitable friends, please follow him into a very meritorious building, called The Royal Blind Asylum and School, at Edinburgh. In company with a Scotch gentleman, the narrator a few years since visited the above institution. About two hundred and fifty blind persons, mostly men, were in the asylum. Nearly two hundred of these were engaged in different kinds of industry, and all of them appeared anxious to do what they could towards their own maintenance. As we were shown through the various departments, it was astonishing to witness the alacrity and ingenuity of the afflicted inmates, by the aptitude displayed in the different workings of their handicraft.

Brushes, mats, mattresses, and all kinds of plain and fancy baskets were some of the articles manufactured there. The weaving was most interesting; the working of the shuttle and threads of the looms seemed to be executed with close precision. In the mattress room our attention was directed to the fine but sightless face of a middle-aged man, who grew quite animated and eloquent in his conversation with us, respecting the large concourse of people who would probably be at the monster meeting, to be held that evening in the Waverley Market building, to listen to Mr. Gladstone, in his great address on the franchise bill to the electors of Mid-Lothian.

In another room, a blind man was shown us as an extreme case of affliction. This unfortunate some years ago went to his bed for slumber, and when the sun rose in the morning the patient realized the sad fact that his sight had left him in the night-time. His resignation was wonderful, and when we evinced our sympathy, the poor fellow smiled, and said the affliction happened a long time ago, and he was quite reconciled to his fate some while since.

In the anteroom of the building were a number of porters, or messengers, awaiting to be sent out with goods or messages to various parts of the city. Most of these men were totally blind, yet able to find their way about the "Modern Athens." as if by instinct, for Nature seems to have furnished them with very subtle and acute powers of hearing each and every motion of sound. Great praise is due to those noble-hearted gentlemen, the founders and donors of this admirable institution, on behalf of suffering humanity. Any American tourist, travelling to Europe, and visiting Scotland, would be much interested by inspecting this Asylum for the Blind. A large store, or show room, for the sale of articles made by the inmates, is in the front part of the building. In saying a last word of this laudable effort to assist the unfortunate, and of this home and shelter for the afflicted of God's creatures, and, as we may say, a refuge for those who, were it not for such grand institutions, would in some cases almost die of despair and discouragement, in ruminating on their blank and sightless lives, and dark future before them. It is pleasant to remember that England and America stand side by side in their Christian-like endeavors to alleviate pain and misery. Occupation, with remunerative encouragement, takes away, in some measure, the shadow from the patients' lives, and replaces a joyousness at times surprising to many of us to witness, when we, with our glorious vision unimpaired, behold the grandeur of the beauties of Nature and Art, and yet oftentimes murmur at our lot in this bright world of ours.

Excursions from Edinburgh.

Every fine morning in summer time, Princes Street (the leading thoroughfare of Edinburgh) is teeming with tanned-

faced tourists, many Americans among them, hastening to the various excursion stages to Roslin Castle, Queensferry and other places. The drivers of these four-horse coaches are a sort of relict of bygone days ; they wear a faded, stained, scarlet coat, and an old-fashioned white hat, a typical Jehu of years ago, when *Pickwick* used to go abroad with Mr. Weller, senior. As we started in car or stage together, for the day or more, the company generally fraternized, and often very enjoyable times were spent thus, the Americans seeming pleased with all they saw, whether it was Edinburgh City or the ancient Castle, with its beautiful garden surroundings. Calton Hill by night gives a magnificent effect of illuminated views from its many terraces, looking down on the new town and below on the old town, with its circular range of electric and gas orbs, the myriads of which give the charming old city a wild, weird, and curious spectacle of panoramic vision, as far as the eye can reach. Arthur's Seat, being the highest peak, has superb views therefrom ; Holyrood Palace and its dark deeds of years ago ; Sir Walter Scott's magnificent monument ; quaint old Stirling Castle, and its murders and bloody strife, on the adjacent fields of Bannockburn, between the English and Scotch ; Bruce's monument, towering on the heights ; looking, as it were, towards the Bridge of Allan for a calm haven of rest from warfare. Then the charming windings of the Frith of Forth River make a steamboat ride very pleasant from Leith harbor to Stirling.

Innumerable pretty places there are on the coast, such as Portobello, Mussulboro, Aberdoir, sea-shore resorts in fine weather for tourists and natives. Some fine mornings, parties meet together for a few days' sojourn to the beautiful Trossachs, of which so much has been said and sung, and for charming scenery it is supposed to be unsurpassed, in its weird, wild grandeur of hill and lake views.

In quitting Edinburgh, one feels like leaving an old friend ; yet we are in the cars *en route* to the busy city of Glasgow, where in two hours' time we alight and proceed to the wharf for the steamer to carry us across the Irish Channel to Dublin ; dropping down the teeming, murky Clyde River, of ship-building industry fame, to Greenock, to take in more passengers. The indefatigable Yankee was on board, and

had his share of a rough roll across the Irish Channel, the chopping seas and cross-currents making the fifteen hours' sail generally a sickly passage.

Dublin.

On entering Dublin Bay, the sight in the morning repays one for the discomfort of the night before. There was the usual confusion on landing, hack and cab drivers swearing and quarrelling to get the first passenger to fleece, importunate beggars in patches and rags offering their services for baggage carrying, etc., and till one is whirled away from the racket to his hotel, no peace is given.

Dublin City is divided by a narrow river called the Liffey, and has numerous bridges. The best public buildings appeared to be the Four Courts, though there are many others. Sackville Street has some good stores, and is the fashionable promenade. Guinness' Stout Works is an immense building, employing some hundreds of men.

The Castle and other places of interest were pointed out by the Irish car-driver, with a mixture of sarcasm and dry wit. The jaunting-car is quite peculiar to the country, but they go fast, and one can view everything, besides hearing the remarks of the ragged driver. He wanted to know if I was from New York, and fifty other questions of the same calibre; how he would like to go America, etc. He continued talking and expatiating, as we drove through Phoenix Park, a magnificent place, with many fine old trees and beautiful emerald-green grass land. As my guide pointed out the spot where Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered, almost opposite the viceroy's mansion, he suddenly said, "Look, there is a fine view." It was truly a magnificent sight, looking out from the park. Then he said, "There is another sight, not quite so pleasant," pointing in the direction of Kilmanhain Jail, "where the poor boys were brought out and slaughtered; *bad luck to the spalpeens that done it!*" I remarked quietly, "*The poor boys should not commit murder!*" All over Phoenix Park were mounted constabulary stationed, as well as foot police, placing everybody, as it were, under strict surveillance and

espionage. The burly car-driver gave the officials a few curses as we left the park, and soon afterwards stopped at a tavern, where he said they sold the best whiskey and stout in Dublin. In paying this man for the ride, and giving him his dram money, we were satisfied for one day's recreation in Old Ireland.

A few miles from Dublin is Kingston harbor, a splendid seaport, where vessels of large size can ride at anchor in its roads. The Duke of Edinburgh and the channel fleet were off Kingston during our short visit. The Queen's second eldest son is admiral of these fine men-of-war, and hoisted his pennant on the flag-ship of one of the largest. The clean, orderly appearance of these steam war-ships was very noticeable, and the healthy-looking jack tars appeared as if they could fight when needed.

Dublin to Cork.

The long steam-car ride from Dublin to Cork gives the tourist a fine opportunity of seeing many Irish counties, passing through Tipperary, Limerick, Clonmell, Kildare, and several others. As we proceeded, some painful scenes of parting at the country stations were witnessed; the old father and aged mother clinging in a wild embrace over a daughter or son, about leaving for America, sobbing and wailing as the conductor gave the signal, and friends trying to separate parents and children, was a melancholy scene; but it is astonishing how soon the young people recover from the separation, when on board the ocean steamer, and do any amount of flirting.

In due time we arrived in Cork, which is a pretty lively city, with some business pretensions, and like Dublin, a narrow river divides the town. A very pleasant sail down Cork harbor in fine weather is truly enjoyable, the scenery being quite picturesque.

We arrived at Queenstown's natural harbor (a few miles from Cork) on a Saturday evening, and next morning at nine o'clock we were ordered on board a tug to meet the New York steamer "Austral," which was expected from Liverpool about that time; her big hull did not come in

sight, however, till twelve o'clock, noon ; when we immediately boarded her, *en route* to America once more, this being the *fifth experience* of the writer's crossing the Atlantic.

London and its Environs.

When in London (this journey) the narrator was pleased to give several American gentlemen and ladies some information respecting the great metropolis and its environs, including such institutions of recreation and learning as the British Museum and its magnificent reading-room ; South Kensington Museum and fine-art galleries ; the Health Exhibition at the superb Albert Hall ; the horticultural flower shows, and the Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens, Regent's Park.

The finest parks in the world may be chosen from the following : Hyde Park, St. James Park, near Buckingham Palace and gardens, and Regent's Park are situated westward ; southward is Battersea Park, on the banks of the Thames River, a truly magnificent place of modern formation for the people, with recreation grounds for cricket, base-ball, and bicycle-riding avenues ; while to the north there are Alexander Palace, Finsbury and Victoria Parks, a great boon to the poor workers of East and North London.

In connection with these public enclosures, there are fine-art exhibitions in buildings built for the purpose, and of the yearly exhibition of choice, beautiful flowers of these parks it would take long to tell. One pleasing feature is, that at the end of each summer season a distribution of flowers is made to the deserving poor, on application to the park authorities, and the gladsome sight of little potted shrubs decorating the window sills of the hard workers of this immense city is often witnessed.

There are numerous other parks outside of London, of which we shall speak later on.

In the western district of London the renowned Royal Academy's annual exhibition of pictures by modern artists, on view at Burlington House, is always attractive. The National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square, is a building devoted to the works of old masters in art. Overlooking this gallery

of ancient memories is the Nelson Column, built of granite; and the "little admiral" on his lofty pedestal seems to be looking towards Westminster Bridge, and surveying the "Queen's Navee," and no doubt is surprised at the innovations of modern warfare by iron-clads from the old double-deckers of wooden ships in Nelson's time. We may add that at the base of Admiral Lord Nelson's monument, as if on guard, are four colossal lions in bronze, modelled by Sir Edwin Landseer, while the four sections of plaques around the plinth are emblematical of the different sea-fights by Nelson and his brave officers and sailors against England's enemies. These works of art are executed in bronze metal, and the figures stand out in bold relief.

Concerning the immense fabric of the Houses of Parliament (Lords and Commons) a day's visit of its interior and exterior would not suffice to survey its beauty of architecture and magnificent surroundings; millions of dollars were spent in its building, and many years were taken in the completion of the colossal and superb erection of this ornamental and figurative pile of artistic sculpture work.

Nearly opposite to the Houses of Parliament is the venerable Westminster Abbey, with the stain of all weathers for centuries darkening the ancient structure in its many nooks and corners. The interior of this historic building, with the numerous sculptured kings, queens, knights, fair ladies, and people of note, is mute evidence of the passing away of greatness, lying in dust beneath the flag-stones of the abbey. In its proper place a concise description of this ancient edifice will be offered the reader for perusal.

A wonderful improvement to London and Londoners is the noted Thames Embankment, which reclaimed some hundreds of acres of black mud and wharves and transformed them into beautiful garden promenades for the people; a work of years, costing a mint of money, but the many millions of pounds sterling were well laid out for the welfare of humanity. There are numerous granite and iron bridges which span the Thames River, and connect north and south districts with the ever-restless, teeming population of London, wending their way backwards and forwards, in pursuance of their daily business.

The English Coast.

For some miles down the busy Thames River are numerous popular shore resorts, commencing with Greenwich Park, a noted place for Britishers to take tea and shrimps, flirt, dance, and play at the game of kiss-in-the-ring, on Easter or Whitsuntide. A large government building called Greenwich Hospital and Training School for orphan boys, is situated here, where hundreds of poor lads are boarded, clothed, and educated, mostly for a seafaring life. A large ship, fully rigged, is in the school-yard for the pupils' instruction, care being taken to place netting about the vessel, in case of boys falling from aloft. Some eminent naval officers have in early life graduated from this institution. Adjacent to this humane retreat used to be the old pensioners' or decayed seamen's home, for worn-out sailors of her Majesty's service. In the hospital museum are to be seen Admiral Nelson's coat and vest, with the shot-hole received on board the flag-ship "Victory," at the battle of Trafalgar, which ended in the valiant hero's death. About five miles down the river Thames is Woolwich dock-yard and arsenal, known all over the world for its large ordnance and armory manufactories, the English government employing some thousands of men making the munitions of warfare. Woolwich Common is a large tract of land used for military parades and manœuvres, similar to the camp at Aldershot. Away down the river at this point it widens considerably. On approaching the ocean are situated places dear to English people, Gravesend, of famed popularity, Margate, Broadstairs, and Herne Bay, also Ramsgate, are sea-shore resorts much frequented in the summer time for the fine beach bathing and a general good time of fun and frolic, or rest in the quieter districts. Still farther along the coast line are the towns of Deal and Dover, in full view of the shifting, treacherous Goodwin Sands, which in winter time is a fearfully dangerous locality to mariners. The Deal lifeboatmen are invariably spoken of as great heroes in venturing out in a gale to save life, often at the risk and loss of their own.

Places of Interest.

The open spaces of London (seldom spoken of by writers), such as the green, cultivated squares, are somewhat wonderful in their number, considering the increased value of land; but as a recreation ground for the fortunate children whose parents' houses surround the enclosures, the boon must be a very agreeable change from the noisy rattle of the paved streets.

Many are the innumerable theatres, music halls and other places of amusement, such as Madame Taussad's noted life-like wax-work exhibition, etc.

The Tower of London, with its deeds of blood, on Tower Hill, is historic enough, but painful to ruminate on, though visitors still flock through its ancient portals and view the racks of arms and see the royal diadem and jewels, protected in an iron cage. The sufferings and deaths of the martyrs, years ago, are vividly explained to the tourist by a "yeoman of the guard" on duty at the Citadel.

Adjacent to the Tower of London is the Royal Mint, where the British coin is manufactured. A file of soldiers continually guard this building as they do the Bank of England at night. East and West India docks, St. Katharine's docks, and miles of other docks and wharfage are in this neighborhood.

We leave this busy place for the Whitechapel district, where the miscreant and vile assassin, the so-called "Jack the ripper," performed his exploits of wanton, diabolical butchery on an unfortunate class of defenceless women, which is almost without parallel in its significance, when we consider the army of police officials in London and its environs; and yet this fiend in human form, up to date, has not been captured.

Leaving this for a more pleasant subject, though in the same locality, we allude to the noble building called "The People's Palace," where are accommodations for twenty-five hundred poor boys and girls, who are thus taken care of, learn trades, and are taught in various branches, including the sciences. Occasional concerts at cheap rates of two pence and three pence admission are some of the boons of

this laudable undertaking. A large gymnasium, a spacious swimming-bath, and a large rotunda, with seats for tired wayfarers, are other thoughtful items for the poor of this district. The kindly donors who organized the People's Palace felt it was a needed want, and a commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. The Bank of England, the Mansion House, headquarters of the presiding Lord Mayor of London, and Guildhall all lay nestled together, as it were, flanked with a whole host of venerable churches and St. Paul's Cathedral, near by; and the innumerable other places of interest almost forbids the writer to go on, as the Rambles would never be ended in this Babylon of a city.

But a few words, in passing, about the ancient corporations or guilds of London. The Lord Mayor of the city of London is chosen annually from the aldermen of the ward in which he belongs. These old institutions date back for centuries, and foremost amongst the number of guilds are the Goldsmith Company, partly so called, as this company is deputed by the English government to assay or test all manufactured silver and gold articles made in Great Britain, and to examine by competent assayers and determine whether the goods are made of the standard quality of metal provided by law. The articles are left at eight o'clock in the morning, and returned at eventide, if found correct. A duty per ounce is paid to the government, and so much per ounce, termed "marking," paid to the assayers for their trouble. The silver and gold ware are then stamped with the official die mark, and all purchasers can tell whether the goods are genuine sterling metal or not. Severe punishment is inflicted on those who attempt to pass off spurious goods with forged government marks thereon. We might mention that in the mixing of the alloy with the pure silver or gold, should there be any error, intentional or otherwise, the assay office has the power to break up the articles, however costly, which they do, after a second or third test.

By the charter of these rich guilds or companies, certain gifts to the poor freemen of the city of London are extended, such as quarterly moneys, and sometimes food left over from banquets such as I am about to describe. Coming to an interesting episode in the writer's life in connection

with Goldsmiths' Hall, we (my sister and myself) were invited by a kind friend with vouchers to a grand ceremony reception, and ball, given once in three years by the worshipful company of goldsmiths in their magnificent banqueting and dance halls. The side tables almost groaned with the weight of silver and gold plate belonging to these merchant princes, and champagne with other wines were to be had any time during the evening, *ad libitum*; the menu also was of the choicest and most costly kind. The well-trained butlers in attendance at this sumptuous repast did their duty very obsequiously and well. The writer of these pages had the pleasure and honor of dancing with more than one of the aldermen's fair daughters on this festive occasion, and the toilets of the ladies were among those dazzling sights which are enough to bewilder any young man. The clear, rosy complexions and bewitching vivacity of those pretty English girls made them look very fascinating, as they glided around in the graceful waltz or moved in the more demure lancers, the nimble feet of the dancers keeping time to the brilliant music, and the surroundings of wealth altogether was sufficient to cause a sigh that this exhilarating scene might last longer than a few hours' duration. The superb ball-room of the Goldsmith Hall, with its enrichment of carvings and decorative architecture, was a sight to behold; and innumerable shrubs, flowers, and exotics were placed at all convenient angles, on balconies and stairways, making the ancient hall look as if touched with a fairy's wand. The gentlemen of the party, in their faultless full evening dress, looked gallant as they escorted their beautiful partners around the numerous anterooms, listening to the military band, and whispering the soft nothings so often told on such occasions. Several years have elapsed since this scene of festivity took place, but my fair sister till this day, when thinking of past memories, occasionally tells her little sons and daughters how their Uncle Alfred took her to a grand gathering at the renowned Goldsmiths' Hall.

On resuming from this digression, the patient reader will accompany the writer along by the now open enclosure of the glorious and grand old pile of architectural beauty, Saint Paul's Cathedral, so full of historic interest as the resting-

place of England's heroes, soldiers, and sailors, who fought and bled for their country. This magnificent edifice was the greatest work of the eminent architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

Passing round the cathedral to Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street, we come to a labyrinth of courts and alleyways, near where Temple Bar formerly stood, and where the famed writers of days gone by, Ben Jonson, Oliver Goldsmith, Boswell and many others used to meet at their club gatherings at the old-fashioned coffee-houses and taverns, for discussion and hilarity. We pass on to what used to be called Temple Gardens, in the midst of which stands a fine, ancient, sacred edifice, named "The Temple Church." The windings of Old London are here perceived, running down to the banks of the Thames embankment, and the venerable buildings in the quadrangles, courts, and alleys are chiefly occupied by lawyers, barristers, and benchers of the Temple. The writer of this book, years ago, on Sabbath days often visited Temple Church, listening to good sermons and excellent singing of the well-trained choristers. A calm, subdued tone always seemed to rest in this sacred place, just aside from the busy hum of Fleet Street. The pillars supporting the interior roof of the stately Temple Church were found out by accident a few years since to be encrusted with a sort of cement, which being carefully removed, discovered polished marble, and the pillars have been since thoroughly restored.

Memorable of Temple Gardens in times past is the episode of Judge Gascoine and Prince Henry, afterwards King Henry VI. of England. A friend of the prince (a young nobleman) was about to be sent to prison for some minor offence, when Prince Henry, exasperated at the judge's decision against his boon companion, suddenly rushed forward and struck Judge Gascoine on the face. In those days of the early fourteenth century, royalty was almost supreme; but the learned judge did not shrink from his duty, and speedily had his young princely assailant arrested, and sent to prison with his high-born friend. When the old King Henry V. was informed of his son's disgrace, he coincided in and applauded Judge Gascoine's firmness.

The prince, awakening to a consciousness of his error, submitted without resistance to the jailers, and suffered his punishment with a humility which provoked from his father's lips the celebrated exclamation: "Happy the king who possesses a magistrate resolute enough to discharge his duty upon such an offender, and happy the father who has a son so willing to submit himself to the law."

It may be interesting to my readers to relate that in this part of London, near the Strand and Temple Bar, it has been my privilege at various times to meet the immortal Charles Dickens, as he wended his way to his publishers. Calm and dignified he ever appeared and in deep thought, no doubt ruminating of the many characters woven together in his writings from his fertile brain. Great are the changes around and about London since Dickens's death, but his name will always live in the memories of present and future generations as the champion of the poor and lowly.

The Thames Tunnel, the popular underground Metropolitan Railway and numerous other places might interest the reader in the great metropolis, but we must ramble on for a while outside of London. There is the ever-attractive Crystal palace, at Sydenham, looking a little the worse for wear in the summer of 1884, but the charm of the ornamental garden grounds still remains, and the colossal fountains, with their many-hued sprays, accompanied with firework displays, are themes of never-ending pleasure to holiday folks. In the same county of Surrey is the unpretending but unique picture gallery at Dulwich.

Windsor, in Berkshire, is a quaint old town, full of past events in relation to grand old Windsor Castle, with its numerous turrets, quadrangles and court-yards, and memories in connection with historical associations as abodes of royalty for centuries, and is always replete with much interest to people from all climes. The Home Park, looking from the castle windows, is a fine stretch of beautiful cultivated land, with herds of deer grazing at their ease and security. A pleasant drive through the Home Park takes one to Virginia Water, a noted, placid lake. Eton College and grounds, a short distance from Windsor, is worthy of notice. We visited the chapel on Sabbath day, and the nine hundred

college students, mostly wealthy men's sons, with their bright, healthy English faces, was a comfortable sight to see of the well-to-do class of fortunate humanity. Quaint old Hampton Court palace and gardens (the home of decayed nobility), situated within view of the famed Thames River, has many pleasant associations. The vinery in the conservatories is said to produce some of the finest grapes in the world.

Henley-on-Thames.

During the regatta season, Henley is much patronized by American and English visitors. Beautiful women, elegantly dressed, accompanied by fashionable-looking gentlemen, attend this popular gathering of riverside fashion. Some years ago, visiting friends at Henley (near the old bridge) for the boating season, gave the writer good opportunity to observe the myriads of faces attending the aquatic carnival of balmy June. The placid flowing river Thames is seen here at its best; miniature islands dot its surface for miles, and the various windings of the stream give a peculiar charm to this famed boating rendezvous. Oftentimes at early morn have we, in a light boat, rowed along by the side of its charming, umbrageous banks, the numerous willows and other drooping trees dipping into the calm waters. The eight-oared and single-scul races are exciting events of the season in this *bon-ton* place, in the same way as the Oxford and Cambridge universities' annual eight-oared boat-race from Putney Bridge to Mortlake are the grand aquatic contests for the masses of people of every degree that line the shores at this popular time.

Numbers are the quaint, beautiful nooks and corners of old Father Thames in its solitude beyond Richmond, such as the neighboring hamlets of Hampton, Sunbury, Teddington, Cookham, Marlow, Oxford, and other innumerable well-known fishing haunts, so dearly prized by the angler in his piscatory rambles, either at shore or gliding on the silent stream by fishing-boat, up the river.

Richmond Park.

A few miles nearer to London is Richmond Park, and a drive through Bushey Park to Richmond is almost beyond description, when the chestnut-trees are in bloom; the beautiful foliage of large growth extends through about four miles of umbrageous avenue, and while the bloom lasts, thousands of visitors from all parts view this unique specimen of Nature's handiwork.

Richmond, in Surrey, is always a popular resort, being a pleasant ride of about twelve miles from London, by road or rail; the journey to the quiet old country town is always popular. It is situated on the banks of the flowing Thames River, and just outside of the town's limits is Richmond Park, with its glades of woodland scenery, and hill and dale verdure for the countless herds of fallow deer and hind pasturing quietly there. This spot, overlooking the placid river below, is famed in picture and song; some artists were sketching the fine views during our short visit there.

The "Star and Garter" hotel is well known to English people, and we guess to many Americans also. Being adjacent to the entrance gates of Richmond Park, the prospect from the upper windows of this famed hostelry is truly charming, when one has rested, and partaken of a good dinner here. We think it a very appropriate spot, as the poet did when he composed that old and once very popular song, "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

Kew Gardens.

Taking a seat in one of the fast little river steamboats, we soon arrived at the well-known and justly celebrated Kew Gardens. The extent and culture of this magnificent domain of Crown lands is truly astonishing and interesting. Miles of conservatories and greenhouses are in these gardens; and on a national holiday, like Whit-Monday, some 100,000 people pass through the grounds, and seldom injure any of the well-preserved shrubs or plants devoted by the government for the recreation of the masses, be they rich or poor.

These are some of the leading attractions to strangers and

tourists of other lands. Nearly all these places named above are easy of access, and mostly free in the charge of admission. The new Inns of Law Courts in London might be mentioned, in passing, as the last completed building of large size; eight years were consumed in erecting, and some persons say the structure is a failure, internally and externally. Bad ventilation, draughty, long passages, and something wrong with the sound in the Judges' Court and Chambers, make the new Law Courts, which cost almost a mint of money, a very unpopular building enterprise.

It would be out of my province, as a chronicler of "Rambles in America," to dilate on topics of another country, yet it is well known that Americans are interested in other countries; so I will in a cursory manner just give a passing glance on two or three items in closing this book. The writer would strongly advise all his friendly readers to take a trip across the Atlantic, and view for themselves the amount of historic lore to be found in London, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and the numerous large provincial cities and towns, such as Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, York, Sheffield, and Birmingham. Of the two latter cities, they have been wonderfully improved and extended in the ten or twelve years since our last visit.

Sheffield, in Yorkshire.

Having an evening to spare, the writer inquired of a store-keeper the best theatre in Sheffield. The merchant informed him that for a good night's entertainment he would suggest the "Star Music Hall," owned by a man called "Squint Milner," who formerly trained Jem Mace, a fighting man of notoriety. The variety show was a curious place of amusement of the rough-and-ready kind for the unwashed element of the city, grimy from their work, and mostly collarless, with the pallid hue of the workshop on them; they sat listlessly sipping their beer, sometimes making remarks on the male or female singers, or in conversation amongst themselves; very quiet and orderly. The band of three pieces was very weak, in contrast to the shrill voice of the Amazon singer on the little stage. But the most puzzling feature of

the place was the concert hall picture gallery. The works of art were of all sizes, mostly framed, and the pictures varied in talent and tint, being good, bad, and indifferent; the tobacco smoke of the nightly revellers had somewhat dimmed the painting subjects, and taken the varnish from the canvases, causing the begrimed and fumed wall to serve as a dark background for the old and modern masters. The taste of the owner of these oil paintings, however, was not a vulgar one, as most of these pictures testified, being free from offensiveness to the sensitive eye.

We visited the Messrs. Rogers' Cutlery Works in this city, and as quantities of their goods are used in America, a word or two may prove interesting. The courteous manager (Mr. Donaldson) deputed a man to show the writer through the building. We saw the process of steel knife-blade making in all its branches; ivory handles of pen, pocket, and table knives were commenced and finished. There are three branches of workshops of this firm in the city, employing some fifteen hundred men and boys. The workshops are very old-fashioned and small, and divided up for forging, buffing, and grinding. The English factories do not bear comparison with the New England workshops and mills; with good light, spacious, and well ventilated, the workrooms of America give men a fair chance to live their time out. In the well-appointed show-room of the Messrs. Rogers, a large-bladed handle knife is shown the visitor; it has 1,885 blades, one for each year of the Christian era. A new blade is added every year; soon a larger handle will have to be made. The Prince of Wales, a few years ago, was much interested and pleased with this huge-bladed weapon.

Birmingham.

From Sheffield to Birmingham is a very pleasant railway ride of some seventy-five miles, passing through the busy manufacturing towns of Derby, Nottingham, and Tamworth, with a goodly show of English scenery of a very damp kind, for it was rain, rain, rain, day after day; light showers in Scotland, heavy downpours in the Yorkshire district, but without the proverbial fog, which tourists to Great Britain

are so fond of dilating on, though vapory fog is found in New England now, almost as often as in old England.

Arriving at the depot of this city, one is struck with its magnitude and loftiness. This busy station's trade for railway passenger and goods traffic is enormous. A fine line of express trains run daily to London and other business centres. The magnificent depot of Birmingham, just finished, in its extension and alterations of immense amplitude, stands side by side with St. Pancrass (of London), Great Northern, Northwestern (Euston Square), Southwestern, or, in fact, any big depot in the world.

Sunday evening in Birmingham is quiet and orderly as a Sabbath should be. In company with some friends, we went to church, evening service, heard a good discourse, and a pleasant recital of the oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus," by the minister, then very beautifully sung by a well-trained quartet and chorus of good voices.

Next day we inspected the leading thoroughfares of the city, and fine stores. In the evening visited Birmingham Opera House, to see the renowned French tragic actress, Sara Bernhardt, perform in one of the best selections from her repertoire. So much having been written favorably of this talented actress as a great artiste of the lyric stage, we must indorse the world's opinion of this gifted lady, for her power of tragedy acting is almost wonderful; some of her deep tragic scenes were almost too painful to witness, by their close intensity in the resemblance to real acting of life-drawn conception of character. The exertion of such violent outbursts of passion in her declamation, one would imagine, would be too much for such an apparently weakly formed woman. She must have inward strength somewhere, for there was no lack of vitality in her tragic force of delineation on the stage. Madame Bernhardt was well supported in her company.

Day's Music Hall, in Birmingham, is one of the handsomest in Great Britain, and almost surpasses the late Alhambra Concert Hall, Leicester Square, London, which was destroyed by fire some years ago, but since rebuilt. Day's Hall was crowded to the doors on the night we entered the building, and the entertainment was first class in most every

particular. The usual motley assemblage of both sexes was there, from the apprentice boy to the drivelling old man, and a sorry sight was the young girls of tender age present at this Babylon of mirth and revelry, interspersed with suggestive jokes and coarse singing. The design and architecture of this place are magnificent; there is not a vestige of pillar of any kind to obstruct the view of the spacious stage and well-painted scenery.

Before saying farewell to Birmingham and its kindly people, just a word or two respecting a very popular resort on the outskirts of the city, called "Ashton Hall," a fine building, with museum combined, giving recreation with instruction in its various rooms. The grounds of cultivated gardens attached to the Hall were in splendid condition, the chief and favorite shrub being the geranium in all varieties, formed into beds and plots of different designs, in borders of other flowers and plants. Children, attended by their parents and nurses, flock here in great numbers, and enjoy the fragrance of the beautiful flowers of this domain, liberally extended to them by the munificence of Birmingham's kind-hearted donors.

Westminster Abbey.

A few days prior to our departure for New York, we entered the sacred pile of buildings, Westminster Abbey, and the minor canon who preached the sermon was the chief officiating clergyman of the five assisting ministers of that Sunday morning service. The discourse was suitable to the occasion, with a good deal of practical good-sense and some pathos, delivered in a very pleasant manner. The speaker, on looking around the venerable cathedral, noticed quite a number of strangers present, mostly Americans, and called attention to the fact by remarking how many were there for the first and last time, perhaps; and by the next Sabbath day would in all probability be scattered far and wide, to the four quarters of the globe; and in sequence, as it were, bidding the majority a final farewell in a theme of religious exhortation of the good-will of the Almighty in protecting us, thus far, in the perils of land and water; impressed us

with the attributes of the divine power and counsel, and led his hearers, in grave earnestness, to endeavor by a godly Christian life to merit the merciful intercession. The singing and chanting by the fifty men and boy choristers (in white surplices) were very solemn and imposing.

The cloisters of the grand old abbey appeared much decayed and in a crumbling state, similar to some other old cathedral cloisters in England; but we found St. Giles Cathedral, of Edinburgh, in a good state of repair, being of more modern erection; and Canterbury Cathedral edifice in a fair state of preservation. The verger of this abbey points out to the inquisitive traveller the exact spot where Thomas à Becket was struck down and ruthlessly murdered.

Venerable Westminster Abbey, though in parts crumbling from old age and the action of the weather, and blackened by exposure to rain and wind-storms, yet retains its many vivid associations of days gone by; and the numerous aisles are more frequented by visitors of all nationalities than even the grand, imposing Saint Paul's Cathedral and crypt, which contains the remains of a long list of warriors and other eminent personages who have served their country's welfare. In looking on Charles Dickens's grave, at Westminster Abbey, though in close proximity with the illustrious dead, the plain brass tablet of his name on the flat tombstone indicated, as it were, the unassuming character of the great novelist, moralist, and truthful sketch writer of those of the humbler classes who laid dearest to his heart.

Spurgeon's Tabernacle seemed to be a great resort for Americans; in fact, quite cosmopolitan in its way of welcoming all comers, of every clime. The Sabbath day on which we went to hear the celebrated divine, we were fortunate in finding him at his post of duty, as his health is now very precarious. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon spoke with all his old-time eloquence and earnestness, and with powerful though dulcet tones exhorted his hearers by forcible Christian truths. The reverend gentleman has been much enfeebled of late years with illness, but his remarkable reasoning voice is strong yet, with great pathos at times, as if the soul of the divine preacher seemed to vibrate with intensity of purpose, in his great wish to aid his fellow-men. The Tab-

ernacle is said to hold eight thousand persons, and was filled in every part.

New River Company, London, England.

In closing this section of my book, on the vast metropolis, London, a paragraph from the New York *Morning Journal* of July 19, 1889, wherein is a cablegram announcing shares at a fabulous figure, may be read with interest:—

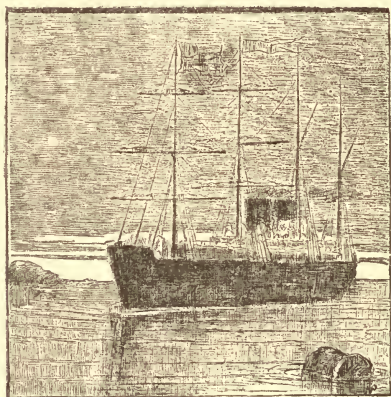
“LONDON, England, July 18, 1889.—A single share of the New River Company, which many years ago was originally sold at the par value of £100, was disposed of at auction yesterday for the immense sum of £122,800. This company supplies half of London with water, and owns many valuable estates, running down to the river's bank, which have increased in a course of years to almost fabulous worth. The financial growth of the famed New River Company is something tremendous. Last year it declared a dividend of £2,610 on each share.”

The source of the New River we think commences from a spring in one of the English counties of Herefordshire, flowing through beautiful land till it reaches the suburbs of London, and then is conveyed through large pipes to the mammoth city. The scheme of supplying London with good, fresh, filtered water came from a Mr. Hugh Myddelton, a gentleman of means, who, with some wealthy friends, invested their all in this expensive project, and became poor by its comparative failure; in time others took up the scheme, and, after passing through various vicissitudes, it ultimately, in after years, resulted in great success. The originator was knighted by the monarch then ruling, Charles I., and money was subscribed sufficient for the wants of Sir Hugh Myddelton, for his grand efforts. The writer of these rambles, when a boy, often used to fish in the beautiful New River, on the outskirts of London, to keep the water, we boys used to say, “from getting fishy.” But the river keepers invariably warned us off with threats of arrest, though the same officials used to net the waters at night-time. In some parts the New River is very narrow, and appears as quite a small stream

Across the Atlantic; Queenstown to New York.

In returning to America from Great Britain, after a pleasant sojourn of three months' duration, and at the termination of a somewhat rough September voyage, we arrived safely in New York harbor by the steamship "Austral" (spoken of above) *en route* to my (then) New Bedford home.

Kindly allow me, before I close these Rambles, to say: in describing our wanderings by sea and land, my chief difficulty has been like many other writers, who cannot represent all



they see; the task is, what to leave out, which is oftentimes very puzzling, as there is so much that is edifying and beautiful of the world's grand arena, which to omit mentioning is no easy matter. One can only hope, in the many journeyings spoken of, that the spirit and the wide range of travel have been entered into with careful accuracy, as it would be almost impossible to describe in true form the varied beauties of Nature's great and sublime handiwork as they really are, and how inadequate would any pen-picture be, however graphically written. In thanking the patient reader for his company in my "Rambles of Past and Present Time," we trust that the descriptive sketches of place and character

herein depicted may have been such as to amuse, instruct, and beguile the tedium of a passing hour; and, like the artist's illustration of the ocean steamer just hove to at her moorings, the writer of these pages can rest for a time, after his manifold labors, which, though attended with many cares, have ever been a great source of pleasure to him.

THE END.

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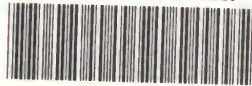
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